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THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

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January 7, 1928

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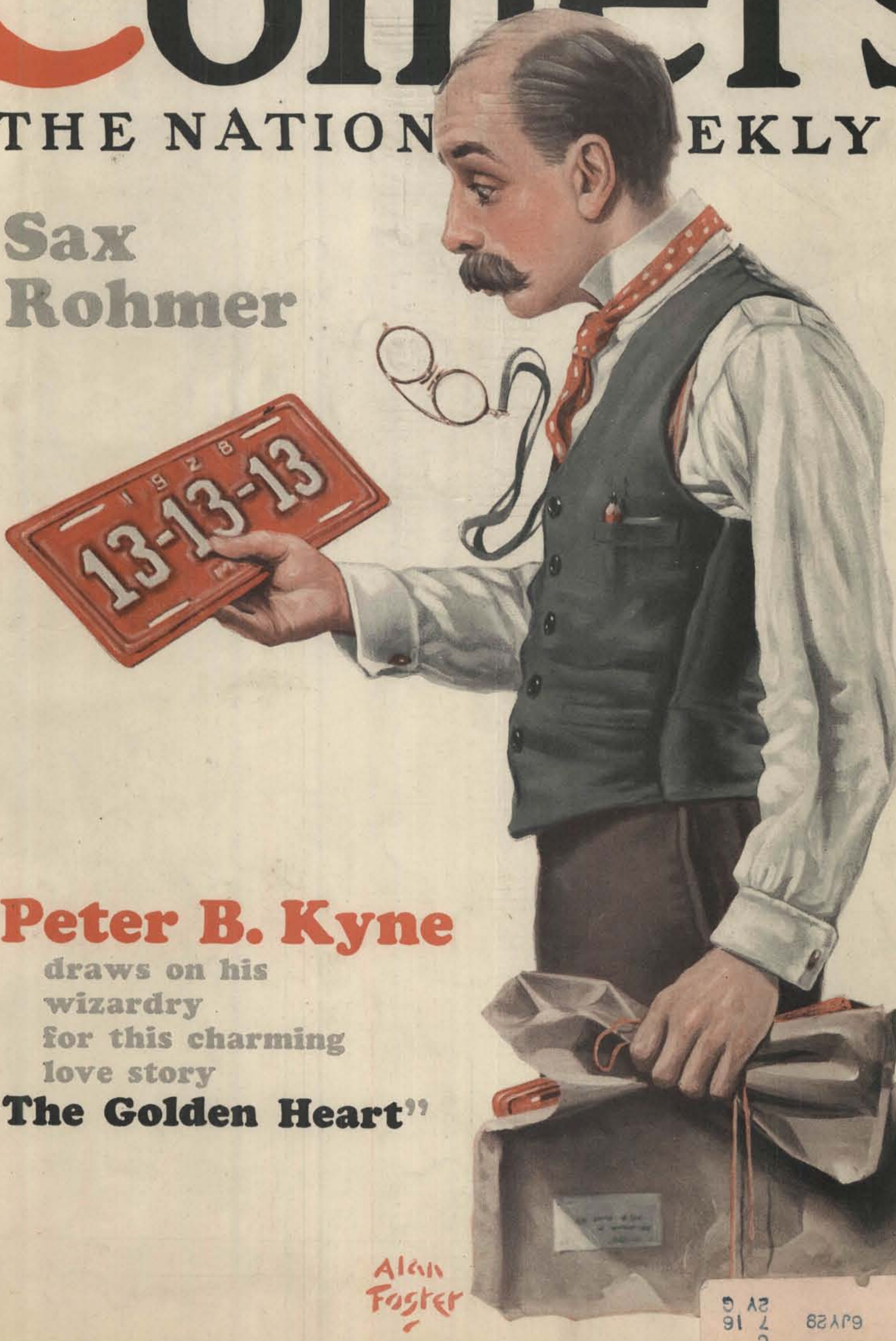

Peter B. Kyne
draws on his wizardry for this charming love story
"The Golden Heart"

Alan Foster

JAN. 7, 1928

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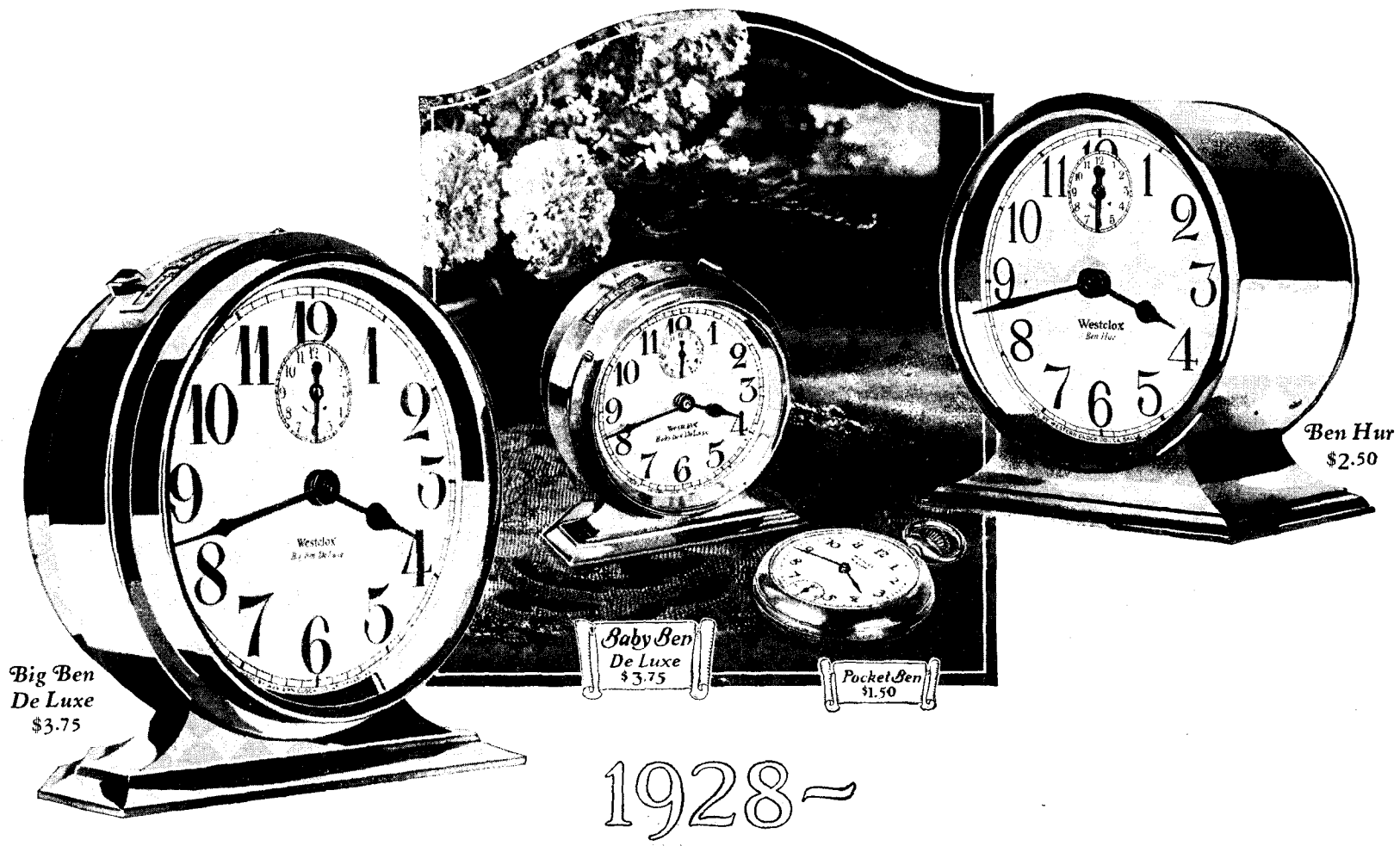

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On his breast she sobbed out at last the agony of a soul that for long has wandered with the damned

The Golden Heart

—and if Father doesn't like it, it won't matter

By PETER B. KYNE

AT FOUR o'clock Chundra Singh, who was a Sikh porter in the employ of the Oriental Transport Line, would close the doors of the Shanghai ticket office and then stand grinning through the glass at young Tommy Garron, who was the Oriental general passenger agent. Chundra Singh always grinned in anticipation of what would happen immediately after he closed those doors, for it had been happening daily since Tommy Garron had come to Shanghai eighteen months previous, and Chundra Singh, who was old and philosophical, found it mildly amusing.

Tommy Garron would look up from his desk and smile across the office at Chundra Singh. Then he would arise and with a piece of black shipping chalk cross out that date on the calendar hanging on the wall behind him. A day that was done! A day nearer the termination of his sentence to what he termed penal servitude! A book of worries closed, not to be opened until nine o'clock next morning. Chundra Singh knew exactly how Tommy Garron felt, only more so, for Chundra Singh, a pensioner from the British Indian army, had never known the pleasure of sitting down while on duty. Indeed, he would have considered it unmilitary. Tommy Garron, on the contrary, spent his tour of duty sitting at his desk or leaning across the counter talking with customers, either posture being conducive to comparative freedom from tired ankles, the latter an affliction that bore heavily upon Chundra Singh, who had acquired flat feet in the service.

The crossing out of the date on the calendar signalizing in a sense recall from duty, Chundra Singh would promptly squat on his heels outside the closed door, thus giving additional notice to anyone who might desire to transact business with the Oriental Transport Line that the hour for doing it that day had passed.

WHEN Tommy Garron approached the door Chundra Singh would rise, open it to permit Tommy's egress, salute and cross to the curb, where Tommy's Chinese chauffeur waited with his very cheap American car. Chundra Singh would hold the door open while his master and idol entered; then he would close it and salute again. If Tommy Garron murmured in Hindustani: "Ho, Chundra Singh! Ride you with Far Low," Chundra Singh would grin again and say: "It is true, Garron Sahib, that my old ankles ache. God will reward thy kind heart." Somewhere out on the fringes of the Foreign Settlement Tommy would drop Chundra Singh off at the hovel the latter called home. If Tommy Garron (as sometimes happened when other sahibs desired a lift to the country club) failed to extend the invitation, Chundra Singh would swallow a small pill of opium to back him up for the journey home afoot. He never felt neglected.

From the foregoing it will be seen that Tommy Garron was a pleasant,

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"Oh, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?"

kind-hearted and democratic young man, the sort with whom one may venture to take liberties. Chundra Singh, on the contrary, was a man one looked at twice before deciding to take liberties with him. Also, rather than presume upon Tommy Garron's kindness and good nature, Chundra Singh would have shaved his treasured black beard, which, if you know Sikhs, would have constituted an incredible alternative.

On a day in September, 1922, a woman took a liberty with Chundra Singh and so disturbed him that unconsciously he took a liberty with Tommy Garron.

Chundra Singh had just closed the doors of the ticket office, Tommy Garron had just scratched the date off the calendar, and Chundra Singh was in the act of squatting on his heels in the entry when a Russian girl essayed to get past him. Plainly she meant to enter the ticket office. Chundra Singh did not leap to attention, as he would have had the girl been anything but a Russian. Instead he spread wide his arms and barred her passage; the while he shook his great turbaned head in negation.

"Up, black pig! Up, I say!" The girl spoke in English, with a slight accent. Chundra Singh ignored her—for two reasons: First, she was Russian and, second, he spoke only pidgin English. She repeated the command in Russian and finally in French. Chundra Singh knew a little French, picked up during a period of service in Cairo, where French is the official language, and in France, during the World War. He glowered angrily at the girl, but did not stir, so she stooped, grasped his beard in both her little hands and tugged upward spitefully.

CHUNDRA SINGH rose with a bound, quite forgetting his tired ankles.

"Master finish!" he roared.

"No can do. Today must see. You talkee me, me talkee master chop chop, master no likee."

She was threatening him. That much Chundra Singh knew. But that a Russian had the slightest power to bring down upon his head the wrath of Tommy Garron, he

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doubted greatly. Nevertheless, as he gazed down into the girl's flashing blue eyes, a still small voice whispered to Chundra Singh that here was one not to be intimidated or denied by a mere Sikh. True, she was a Russian, but—equally true—she was a white woman, and he might not slap her as he very much desired to do. His dignity was in grave danger—already he had been tugged by the beard (horror of horrors, by a woman!) and he could not afford another assault. He opened the doors, marched grandly ahead of the Russian girl to the ticket counter and announced to Tommy Garron in Hindustani:

"This Russian child of a thousand devils demands speak with the Sahib."

"Oh, thou son of inconsistency," Tommy Garron shot at him, "what means this violation of orders? Is the day not ended? Hast thou not seen me annihilate the calendar? I shall be late to my golf game."

"It is a matter of great importance," Chundra Singh lied glibly, "wherefore I ventured to impose on your excellency's kind heart. It is the first time, Garron Sahib. It shall not happen again."

"You are forgiven! The first offense is always forgiven, but beware the second."

CHUNDRA SINGH placed two fingers of his right hand to his forehead, backed out, closed the doors again and squatted. A moment later he surreptitiously swallowed a small pill of opium—to soothe his sense of outrage. "Oh, Smiling One," he soliloquized. "Oh, heart of gold. May God protect thee from this woman."

"Your porter has bad manners, sir," the Russian girl charged. "When I approached he did not rise. So I pulled his beard. I am a Russian, but I will not tolerate a lack of respect from a Sikh porter."

"Then you have desolated the poor devil. However, I shall add to his punishment in order that he may know how deeply he has offended. For a week he shall walk home on his very flat feet, which will be painful for Chundra Singh. What can I do to serve you?"

"You wish to serve me—truly?"

Tommy Garron looked across the counter into a face that caused his light young heart to skip a beat, it was so unusually lovely. Anger, due to her recent encounter with Chundra Singh, had brought a rush of color to her cheeks and a sparkle to her eyes; one little hand was thrust out toward him appealingly. Tommy told himself she was gorgeous.

"I do indeed." Then he remembered she was a Russian refugee and was sorry he had spoken so earnestly.

"Thank you, sir. You can help me, if you will. I wish a passage to San Francisco for my mother and myself—a steerage passage. What is the cost of such accommodations? I have heard that it is $100 per ticket."

"Not ordinarily. I can let you have two tickets for $150 gold on the steamship Coptic sailing January 3d."

"I may not wait that long. I must arrive in San Francisco before midnight of December 31st."

"Oh, I see. You want to get in under the 1922 immigration quota."

The Russian girl nodded, a little wide-eyed with apprehension now.

"I'm so sorry! All of our steamers are booked solid, and I have no space to offer you. The Star of India is the last steamer to leave Shanghai in time to arrive before the quota closes. She sails December 9th. I doubt very much if we will be permitted to accept Russian passengers again before next spring. The 1923 quota will doubtless be delayed in the make-up."

"I may not wait that long. That would be—fatal."

Tommy knew why, for it was an old story to him—the plight of the ten thousand Russian refugees, officers of the White Army, with their families who had escaped the debacle in the Ukraine and who, with a camp following of civilian aristocrats, had fled down through Harbin and Mukden, eventually winning through incredible hardships, bloodshed and misery to the treaty port of Shanghai.

WHEN his father, who was president and controlling owner of the Oriental Transport Line, had first sent him to Shanghai to familiarize himself with the Chinese end of the business, Tommy had seen the advance guard of this hungry, half-naked, poverty-stricken horde reach the city. He had been active on a committee of the Foreign Settlement citizenry in the establishment of soup kitchens for them, of employment bureaus, of solving housing problems for these wards of a scant white population. He had heard tales of suffering that wrung his heart; he had contributed to Russian charity until it hurt, and eventually he had made the inevitable discovery that had set him, in common with every other white business man in Shanghai, against the Russian refugees.

A knotty municipal problem they proved to be: indeed, a perpetual problem. There were but a handful of peasants among the thousands of refugees that thronged Shanghai—and in old Russia few but the peasants ever labored. The ancient adage to the effect that God helps those who help themselves did not apply to these uninvited guests of Shanghai, for they were of the caste that scarcely ever labors and which regards labor as an appalling disgrace. Yet they were not too proud to accept the charity of the world and to continue accepting it so long as that good-natured world continued to extend it.

Tommy Garron regarded all Russians, therefore, as the most worthless, lazy, shiftless, ungrateful, insolent and imposing creatures in the world. He had decided to dismiss his Chinese chauffeur, Far Low, and had offered the position to a Russian prince at triple Far Low's salary, only to be challenged to a duel for the deadly insult thus conferred. He had been enabled to offer various opportunities for employment with the Oriental Transport Line, only to have them graciously declined, sans investigation, until at length reluctantly he had adopted the singularly practical motto of his Chinese surroundings: to wit, "No workee, no eatee."

In a word, Tommy had had his fill of Russian refugees and desired no additional helping. He supposed Providence would take care of them somehow; at any rate, he was through helping. He knew, of course, that many had arrived in Shanghai bearing a fortune—in depreciated Russian rubles; others had saved their family jewels and were living off the proceeds of the sale of these. He knew too that not infrequently, when the last copper had been spent, more than one desperate victim of the Revolution had sought the yellow waters of the Hwang-pu.

SO HE looked at the Russian girl now and understood without the necessity for an explanation. Unless the girl and her mother could take passage on the Star of India, sailing December 9th, they would have to remain in Shanghai until the following spring!

Yes, that would be fatal, for in the spring they would be paupers, and a pauper in Shanghai, sans friends, becomes a China coaster and is swallowed up in Oriental moral and physical filth.

A few months previous such reflections as these were wont to shock Tommy Garron; they caused his generous heart to ache as he contemplated, even from afar, the horror of a country gone mad. Little, thin, ill-nourished Russian girls of tender years, freezing on the street corners in winter as they strove to sell chewing gum and other unconsidered trifles or drooping like faded flowers during the appalling heat of the Central China summers; crippled men in brave, filthy, tattered regimentals—grande dames in ruins of silks; rather coarse-limbed girls in the ballet at night clubs and road houses; beggars; sad, unwilling nymphes du pave; middle-aged women accosting sailors in the public gardens and along the Bund after dark—how the sight of them saddened him!

Tommy's mind returned from its journey of retrospection to realize that the Russian girl before him was undoubtedly an aristocrat. She was young—perhaps twenty—finely formed, beautiful, with something of the wistful charm of adolescence still clinging to her. She looked tired and sad and hopeless now, and some vague stirrings of the old pity crept to life in him.

"Yes, it would be fatal not to go on the Star of India," he murmured.

An intuitive realization of his sympathy came to her; her eyes grew moist, but she blinked the tears away resolutely and forced a weakly defiant little smile. "You understand, of course, Mr.—"

"Garron. Thomas Garron is my name. And I understand perfectly."

"You are the (*Continued on page 32*)

He was wondering if he too might not set sail for home

Illustrated by WILLIAM DE LEFTWICH DODGE

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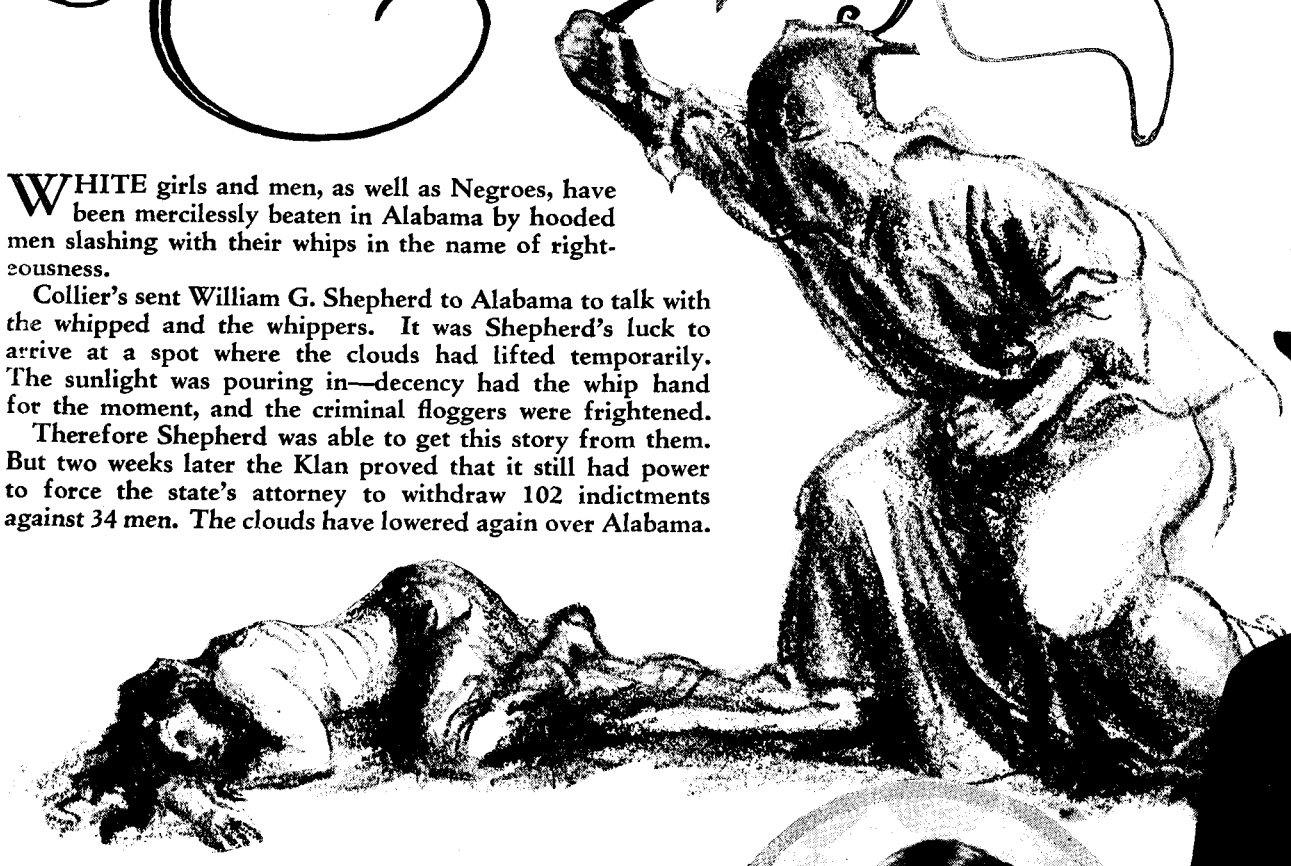
The Whip Hand

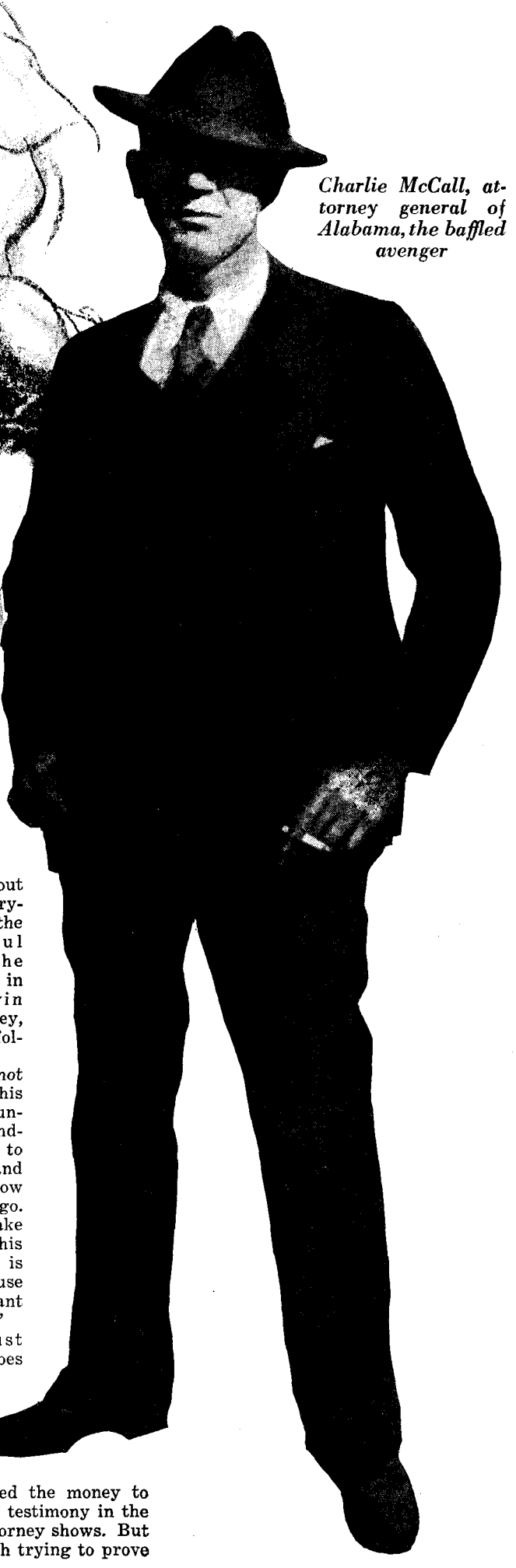
By WILLIAM G SHEPHERD



WHITE girls and men, as well as Negroes, have been mercilessly beaten in Alabama by hooded men slashing with their whips in the name of righteousness.

Collier's sent William G. Shepherd to Alabama to talk with the whipped and the whippers. It was Shepherd's luck to arrive at a spot where the clouds had lifted temporarily. The sunlight was pouring in—decency had the whip hand for the moment, and the criminal floggers were frightened.

Therefore Shepherd was able to get this story from them. But two weeks later the Klan proved that it still had power to force the state's attorney to withdraw 102 indictments against 34 men. The clouds have lowered again over Alabama.



Charlie McCall, attorney general of Alabama, the baffled avenger

Mrs. Fannie Clement Daniels, lashed on suspicion of unfaithfulness

THE worst flogging case I heard of in Alabama was this:

A farmer's wife who had been divorced married a farmer who had been divorced. She took her two children to the farmer's home, and the two started out together to patch up their ragged lives.

But "folks began to talk," as they say in the country. "Even if they are married, they have no right to be," said some of the critics.

There wasn't anything the law could do about it. "But," said certain members of the community, "the law ain't right. It don't do its duty."

There have been perhaps 700 flogging cases in Alabama within the past three years. The chances are that in every one of these cases the floggers said, "The law ain't right. We must fix this thing up ourselves."

At last a little group of men decided that this couple was "fresh meat." "Fresh meat" means those who must be whipped into acting as the whipper thinks they ought to act.

The Rev. L. A. Nalls was one of this group. He had preached righteousness for many years. One of his jobs was to make the world good. If he couldn't make it really good, with his preaching, at least he could by various methods make it act as if it were good. He might not be able, with his preaching, to make the world want to be good; but he could—with a whip—make it afraid to be bad.

A few Sundays ago, on a bright autumn morning, I stood in the fine little Baptist church in Georgiana, Ala., and gazed at the pulpit from which the Rev. L. A. Nalls had preached. But there would be no worship on this bright Sunday morning, for the leader of the flock had hurried away, after a previous Sunday evening sermon. He was indicted as a whipper a few days later.

The Rev. L. A. Nalls, so County Attorney Poole told me, was one of the group who decided that the divorced farmer and his new wife must be punished.

Late one night, so officials show, the whippers put on long white robes. Over their heads they thrust long white hoods, with eye-holes cut in them. Piling into a dozen automobiles, they went out to the farmhouse, where the farmer, with his wife and her two small children, were sleeping.

The sound of a dozen running engines awakened the family. The glare of two dozen headlights whitened the interior of the dark rooms. The voices of the men, as they climbed out of the cars and walked toward the house, terrified the two children. They began to scream in their beds. The woman began to cry. The man went to the door, to face the white-garbed crowd.

Rough men seized him and dragged him into the yard. While some of them held him, and while the woman and her children inside were screaming with fear, others whipped him until his back was cut in twenty places and blood dripped on the ground.

Scourged in "Kindness"

THEN, when the man was too weak to fight, too weak to defend his wife, the men went back to the house. The woman and the screaming children saw them coming and tried to hide. It was useless, of course. They dragged the mother away from her children, led her out into the yard and whipped her too. They whipped her on the bare flesh. They raised her garments to do it.

Bleeding, she staggered back to the house and her fear-crazed children.

The next item of the Ku-Klux Klan program was a speech. The representatives of law and order must tell these two erring fellow humans why they had been punished. The Rev. L. A. Nalls, never backward about talking and always trying to be helpful in the name of the helpful Christ, addressed the woman, as evidence in the hands of Calvin Poole, county attorney, shows, somewhat as follows:

"Sister, you were not punished in anger this evening; you were punished in a spirit of kindness and correction, to set your feet aright and to show your children how a good mother should go.

"Boys, I want to take up a collection for this woman. This man is going to leave this house forever, and we want her to start off right."

Hands were thrust into slits of white robes to reach inner trousers pockets while the woman sat on a chair in her blood-soaked nightgown.

The preacher handed the money to the woman ($3.50) as testimony in the office of the county attorney shows. But he was not yet through trying to prove

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that Christ is merciful and kind to the erring. He spoke to her again:

"Here is salve for your wounds."

And he gave her a bottle of vaseline.

Then he and his comrades went away.

Now, this story is not Alabama folklore; it is not a recounted nightmare. Calvin Poole of Greenville gave me all the details in his office.

"I have all the evidence in this whipping case," he told me. "Only," he added lugubriously, "Nalls ran away." It is true that the indictment against Nalls was withdrawn because, as the state prosecutor stated, there was connivance between state and Klan officials that would prevent unbiased trials. But Nalls may be hunting a new pulpit somewhere in America. That's to be remembered!

The Klan Still Reigns

FOR more than a year no one said anything about this whipping outrage that I have described. The farmer did not leave his home; neither did his wife. But a white silence covered all whipping cases. The man and the woman did not complain to the authorities. They knew well enough that there was no power to punish the "punishers."

The government of the whip, the hood and the white robe had eaten its way into the very seats of government, so that the man who sat in the place of power in the government of Alabama was a hood brother of the whippers.

"You folks in the rest of America don't know what a desperate time we've had of it here," Calvin Poole told me. "People who were whipped were afraid to talk. Now and then I'd get a case to present to a grand jury, but invariably a majority of the grand jurors would be members of the whippers' lodge, and they would refuse to bring indictments. Besides, the whippers had come to the point where they were threatening to whip all their critics, and they frightened everybody."

There was a white silence of fear over all of Alabama—fear not of plague, which science might heal; not of famine, which the ready heart and purse of the rest of America might prevent; not of storm and flood, which America only so recently as last spring showed could be alleviated by its Red Cross millions. It was, in this twentieth century, in these United States, fear of flesh-cutting, blood-drawing whips, in the hands of masked men.

And yet I am not quite exact when I say this. There is another way to describe the thing that held some 3,000,000 citizens in silent, voiceless fear.

Nalls, with his whip, was a ghastly man. But there was something ghastlier than he and the others with their straps, ropes and switches—and that was the spirit behind Nalls. This spirit was made up of the most poisonous mixture of ideas, opinions and emotions that could ever gas and gag a community. This spirit set the law aside. It created an anarchy wilder than any Russian ever dreamed of. It did not call itself evil; indeed, it called itself the organized GOOD of the community. It had no mercy, kindness, sympathy or understanding. It tolerated nothing which dissented from it. It could do no wrong. It was above criticism. Indeed, it was a tyrant above control.

Nothing crazier ever happened in any house of maniacs than happened in Alabama while this spirit of setting the world to rights by force marched through the night.

For at least three years the whippings continued unchallenged in almost every county. They were whispered about at firesides, but in public they were never mentioned.

"You couldn't have gone around our town asking questions about floggings six weeks ago," a business man of Georgiana told me. "It's lucky you didn't drop in then."

"What would they have done?" I asked.

"You'd have had notice to leave on the next train. And you'd have been ordered to stick to your room in the hotel until train time.

"A few weeks ago a state detective came to this town to talk to some of the white people who had been flogged during the past three years, and he got a message that made him shut up until train time."

"But it couldn't have been really dangerous," I insisted. "I'm not in a foreign country here in Alabama. And these folks are my fellow Americans."

"He that is without sin among you, let him first cast a stone at her"

"It WAS dangerous because these whippers were getting drunk with power.

"There were decent men in this town who were planning to follow these whippers to their next flogging party and kill all the floggers with guns. We were coming to shooting.

"That fellow up there on the hill"—he pointed to the neat little church and the neat little parsonage beside it—"that fellow Nalls would have had his own way of making you keep your hands off."

"But isn't there anyone here who takes Nalls' place?" I asked.

"Things are different now," he said. "Charlie McCall has taken off the lid, and folks are not frightened any more." That remains to be seen however. For three weeks, until December 1st, folks DID breathe more easily. But about that time Charlie McCall, in a courtroom at Luverne, announced that a mysterious power was interfering with his prosecution of whippers and he withdrew 102 indictments in a batch, saying prosecutions were useless at this time.

One Lucky Reporter

IT TAKES a brave man to try to kill floggings such as they have had in Alabama. It takes a man with brains to kill the idea that "good people" have a right to force "bad people" to be good. It takes power too.

"Tell it all. I'll protect you. I'm going to drag every flogger in Alabama into court."

This message, sent out from the state Capitol in Alabama to the people of that state recently, swept through the homes of Alabama like the sound of a grand amen. At its tones Alabama lifted its head. The dead silence was ended for a time; the muffler was taken off for about three weeks.

Cecil Davis, close-mouthed Kligraph, Klan hero and five-day martyr

Grant Lowery, grudge victim, whipped to satisfy another Negro

State detectives and reporters went about as they pleased, asking questions and getting answers from those who had been whipped. I was lucky enough to reach Alabama and talk to its people during the three weeks that the lid was off, while the whippers were frightened. For every accused whipper has since been set free in Luverne as a result of frustrated prosecution.

From those who were charged with having done the whippings I received, during my long trip of investigation through Alabama, only looks of hate and surly replies. But in the grand-jury room these same surly and incredibly cruel men had fallen over themselves to turn state's evidence against their comrades in hooded "righteousness," bringing about the indictments which McCall was later forced to quash.

"They were all trying to talk at once," one prosecuting attorney told me. "Somehow that whipping business in the Ku-Klux Klan sifted out all the yellow cowards and put a whip in their hands. It strained out the degenerates and gave them power in the community."

He was right. In a later article I shall give a description of what happened in one town during four years—an incredible story of men who were to all intents and purposes giggling lunatics—for they actually laughed over the floggings they had committed.

Ending floggings in Alabama had to be a one-man job. Public opinion was muffled. Free speech was punished by whippings. Some one man had to take his future and perhaps even life itself into his hands and set public opinion free. Even newspapers like the Birmingham Age-Herald, the Montgomery Advertiser and a few others, which criticized whippings, could not put courage and heart into officials and citizens.

Well, as usually happens when things get too bad to endure, the man who was needed came. He has been making a desperate fight: how well he will succeed remains to be seen.

No Time to Waste

EVERY week-day evening, back in 1920, a young man used to rattle up in an old flivver before a certain drug store in Georgetown, Md., and give his order hurriedly to the soda-fountain man:

"Gimme three sandwiches and a cup of coffee," he would call out.

The hour was invariably 5:20. He'd eat the sandwiches faster than his old car could run, then he'd hurry off to Georgetown University, stall his rackety motor, jump out and run into one of the university buildings.

He seemed never to have time enough to tell anybody who he was. To the druggist he was "only that young fellow who comes in here every night for three sandwiches." Maybe the druggist still wonders who he is. I'll tell him:

It was Charlie C. McCall, from 'way down in Alabama.

And he approached classrooms just as he approached sandwich counters. He was perhaps the school-goingest young man in America. He would put in a two-hour session of lectures every evening at Georgetown, and at 7:30 he would dash over to the famous National University for two hours of more learning. He had only five minutes for the evening trip between the two universities, and the policemen he passed permitted him to speed as he wished because, as he had explained to them, "I haven't got much time between schools."

But there was the coming early morning that could not be wasted. Therefore, at a third great school, the American University, three blocks from the War Office in Washington, where there were classes in law beginning at 7:35, you would see Charlie C. McCall settling down for an hour of schooling.

Now, it takes money to buy even drug-store sandwiches, to say nothing of going to three universities at once. At 9 o'clock every morning, therefore, Charlie C. McCall would turn up at a job in the office of the judge advocate general of the United States Army, in the State, War (*Continued on page 44*)

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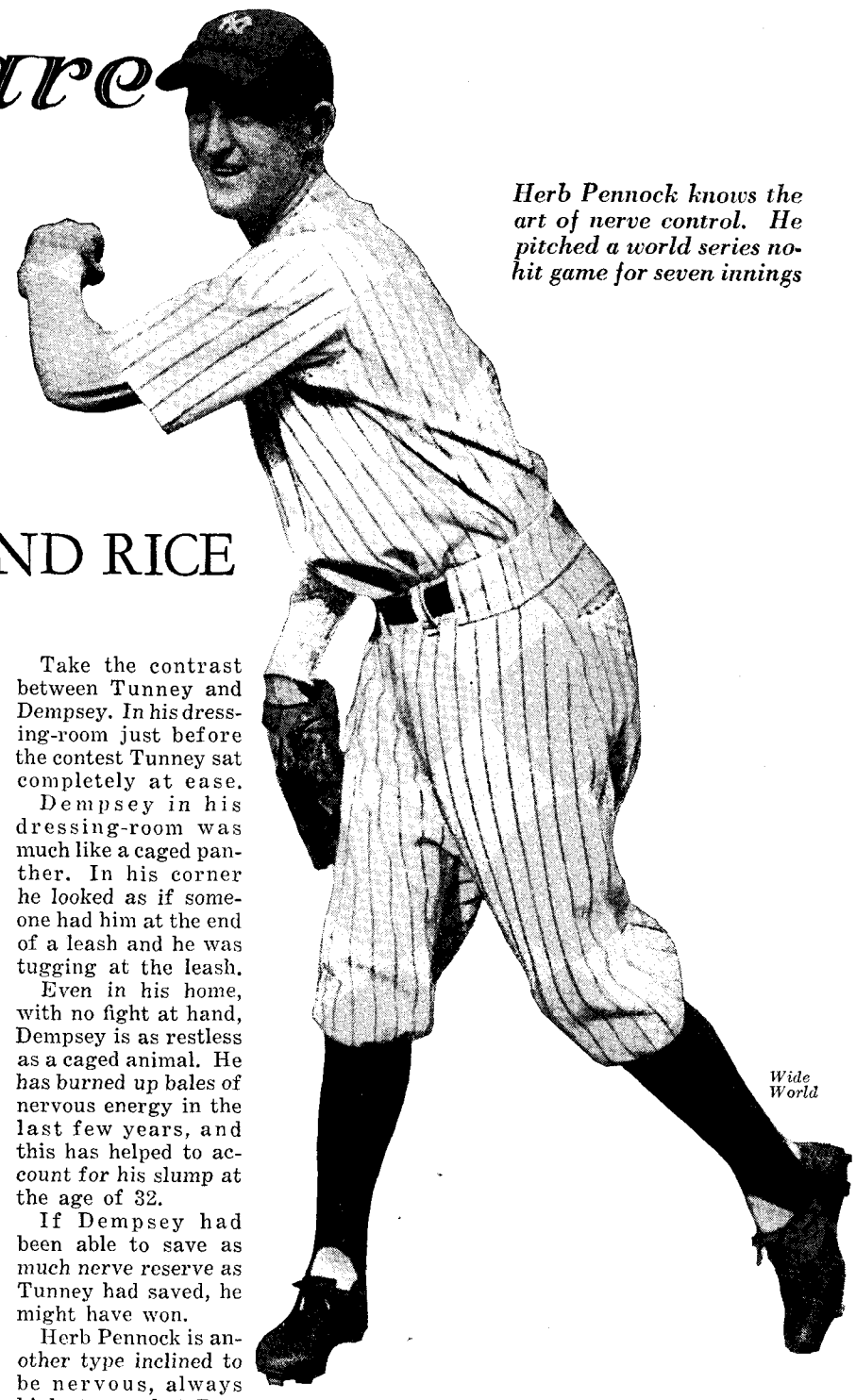
Nerves to spare

Before the fight Tunney read a novel, Dempsey fretted: the hoarded nerve energy won. Travers, Pennock and Hornsby also know the trick

By GRANTLAND RICE



Herb Pennock knows the art of nerve control. He pitched a world series no-hit game for seven innings

Wide World

"COMPETITION has grown so keen and the prize has grown so great," remarked Gene Tunney, heavyweight champion, "that you can't afford to overlook a bet. You certainly can't afford to overlook one of the most important matters of the entire lot—a surplus of nerve reserve. I am supposed to be a fellow that has no nerves to bother him, that is never nervous, always cool and serene—what you might call a phlegmatic type. On the other hand, I happen to be quite nervous, and these nerves would be jumping all over the place if I let them alone. Almost every successful athlete is high-strung, but they don't all show it. In my own case I have made it a habit of many years to control my nerves and save up my nervous energy for the trouble ahead.

"I will illustrate my point. Before my fight with Dempsey in Chicago I had enough to worry three or four men, but I thought only of the main job.

"People came to me with all sorts of reports, but I refused to get excited, though I knew Dempsey was always dangerous. Nothing burns up nervous energy or nerve reserve like worry. It can eat its way into your heart and kill any quick message your brain or mind tries to send to your muscles.

"Late in the afternoon before the fight I ate a good meal and then went to my room to read before it was time to be called. I took a novel with me that I had heard was quite good. I never even thought of the fight. I give you my word that as I heard the call my first thought was a feeling of disappointment about the book. The story had not been up to my expectations.

"Being a fellow inclined to be nervous and inclined to worry it had taken a long siege of hard mental training and control to reach this point. More than that, it had also taken fine physical condition. If I had been overtrained or undertrained, I couldn't have done it.

"I needed all my nerve reserve in the seventh round. If I had allowed worry to burn me out in advance, I might now be an ex-champion trying to get a return match. I would have got up, but I might not have had enough left to carry the fight to Dempsey, as I did, in the last three rounds. You've not only got to get in good physical condition, but you also must give this physical condition a chance to work with a set of fresh, relaxed nerves."

You have right here one of the main secrets of Tunney's success. His physical fitness is a big start. His boxing skill is just as important. But his ability to carry a fresh set of nerves, unwearied and unworried, into action is one of the main factors.

Nerve weariness is a wrecking affair. After the Army game Knute Rockne of Notre Dame admitted that the Army had the stronger team. "But the actual margin," he said that night, "was one touchdown—not three. We had burned up too much nerve energy in five hard games. The terrific Minnesota test had been the last blow. I could bring the boys back physically in a week, but I couldn't restore their lost nerve reserve which always affects the action of mind and body. Between halves I could give instructions, but they wouldn't register sharply nor stick for action later on. It is the burning up of nervous energy, the wear and tear on the nervous system, that accounts for so many football upsets and form reversals."

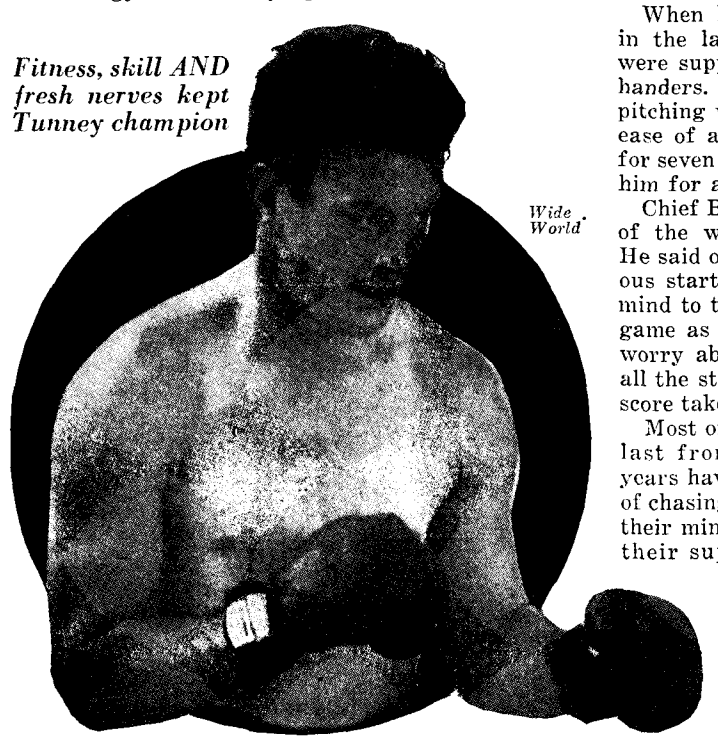
Jerry Travers, who won five national golf championships, had a tournament disposition much like Gene Tunney's. Travers, like Tunney, was supposed to be free from jumpy nerves, to carry ice water in his veins. But Travers, like Tunney, was a nervous, high-strung type. He merely took such control of himself that he refused to think about anything but the next stroke.

Take the Breaks as They Come

HIS concentration was so great that he could look directly into the face of a close friend during a hard match and never recognize him. He looked cool, calm, impassive and almost dour. When he won his first amateur championship he had a four-foot putt to beat Archie Graham five and four. He was so nervous he could hardly hold his putter grip. But he caught himself in time to hole the winning putt.

In the open championship of 1915, which he won by a stroke, I recall that he hooked his second shot to a rather deep trap. He might have worried his nerves into a jumpy snarl over this, but he simply massed his attention upon playing the next stroke in the right way.

I have always thought that Dempsey burned away a block of needed nervous energy before every fight.



Fitness, skill AND fresh nerves kept Tunney champion

Wide World

Take the contrast between Tunney and Dempsey. In his dressing-room just before the contest Tunney sat completely at ease.

Dempsey in his dressing-room was much like a caged panther. In his corner he looked as if someone had him at the end of a leash and he was tugging at the leash.

Even in his home, with no fight at hand, Dempsey is as restless as a caged animal. He has burned up bales of nervous energy in the last few years, and this has helped to account for his slump at the age of 32.

If Dempsey had been able to save as much nerve reserve as Tunney had saved, he might have won.

Herb Pennock is another type inclined to be nervous, always high-strung, but Pennock also has mastered the art of nerve control. To watch him in action you would never think he ever had a jumpy nerve in his body. Long habit in refusing to worry or fret has given him time to concentrate on his pitching.

When he faced the Pirates in the last world series they were supposed to murder left-handers. But Pennock began pitching with the coolness and ease of a practice session and for seven innings no one tapped him for a hit.

Chief Bender was the marvel of the world in this respect. He said once that after a nervous start he had made up his mind to take the breaks of the game as they came to him, to worry about nothing, to shoot all the stuff he had and let the score take care of itself.

Most of the ball players who last from fifteen to twenty years have developed the habit of chasing useless worries from their minds, thereby saving up their supply of nerve freshness. I have seen ball players go hitless for two days and worry so much over their slump that they had to be laid off for two weeks at a time.

Yet Hornsby went four or five games without a hit and as his batting average was dropping fast the only comment he made was this: "I'll get going again. If not today, then tomorrow. Anyway, I'll keep on swinging."

Nerve Weariness Means Defeat

TY COBB burned up a world of nervous energy on the field, but off the field he knew how to conserve his supply. And no one ever saw Cobb do much brooding on the field. He was too busy.

Most competitors who are temperamentally nervous have an idea that this can't be controlled. Tunney, Travers, Hagen, Pennock, Hornsby and others have proved the contrary. They have discovered there is no weariness like nerve weariness brought on by worry. Nothing brings on a heavy slump in a greater hurry. No other form of weariness is quite so hard to eliminate.

Jock Hutchison, a great golfer, can't sleep the night before a championship. Hagen often arrives on a strange course the day of the start without a preliminary round and begins his concentration on the first tee.

Tunney has the right idea: Concentrate; don't worry; keep as relaxed as you can. The nerve surplus saved up will win many starts.

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At the Road House

Commander Roscoe seems at last to have won a victory over the Emperor of America

By SAX ROHMER

Illustrated by R. L. LAMBDIN

A man alighted from the car and hurried into "The Blue Barber"

"I AM not thinking of myself," said the woman passionately. "My danger is great enough, but yours is greater. Please do as I ask."

Dawn was not far off, but the night was at its blackest.

The speaker stood, back to the shaded window, her attitude almost defiant. Slenderly beautiful in a dance frock partly concealed by the fur wrap which she wore, she presented an irresistibly appealing figure to the man who faced her. But her too brilliant eyes were tragic, and pathetic little lines showed at the corners of her mouth.

The man too was noteworthy, tall and slight, having a badly fitting overcoat, obviously someone else's, over his dinner kit. His face was masklike in its immobility, his expression difficult to define because of the monocle which he wore. But one who had known Dr. Stopford very well would have said that he was retaining his composure by a tense effort of will.

"Forget my danger," he said, his studied drawl designed as a sedative to threatened hysteria. "I am a gentleman at large, as the Cunard Line has dispensed with my services since I had the misfortune to miss my ship. That was my biggest danger—and it's happened."

"There are worse dangers," said Madame Czerna: "dangers that you have never met with in your life, that few know of. I tell you again you must let me go. What you suggest is impossible. Already they may be here. Turn the light out. I want to look along the road."

"I agree to that," said Stopford.

HE DEPRESSED the switch, and the room was plunged in darkness. As the shade was drawn aside he could see his companion, a vague silhouette against the window.

Her attitude was fearful, almost crouching, as she stared along the deserted country road. The building was utterly silent; the countryside was silent. At some spot not very remote the unmistakable song of the sea proclaimed itself, for this quaint old road house overlooked the Sound. Following a few moments of stillness:

"There is a car with all lights out," Madame Czerna whispered, "just at the bend beyond the tall trees. I tell you it is impossible. They will raid this place, and they are desperate."

Her French accent was music to the man who listened.

"But I'm doin' 'em a good turn," Stopford whispered back in the darkness. "You were pinched by the cops, and I got you away. Shall I turn the light up?"

"No!" The word was spoken as an entreaty. "They are clever—they would realize what it meant."

"Look here," said Stopford, "I've taken a lot of chances and doubled on my best pal to get you out of a nasty corner. If you think I'm goin' to throw up the sponge now, you're makin' a bloomer. I've done a silly thing—a dam' silly thing, I suppose—but it was the only way open. I couldn't see you pinched for attemptin' to murder Drake Roscoe. I wanted you free first. Explanations can come well enough later."

"Yet I was concerned in attempting to murder Drake Roscoe. . . ."

It was a dramatic whisper in the darkness, its drama intensified by the accent of the speaker.

"What!"

"I have said it. It is true."

"You mean that you are . . . !" Stopford's voice failed him.

"I mean that I am a criminal. Yes. All that Commander Roscoe has suspected of me—all that you must have suspected also—has been true. I belong to the organization called the Zones. I am part of the machine controlled by the man who dreams he can become Emperor of America."

"Heavens above!"

"Please." Madame Czerna spoke urgently as Stopford moved. "Don't turn the light up. It would be dangerous. And, besides—I don't want you to see me."

"Very compromisin'," Stopford murmured.

"Compromising!" Madame Czerna laughed mirthlessly. "I am going to tell you a lot of things you want to know. I am going to uncover a lot of mysteries. You can make what use you like of what I tell you. Then you must let me go."

"I'M PREPARED to listen," Stopford conceded, "but this doesn't mean that I accept your exorbitant terms."

"I don't care." She spoke urgently, with intense but restrained emotion. "Tonight I have made up my mind to finish with it all. Listen closely, because perhaps I shall never be able to tell you again what I am going to tell you now. There is a great conspiracy here in America, greater than Communism, because it is directed by a cleverer man than Moscow ever produced. It is secret. It is what we call the Zones. I only know a small part of it, but what I know I am going to tell you."

She paused, and Stopford detected the fact that she was listening intently. The night remained silent, and presently she went on:

"The whole of New York City is mapped out, you understand. There are Divisions—I do not know how many. But in each Division there are three Zones. In each Zone are three Sectors. And in each Sector are four Groups. There is a man—if he *is* a man—called Head Center. He controls all the Zones. I think, but I do not know, that there are similar Zones in all the great cities of the United States. They may link up with one another—I cannot say. But the man we call Head Center controls them all. The Divisions are in charge of officials called Divisional Chiefs; the Zones in charge of Zone Officers. Under these Zone Officers are three Sector Captains, and under each Sector Captain four Group Masters."

The dramatic voice ceased.

"Yes?" said Stopford—"please go on."

"I was listening again," Madame Czerna replied. "There are members of the Zones everywhere—perhaps even in this road house."

But the silence was complete, and presently she continued:

"I am a Zone Officer."

"What!" Stopford exclaimed. "*You* are a Zone Officer?"

"Yes, I. You are alone in this building, which is surrounded, with an agent of the most dangerous criminal group the world has ever known! I have

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three Sector Captains at my command! Twelve Group Masters, and fifty or sixty utterly desperate gunmen! Are you afraid?"

"Not a bit,' Stopford returned. "I'm interested, more than a spot horrified, but entirely sympathetic. I'm waitin' for reasons."

"I shall tell you those reasons," Madame Czerna replied, "presently. First I want to assure you of something. I have never to my knowledge assisted in any crime against life—until tonight. You understand me? Lately I have found out that I was expected to do so—that I was expected blindly to obey the orders of Head Center. Tonight I was part of a plot to bring about the death of your friend Drake Roscoe. They were right to arrest me. And so for this reason I have finished. It is done. Whatever the consequences, I am going to tell you all I know. Then you must let me go. You *will* let me go. Because you will never want to see me or speak to me again."

"Don't jump to conclusions," Stopford murmured. "For the moment, stick to facts. Seems to me there's one vulnerable spot in this web: I'm referrin' to Head Center."

"Head Center is a great genius. . . ."

"Then you've met him!" Stopford exclaimed. "Describe the artist. Relate where he's to be caught performin'."

"I cannot describe him," Madame Czerna replied. "Whenever I have seen him, he has been disguised. He wears a dreadful rubber mask. Even his hands are cased in rubber gloves."

"But the bird must roost somewhere?"

"I have always been taken to Headquarters, and I suppose the same routine is observed with other Zone Officers"—she laughed harshly—"in a closed car with automatically fastened window shades. Except that the room in which he has interviewed me is somewhere in New York, I can give you no idea of its location."

"But it sounds like a nightmare to me," Stopford declared. "If it's true—and Roscoe believes some such fungus farm exists—it's marvelous, but ghastly. And at the same time it has its weak points. It's a wonderful web, with one really wonky point, as I remarked before—the spider."

He stepped forward in the darkness.

"Whoever you are and whatever you've done," said he, "you're a sport through and through. This Zone bloke may be powerful, but Roscoe has got all the bally United States behind him. I'm not goin' to let you go. Forget you ever thought it. We're hand in hand on this thing. How you got into it is a blindin' mystery to me, but you've promised to explain."

"You don't understand," she said tremulously. "Wait until I have told you everything."

"You're goin' to tell me everything! But whatever you tell me will make no difference. We're goin' to see this thing through together."

"No, no! It's impossible."

Then suddenly she was clinging to him, and his arms went about her. Nor did she resist; until:

"Listen!" she whispered—"do you hear it—do you hear it?"

The man's clasp tightened.

"I hear it," he replied in a low voice. "But don't panic—it may be nothing."

Intruding upon the silence of the house had come a faint sound—a sound which must have been inaudible except to persons as tensed up as these two. It was that made by the creaking of a door being slowly opened.

NEW YORK suffers from insomnia. At an hour when even the gayer capitals of Europe would have begun to blink themselves into sleep a certain street between Broadway and Sixth Avenue still displayed every evidence of liveliness.

A Rolls turned into this street and pulled up before the door of a small and unpretentious restaurant.

The establishment was apparently closed, since no lights were visible, and there was nothing in any way interesting about the appearance of the place, with the exception of its name, exhibited upon a sign protruding above the door. Without rhyme or reason, since this was a chop shop, the sign read "The Blue Barber."

A chauffeur sprang down, looked right and left along the street, and then pressed a bell beside the door. Almost immediately the door was opened. A man alighted from the Rolls and hurried in. The door closed. The chauffeur sprang back to the wheel, and the car moved smoothly off in the direction of Sixth Avenue.

No patrolman had witnessed the arrival, which indeed in itself was unremarkable. But the Police Department would undoubtedly have been interested could they have penetrated to the Blue Barber with the visitor who had arrived in the Rolls.

As the street door closed, out of utter darkness there came the sound of a musical voice:

"H. Q., anything to report?"

"No."

The reply was spoken gutturally, with a pronounced German accent.

"Stand by."

The speaker, whose overcoat collar was turned up and the brim of whose hat was turned down, passed along a dark passage, with which he must have been familiar. He pressed a button, and a faint sound indicated that a panel door had opened. He entered! The panel closed behind him.

He mounted a short flight of stairs, now using an electric torch to assist him in the darkness. He came to a stair landing, apparently consisting of the stairhead, a window, shaded, and two blank walls.

Pressing his foot upon a square of geometrically patterned carpet, one of the walls slid back, proving to be the door of an elevator. Into this the man stepped, closed the door, and the elevator ascended. It stopped at the sixth floor, and the man stepped out into a barely furnished sitting-room, switching on the light as he entered.

"I tell you again you must let me go. What you suggest is impossible"

THERE were many people in New York who would have been interested to learn that the rather neglected-looking bookcase in this apartment was really the door of another elevator. But the visitor did not delay here. He crossed to the door, switched off the light, and went out.

Using the torch, he traversed a long corridor, many apartments opening upon it from right and left. Coming to the end, he descended three flights of marble steps. The torch went out. In utter darkness he stood a while, listening. Then came a jingling of keys, as he admitted himself to a large well-appointed office, revealed when, closing the door behind him, he again flashed the torch.

There were many desks, cabinets and tables. He crossed the big public office, entered a private office beyond, and shone a disk of light upon a note which lay there on a large pedestal table. Then came darkness once more, the sound of a panel door opening and closing, and this strange bat, moving in the night of the city, was once more in a small elevator, ascending. Eight floors were passed. At the ninth the car stopped.

He was again in a long, dark corridor, along which the moving ray danced strangely. It terminated in a flight of stairs. He mounted four floors. Windows lighted the landings, and the torch became extinguished again.

Yet another door was opened and closed and an extensive range of offices traversed. The man moved confidently and almost silently. Wraith-like he passed from building to building, but ever mounting higher. Finally he came out into the strangest room in New York City.

A square room it was, no more than ten paces from wall to wall, and seemingly possessing neither doors nor windows. He had entered it through a panel in the south wall from the small elevator which had borne him there. The panel was now closed.

This was a black and gold room. The walls were black and gold, and the ceiling was a high dome of dull gold. It was lighted by four lamps in black tripods, and, except for a long, narrow table set in the center of the western wall, was very bare in appearance. The man seated himself at this table, glancing at a number of notes which lay there. He did not remove his hat, but a standard lamp on the table threw his face into startling relief against the blackness of the background.

And the face so revealed was strangely like that of (*Continued on page 47*)

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The Third Lady

By NATHALIE SEDGWICK COLBY

WHAT is more difficult than being the country's Third Citizen? Why, being its Third Lady, of course! Mrs. Colby found that out when she went to Washington with her husband, who was the last Secretary of State under Woodrow Wilson. If the President and the Vice President die, the Secretary of State takes the chair. But, if you were his wife, which chair would you give to the Japanese ambassador when he and the Rumanian minister and the other personages came to dinner? What would you wear—talk about—serve?

U. & U.

Mrs. Colby's memories preserve a vivid picture of official Washington

WE WERE to go to Washington. It was the most wonderful moment of my life.

The children came downstairs to celebrate. "When do we start?"

But there was an immense amount of mobilizing before we got started. For we were adjusted to twenty years of life in a brownstone-front house in New York with four servants. Now there was to be a shift in economical gear. The hearth had become official.

"You must get some new clothes," the family said.

There is nothing so stimulating as the Public Eye. Potentially it changed the way I did my hair, it put a shine on my finger nails, and it set me on a sheet in front of a mirror where I turned for hours, hearing, "You look like a young woman in this. You have the figure of a girl in that."

I emerged from a last fitting with a fur coat and four evening dresses, among which there was an old trusty of black velvet, a dashing combination of silver and rhinestones, one dress for outside receptions, magnificently beaded, and a film of chiffon and lace for receptions at home.

One daughter was very lovely in a whole set of frivolities—blue satins and white. Not much for warmth or endurance—everything for charm. And the rest of the children were similarly arrayed. Washington had reached out its wand and moved us out of our pumpkin.

I shall never forget the first arrival at the station in Washington. The official route was a greased rut. All we had to do was to let ourselves slide. Porters seized my bags, a car was waiting, and Charlie, the State Department chauffeur, accustomed to new and inexperienced official ladies, opened the door with a flourish.

One has the feeling immediately in Washington that the official life is a stage set and waiting; one's part is all cast. All one has to do is to play it.

Living Up to One's Butler

CHOOSING a house is part of that feeling. In New York lists of houses are handed out. Day after day one drags one's feet up and down stairs trying to find a home.

But such is the power of official prestige that twenty-four hours after we arrived at the capital we were wafted around from one beautiful house to another, each owner vying for the privilege of renting to us.

The one we took had high ceilings, and it opened into a garden. There was a staff of servants. Then we sent for the children.

I met them at the station. The puppy was hysterical at being released from the baggage car. The children were completely surrounded by luggage, because the youngest had at the last moment brought all her books, and another had the puppy's basket that the expressman had forgotten, so it had to be carried along all done up in paper.

The house seemed enormous to me when we rolled up to the front door, and I was frightened to death by the butler, who looked like the Prince of Wales.

Other people's butlers one can take casually, as they always see one on parade and never go further than taking one's umbrella. But owning one is different. He was flanked by a parlormaid, and there were a first and second chambermaid waiting on the stairs. . . . Someone said to a tourist looking at a famous picture in the Louvre, "That picture judges you." I had the same feeling—that I was on trial, and that there would be no mercy in these starched judges.

Someone had to bring in the puppy's basket, and the butler took it out of my hand as if it had been a scandal best disposed of without comment.

The first thing that a Cabinet member's wife learns is that she knows next to nothing—and even that is best forgotten or it will get her into trouble. Etiquette looms before her like a dark forest. Just as she despairs of finding her way over the unfamiliar trails she is told that "Mr. Cooke is waiting downstairs."

Mr. Cooke is the guide a merciful government has provided for its social addenda of wandering females. What Vergil was to Dante, Mr. Cooke was to me. I would like, in passing, to give a tribute to the patience of this kind man. Vergil did his job once and received classic credit—but Mr. Cooke, without any acclaim, does his over and over. Women to be guided must seem like chronic political eruptions to Mr. Cooke. And yet he made the situation he found us in as fresh as anything.

The Perfect Schoolmaster

THERE was a pleasant Miss Marsh too, who wrote out lists and behaved each morning as if a political lady were a treat to her. Looking back, I think Mr. Cooke and Miss Marsh would be the two people who, if I went back, might remember that I had been in Washington.

Mr. Cooke was waiting downstairs in the little pink room. With the question, "Are you settled?" he clicked on the spotlight. The show had begun. We were so brightly lighted that everything became important.

First of all my handwriting, that had been with me all my life and was good enough for family letters and shopping lists, wasn't fit to go into the White House or to make its début in the Washington mail without a change in deportment. It had to sit up stiffly. Its sprawling and flourishing days were over.

Under Mr. Cooke's guidance I began by rewriting three "acceptances" in correct style and elegant penmanship.

Then he took out a pencil and marked down the official routine we were to follow. We were to make the first calls everywhere. First in order came the embassies, then the ministers' homes, then the wives of the Supreme Court Justices, and then the senators' wives.

The idea sounded very bold to one who had been brought up on the New England principle of "Never speak till you're spoken to," but Mr. Cooke explained that the custom was due to our official position. Then I remembered the story of a late Prince of Wales bowing to a beautiful lady who rode on top of a bus. "Official position" reversed things! I felt very grand. I too would bow first, dispensing official largesse!

Just the same, I was glad when Mr. Cooke told me there was no largesse allowed at the White House. Secretly I had a vision of being told that the President and Mrs. Wilson were not at home to bold women. It was a relief to hear that the White House took care of itself. It "summoned" its guests.

In a few days we felt at home—except for the butler's asking me every morning what should be done with the "overhead dust," that I'd never heard of or noticed and shocking him by saying,

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One felt a coronet on Mme. Jusserand

"Just leave it—leave it!" Books were lying about, flowers were in vases, there was a fire in the little pink room, and the puppy had begun to chew the house up. I was ready to take my first steps, keeping sight of Mr. Cooke's hand in the distance.

Our first call was at the French Embassy. M. and Mme. Jules Jusserand had been nearly twenty years in the capital, and M. Jusserand was dean of the Diplomatic Corps.

Mr. Cooke's (*Continued on page 46*)

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Welcome Home

Things become more

Illustrated by JULES GOTLIEB

"Are you trying to say that you are guilty?" he inquired

The Story Thus Far:

TOM BENTHAM unexpectedly comes home from South America. His father, who had forbidden young Bentham to enter his home for the past four years, has died and Tom decides to use his old latchkey.

He goes up to his old room, switches on the light and beholds a girl sitting up in his bed. He tries to engage her in conversation but she tells him only that the house has been sold, and she orders him to go.

Next day he goes to his father's lawyer, Aubrey Robinson, who protests that it has not been sold and assures Tom that he must be mistaken about the girl.

Mrs. Huggins, the caretaker in the Bentham house, telephones at that point and Robinson speaks to her out of hearing of Tom.

Then the two men go over to the house and hunt from top to bottom in vain for the girl. The only trace is a lovely fragrance of perfume in the top drawer of the bureau.

Tom finally goes, half convinced, saying that he is to report to his paper and then is departing immediately for a vacation. As the door closes behind him, Robinson puts the chain in place so that no key can open the door entirely and goes back to the kitchen and Mrs. Huggins.

At that moment the girl comes out from hiding in a closet with the words: "Well, Mr. Robinson, may I ask how it was that you allowed that to happen?"

"MY DEAR Barbara," said Mr. Robinson, seating himself on, or rather against, the kitchen table and folding his arms, "you see the far-reaching consequences of committing a crime."

"And who was he—this feller, coming in like a thief in the night, instead of ringing me basement bell like a Christian?" said Mrs. Huggins, eager to throw the blame anywhere but upon Barbara.

"I see the consequence of that thoughtless young man's taking his latchkey with him to South America," replied the young lady.

"Ah, well, the question of the ultimate cause . . ." said Robinson. "However, I am very sorry that you should have been frightened."

Barbara was taking a short turn about the kitchen, but she stopped at this as if an insult had been offered to her. "Frightened?" she exclaimed. "I was not in the least frightened . . . why should I be? Startled, yes, when he woke me from a sound sleep by dropping his bag on the floor. But frightened? No, I have never seen anything to make me believe in this beast-of-prey theory. Besides, there was a bell at my bedside that would have brought Delia Huggins up here in three seconds, and I should like to ask you what any rather slight young man could have done against a combination of Delia and me. How was it that you made such a mistake in the time of his boat's arriving?"

"I did not make a mistake," replied Mr. Robinson rather tartly. "He took a boat to England and saved a day."

"Mercy, what an inconvenient young man he seems to be!" said Barbara. "I had set my alarm clock—*his* alarm clock, as it turns out—for six o'clock, so that I would have plenty of time to pack and be out of the way—and as it was it was a terrible scramble. Delia and I were sewing up that old mattress—"

"IT'S a pity," observed the lawyer, "that you use such a strong perfume. I think I might have persuaded him that it was all a figment of his imagination—if he had not smelled that bureau drawer. Well, after eight o'clock this evening you can settle down for another week, and by that time everything will be arranged. He's off to the Adirondacks tonight. This time I shan't take any chances. I shall see him off. He's a very irresponsible sort of fellow."

"I thought he was rather attractive," said Miss Deane.

Mr. Robinson smiled his discriminatingly legal smile. "I did not say he was unattractive," he answered. "I said he was irresponsible. Did you have any trouble in getting rid of him?"

"Dear Mr. Robinson," replied Barbara, "women never have any trouble in getting rid of a man if they really want him to go. But so often a woman only wants to *appear* to want him to go. It took me some time to get rid of this boy last night because, as a matter of fact, he rather amused me. But as soon as I really wanted him to go—he went."

"You have no softness, Barbara."

"I should hope not. Come upstairs to the library and tell me all you know about him."

"Oh, dear, oh, dear," said Mrs. Huggins, "what a fix for your mother's daughter to be in! And me who remembers you in your baby carriage as if it was yesterday!"

"I don't know any good of him," said Mr. Robinson.

"I did not specify that it should be good," replied Barbara, and she left the kitchen and mounted the stairs rapidly. Her back was as straight as an arrow.

In the library they sat down on the sofa before the fireplace, where the night before Tom had sat and looked at his mother's portrait.

"Well, I can tell you this," said the lawyer. "His poor old father was utterly disgusted with him."

"Fathers!" said the girl. "What do fathers know about their children?"

"He knew what I just told you—that the boy was sent away from school for gambling and took to drinking in college and refused to go into his father's business and earn an honest livelihood. Mr. Bentham had a nice little wholesale linen business—not a fortune, but a steady, dependable sort of profit. . . ."

"It sounds dull to me."

"It sounded dull to the boy—who wanted to write," said Mr. Robinson as if writing were one of the seven deadly sins.

"And does he?"

"He's a special writer for one of the newspapers—I believe he has done well—they sent him to South America to write up this earthquake. . . ."

"Goodness, has there been an earthquake in South America?"

"And a tidal wave—didn't you know? That's why this boy couldn't get home until a month after his father's death."

"Oh, I wish I had asked him about it. . . . I love tidal waves," said the girl wistfully. "I don't suppose I shall ever see him again."

"Not for some time, I hope," said Mr. Robinson. "By a week from today I hope you will be in Canada. . . . Ah, my dear, if you had only told me beforehand. . . ."

"If I had told you what I meant to do, you would not have let me do it."

He nodded at the truth of this, and took his departure. He had other clients and much to think of—among other things what explanation he would offer to Bentham when he met him at the train—for he saw that he would be obliged to say something. He only hoped that nothing would prevent the young man's departure.

SEVERAL motives took Bentham back to the office of his paper—some of them the same that take a boy back on a visit to his old school—the enjoyment of seeing the others still at work, the desire to be praised for recent achievements, but most of all a sort of homing instinct. It never crossed his mind that his holiday—so definitely promised—could be endangered.

Smith, the managing editor, on seeing him sprang toward him with a cry of joy. The managing editor was a

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complicated every minute By ALICE DUER MILLER

stout man, with the mask of a Roman emperor and the agility and vitality of a cat. His head was bald except for two dark circles of hair which grew forward on his temples: "Bentham," he cried—"the very man. I have the most interesting job for you. . . ."

"I have a better," said Tom, in a soft, whispering voice that he used only when in a particularly obstinate and savage humor.

"You'll do a swell piece," said the editor, as if Tom had not spoken, "coming back like this and not knowing anything about a case that has been on the front page for two months. . . ."

"Yes," said Tom. "I'm going to the woods for my holiday."

"You don't want to take a holiday at the expense of your paper, do you?"

"And at whose expense did you think I was taking it?"

"I mean if the welfare of the paper demands your presence. . . ."

"A swell managing editor, but a poor judge of character," Bentham observed to the assistant day managing editor, who had just come into the room. He was an older man than his chief, and should long since have been in the higher position if he had not always yielded to an inveterate preference for mocking where action was needed.

"Listen," said the managing editor. "It's Carson: an interview with Carson, a fine feller and everyone down on him—a rough deal. I've always promised him an interview. What he needs is a little bit of wise publicity. You're the man—no propaganda, you understand, but a straight interview setting his point of view before the public—uncolored: absolutely uncolored. . . ."

"Uncolored," said the assistant, dropping his words out of a small hole in one corner of his mouth, "except that it will be only Carson's side of the case."

"I'll tell you the whole story and you can settle that point for yourself"

"It's been the dirtiest case I ever knew," Smith went on, "in methods—not so much as to facts, though they were dirty enough—but such methods: blackmail and bribery and letters opened in the post office and telephone wires tapped and armies of detectives following everyone involved. And perjury! Oh, boy, has there been perjury! . . ."

"On *both* sides," said the assistant.

"Well, I suppose you'll admit that Addersley is a higher type of lawyer than this fellow Robinson?"

"Yes, and can get away with dirtier stuff as a result."

"And what's the matter with Robinson?" inquired Bentham.

"The matter with Robinson," said the assistant day manager, "is that he's on the side Smith doesn't like."

"The trouble with him is," said Smith, "that he has no standards about methods. He won't double-cross a client—he isn't that kind of crook—but he'll stoop to any darn thing to win his case."

"He sounds to me like a swell lawyer to have," said Bentham. He thought it unnecessary to mention that he was his father's adviser.

"Yes, if you have as weak a case as Mrs. Carson's. Tom, you never saw three such women on the stand. . . ." He turned for verification to his assistant. "J'ever see such handsome women?"

"But, as I understand it, Smith, you are not sending me to interview them," said Tom. "Why can't Williams go?"

"He's gone to the Challenge."

"Or Gold?"

"Been drunk for a week."

"Stevens?"

"He's on the Morton murder, and that's a great story, too, Tom."

"I can't see why you care so much about a case that's settled," he said.

"The divorce case is settled—true enough," answered Smith, "but there is a continued rumor about a perjury case. Just let me show you a picture of the corespondent." He pressed a button on his desk, and presently was able to offer for Bentham's consideration a shiny black photograph of an opulent, black-eyed woman: "Isn't she a beauty?" he asked. "Mrs. Salvari—the corespondent—the lady of the bungalow—"

But Bentham found himself utterly unmoved. He reiterated that he'd do anything when he came back, in two weeks.

"Two weeks will be too late," cried Smith, striking the table with his fist. "This is the psychological moment. Gad, you fellows are getting like prima donnas. . . ."

BENTHAM managed to get away at last. He wanted to see a girl who did the fashions for the Sunday edition—with whom in old times he had had certain amorous involvements. He wanted to see her, not so much, it must be owned, for the pleasure of her company, but as a test. Could it be that this dreadful thing had happened—people told you of it—that a man in love lost all interest in every woman except one? He could not apply the test, for the pretty fashion artist had married a great buyer and had gone to live richly in Chicago.

Bentham went out to get a bite to eat in company with the sporting editor, and then went to his train.

Robinson was waiting patiently at the gate, leaning on his little cane. He was very cordial.

"Have a nice holiday," he said paternally. "And be sure to telegraph me before you get back. . . ."

"So that I shan't find any more girls shut up in my house. . . ."

"Oh, that," said Robinson, as if the whole matter had slipped his mind. "Oh, yes, I meant to tell you about that. I finally extracted a confession from the caretaker. It seems that the daughter of one of her former employers was passing through New York with nowhere to go—she's lived with very nice people, Mrs. Huggins has, and she thought there was no harm in putting the young lady up for the night. . . ."

"Why did not the girl tell me so, then, instead of lying about the sale of the house?"

"Ah, that I can't answer—except that I suppose she did not want to get Mrs. Huggins into trouble—or wanted to get rid of you as quickly as possible. . . ."

"All aboard," said the gateman, impersonally but with decision.

BENTHAM, offering his ticket, said over his shoulder, "What was that girl's name?"

"Ah, yes, Mrs. Huggins told me—"

"All aboard." The voice seemed to swell out and fill the great turquoise roof of the station.

"The name—the name," said Bentham, now on the other side of the barrier.

Mr. Robinson snapped his fingers. "A quite common name, I think it was. It will come to me in a moment."

"You'll miss your train," said the gateman, intimating by his tone that he himself was quite outside such problems.

"Put it on a postal card," said Bentham, and ran down the platform.

"It began with a 'W,'" called Robinson.

Bentham ran on, cursing his lawyer under his breath. Still it was a comfort to think that someone knew it. . . . He could get it from Mrs. Huggins now. He felt an impulse to let the holiday go and get back to the house. . . . But the hypnotism of the departure of a great train was too much for him—the porters stepping aboard, the conductor snapping his watch to. . . . Tom got on as the train was in motion.

There may be natures so strong that they never automatically regret a decision as soon as it is made. Tom, sinking into the seat that was so soon to become half of his bed through the gentle magic of the Pullman porter, began bitterly to regret his decision. His was no state of mind in which to enjoy a holiday. How much better to have stayed in town: to have found out from the caretaker where the girl was going—and even if she were going abroad. . . . What fun to book secretly on the same steamer—to secure a place beside her at table, and say: "Though charming as a woman, as a reporter of real-estate transactions"—well, this was only making matters worse. He wrenched himself out of these delightful fancies, and drew out the evening

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newspaper he had bought in the station.

Well, he said to himself, he was going to have a holiday—to forget work and women and all the troubles of everyday life. . . .

Smith and his interview with Carson! Not much. Still he felt a vague interest in the case— He turned the paper over rapidly, and at last his eye lit on a small item headed, "Perjury Suits Pending."

"The district attorney's office refused to affirm or deny the rumor that the grand jury will be asked to indict one or more prominent witnesses in the recent divorce case of Ira B. Carson, until lately president of the Welfare and Titanic Life Insurance Companies. . . . Aubrey Robinson, attorney for Mrs. Carson, asserted that he had heard nothing of any such indictment, although he said he understood that several witnesses for the other side had left town. John B. Addersley, Carson's lawyer, admitted that he had heard the rumor, but recalled an English recipe for cooking jugged hare which he alleged commenced 'First catch your hare. . . .'"

Bentham flung the paper aside and stood up, feeling in his pocket for his cigarettes. The paper fell open on the opposite seat, and from the page of pictures—a page he had not bothered to look at—a face leaped out at him: the same face that he had seen not twenty-four hours before against the background of his own walls. He snatched it up and read the caption below it, "Witness in Notorious Divorce Case." Over it was her name, "Miss Barbara Deane"—the name Robinson could not remember: the name he thought began with a W.

TOM bent like a jackknife to look out of the window—the Hudson so lovely and like a lake in the evening light—but he took no interest in the beauties of nature. Great goodness! The train didn't stop until Poughkeepsie—possibly not until Albany. He must get off—she was hiding in his house in fear of the law, accused, possibly justly accused, of a crime. What a chance for a man and a lover! Instincts half predatory and half protecting awoke within him. No one else could guard her as he could guard her—and he'd like to see them try. . . .

He rang for the porter.

"Does this train stop at Peekskill?" he asked, almost before the porter was within earshot.

"No, sar," said the porter who came from Florida. "This yar train goes clar through to—"

"But we're slowing down now," said Bentham.

The porter smiled and explained that the train might stop, but did not stop to let passengers on or off. He spoke to empty air. Bentham had seized his bag and sprung off the still moving train. . . .

That was the reason why Robinson had been solicitous—coming to see him off at the train—the old fox wanted to be sure that the coast was clear. They thought they were safely rid of him now. Well, he would not alarm them unnecessarily. . . .

He pictured his second return exactly like the first—after all, he could hardly have improved on it . . . again he would enter with his latchkey, set down his bag, turn on the light and see that slim, that almost translucent figure sitting bolt upright in his bed. . . . "Do not be alarmed, Miss Barbara Deane," he would say: "I am no scout of the district attorney's—only when I have a lovely guest I like to be on hand. . . ."

No, he wouldn't strike that note at all. He would be simple and helpful . . . her servant.

He walked across the tracks and took the first train that came along on its way to New York. It seemed to discover places hitherto unknown in order to stop at them. No one got on or off, only the train stopped at places of which he had never heard. They sounded like telephone centrals, not stations.

"Does this train stop everywhere?" he asked the brakeman as he passed.

"There was an express two minutes after us," said the brakeman. "You'd have been there twenty minutes ago if you'd got her."

"Nobody told me."

"We can't tell them everything," said the brakeman, and went on his way.

The idea of the express maddened Bentham. Heavens, if he had waited for that he would be there now—he would know whether or not she was in his house still. . . .

Eventually, however, even his train wound its slow way into the Grand Central—the lower level, of course—to make whatever delay was still possible—and within five minutes he was again ascending the steps of his house, again feeling for his key. The outer door opened as before; the inner door opened a few inches and caught—a chain impeded its progress. He had never thought of that—of not being able to get into his own house. . . . He went down the steps again and peered into the windows of the front basement—all was dark there. He rang the basement bell: there was no answer—not even the yapping of a dog. It was not late. Mrs. Huggins could not be asleep: she had probably gone out for an evening at the movies, and must return before long. He would simply wait. In the meantime he rang again. This time he had more success. There was a sound within—a light was turned on, a nice-looking young man came and peered sleepily at him through the gate.

"What did you want?" he asked guardedly.

"I want to come in," said Bentham rather crossly.

"I'm afraid I can't let you do that," said the boy. "I got orders not to let anyone in."

"I'm the owner; I'm Bentham," said Tom. The boy gave a little shake of his head as if he couldn't pass on these obscure points but knew his orders.

"I pay your mother, through Mr. Robinson, to take care of my house but not to exclude me. I have only to go to the police, and you would be obliged to let me in."

The mention of Mr. Robinson's name had its effect. "But how do I know that you *are* Bentham—" the boy began.

FORTUNATELY the habit of never being without his passport had not yet deserted Tom, and drawing out his pocketbook, he gave the worn document to the boy, who examined it and him once more. He looked up and smiled. "Well," he said, "I suppose I gotter let you come in, but I hope you'll stand by me if I get into trouble for doing it."

"You'd get into a lot more trouble if you didn't," said Bentham. The boy unlocked the gate, and Bentham went upstairs alone.

Everything seemed to be exactly as he had left it in the morning, but he wasted no time on the lower floors. He went straight to his own room, and turned on the switch. So vivid was the picture he had last seen on doing this that he confidently expected to hear again that cry and see again that lovely shock-headed figure sitting up in his own bed. . . . But no; this time the light revealed nothing but the mattress neatly rolled and covered.

His disappointment was acute—out of all proportion, considering he had no reason whatsoever to expect to find her there again. In fact, as he said to himself, he was quite as likely to have found her in the woods as here. Only her perfume still lingered in the air. How irritating of women to use these persisting scents, making it so difficult to forget the emotion of their presence: the reason, of course, for their doing it.

He looked at his watch—only ten o'clock—too early to go to bed, and yet he was afraid if he went out he might never be able to get in again. His eyes fell on the bookcase—the library of his boyhood. They were all there from Grimm to Kim—The Floating Prince, Alice in Wonderland, The Boy's King Arthur, Wonderful Escapes by Americans, The Book of Pirates, Thrilling Days in Army Life, Huck Finn and Treasure Island.

He ceased to regret having got off the train. A wonderful evening opened before him. He had not reread Treasure Island since he was a boy. He opened it greedily, and out dropped a foot or so of pale pink satin ribbon about an inch wide. He stared at it a second and raised it to his face—oh, that remembered perfume! How fortunate that he had not gone north, for if this madness had come over him there he would have merely rushed back, anyhow. He found himself enormously moved by the idea of her lying here reading his books—this book of all books.

He felt the added necessity of rereading it—of following in her footsteps. He sank down on the edge of his bed, with the book open at the page the pink ribbon had served to mark:

"The Hispaniola was rolling scuppers under in the ocean swell. The booms were tearing at the blocks, the rudder was banging to and fro, and the whole ship—"

The rush of the tremendous narrative caught him. He ceased to read for sentimental reasons and began to read for the joy of the great book itself.

HE MUST have been reading for fifteen minutes, more perhaps, when suddenly the silence—the near-by silence of a city which has nothing to do with the background of steady, featureless noise—was punctured by a tap, short and sharp as the tap of Long John's crutch. It came from immediately overhead. The book dropped. Bentham raised his head. He knew in an instant what that sound meant. It was the tap of a woman's heel dropping from her foot as she tried to walk noiselessly.

His heart began to beat like a hammer. She was still in the house. He stood up. . . . He was of all things a man of action—in motion almost before the sound had registered fully in his brain: upstairs and at the door of the room overhead. As he expected, it was locked, and though in the old house there were cracks under all the doors, no light came from under this one. He knocked. There was no answer. He put his shoulder against the panel—there would be no difficulty in breaking it in: he knew that.

Someone else knew it too, for as the lock strained a voice said, "Don't break the door. I'll open it."

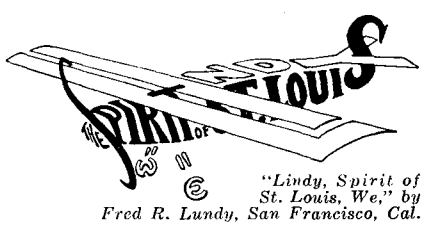
The light went on, the key turned, and the door opened. She stood there—the same woman, now fully dressed in some dark, thin day dress—not so alluring, perhaps, as in that first vision: not so alluring, that is, to one who had not had the other. Her greeting surprised him.

"Gracious goodness," she said rather crossly. "You again! I thought you were safely on your way to the Adirondacks."

"I regret," he (*Continued on page 39*)

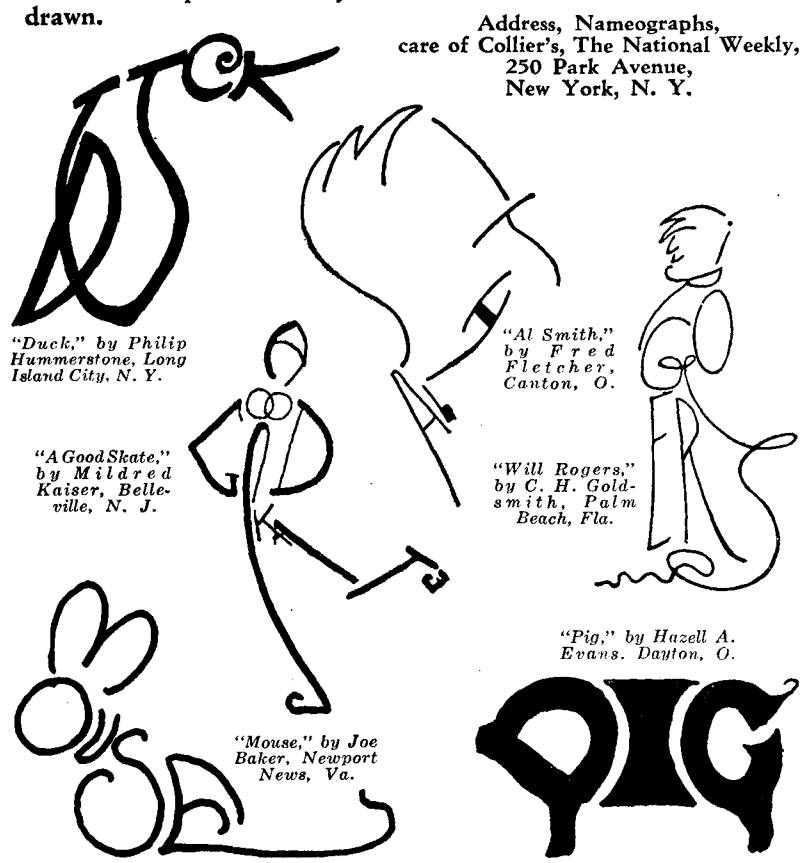
Nameographs

Collier's pays $5.00 for each Nameograph published. There are no rules and you may send in as many as you can draw. Just make the outline spell the name of the person or object drawn.



"Lindy, Spirit of St. Louis, We," by Fred R. Lundy, San Francisco, Cal.

Address, Nameographs, care of Collier's, The National Weekly, 250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.



"Duck," by Philip Hummerstone, Long Island City, N. Y.

"Al Smith," by Fred Fletcher, Canton, O.

"A Good Skate," by Mildred Kaiser, Belleville, N. J.

"Will Rogers," by C. H. Goldsmith, Palm Beach, Fla.

"Pig," by Hazell A. Evans. Dayton, O.

"Mouse," by Joe Baker, Newport News, Va.

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"There's Gold in them Hills!"

A Short Short Story

By DON MARQUIS

Each, but for the other, would have given up the struggle

Illustrated by CORNELIUS HICKS

OLD HARTER was waiting for Jessie, his granddaughter, outside the big department store where she worked. He had closed his own mercantile business for the day by the simple method of transferring his entire stock in trade—shoe laces, pencils, and chewing gum—to the inside pocket of his ragged overcoat. In order to escape the cold November drizzle he stood as near the wall of the building as he could without actually leaning against it; he was afraid to lean against it for fear the doorman might think he was merely an old bum and send him away from there. Old Harter did not have much pride left, and yet he did insist that he was a legitimate business man, even a competitor of the great Jenks store, and not a bum.

When Jessie finally came out she saw him before he saw her. She stood and regarded him a moment in silence, and as she looked a hurt in her eyes grew deeper. Then she made herself smile and went up to him.

"Granddad," she said, "we're going to the movies this evening before we go home to supper."

Old Harter's face lighted up with the eagerness of a child's, an eagerness that worked its way even through the scraggly white beard with the little globules of gray rain meshed in it.

"A Western?" he inquired hopefully.

"Yes," said Jessie and squeezed his arm and laughed to make him laugh.

The word "Western" left something vibrating between them. As he limped along on her protecting arm they were almost happy. It was an effort, for they both had much to make them unhappy—he a life that was ending in poverty and disappointment; she a life that was beginning in poverty and disillusion—and each, but for the other, would have given up the struggle.

It was only that day that Jessie had told herself that she *would* give up the struggle and—well, there was Blodgett, one of the store's departmental chiefs, who had been telling her for six months that he loved her without asking her to marry him. There was a Mrs. Blodgett. But when she thought of the old man—her child, as she called him—she knew she must stay straight. And Old Harter wasn't going to call himself a bum as long as Jessie was still in the world. The day that Old Harter called himself a bum would be the same day that he made a hole in the water, for he had his pride, did Old Harter.

"Tell me about the West again," said Jessie. "Tell me *the* story, Granddad."

And as she led him on through the hurrying crowds, he told her again—the simple tale of why he was selling lead pencils in the streets of Denver instead of inhabiting a mansion out beyond the park or in San Francisco. For Harter was a relic of the older West. He had been a prospector, a desert rat, all his life until fifteen years before, when he had come to Denver to live with his daughter, who had died and left him and Jessie to look out for each other. The authentic history of all the great strikes and gold rushes fell familiarly from his lips. But this story was his own; the story of the great strike that had never quite come off.

"WE FOUND it, Jasper and me, we found it, and then we lost it again," said Old Harter, taking up the many-times-repeated tale. "Gold, tons of it, in a high-up valley in them hills, and the day after we found it Jasper died. He'd been ailin' to his death for nigh three weeks. I buried him there, and I piled rocks above his grave. Two days I worked piling rocks into the shape of one of these here Egyptian pyramids so I could find the spot again. And then, being out of grub and supplies, I went away from there, but I lost myself in the hills, and then I got sick myself, and I wandered. God knows how long I wandered; maybe it was days, and maybe it was weeks. I was picked up, out of my head and nearly dead, and crippled as I am to this day, by another prospector a couple of hundred miles from Los Angeles. I never told no one what I'd found, but when I got well and raked up enough to get me an outfit again I went back to hunt for that there pyramid. You don't know what mountain country is like, Jessie, and the thousands and thousands of miles up and down, and in and out, and gulch and ravine, all more or less alike, that is slung under the skies in them mountain countries. For twenty years I hunted that strike, Jessie, and I never found it. And maybe it ain't there no more, for there's been earthquakes and landslides since then. And maybe it is there and some lucky man will find it yet."

His voice died down into a murmur, for Jessie was steering him to a seat in the darkened movie house. The touch of despair that had come into his voice brought back to her again the despair in her own life. She gazed on the film that unreeled itself in front of them—the usual hard-riding, hill-scrambling, gunman-haunted Western—with unseeing eyes. She thought of other girls who had—"complied" was the word, wasn't it? She was sick of the struggle, and as for the old man beside her here—well, the old man need never know. And wouldn't she be doing it partly for him, too, the poor old draggled, limping vagabond? Had she really any right to refuse to sell herself if she could give him a little comfort before he died?

At this juncture she felt a tight grip upon her arm. "Jessie, Jessie," the old man whispered hoarsely.

He had risen to his feet and, trembling all over with excitement, was pointing to the film. She looked there at the head of a narrow gorge that was cut into the hills like a gigantic saber stroke; she saw a miniature pyramid of rocks at least eight feet high.

"That's it," cried Old Harter—"that's it, Jessie! I've found it! I've found it! This here picture must have been located on the very ground I lost!"

And with that he sank, still shivering, back into his seat. She put her arm around him. They were both silent for a moment.

Then he spoke: "You got enough saved up to take us to Los Angeles and find where that location is?"

"Yes," she said and added under her breath, "Thank God!"

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The Great Poodle

What really happened behind a certain red brick wall

The pain made him frantic. He continued his attack in a sort of blind fury

EVERY day when the sight-seeing coaches lumber down the Avenue and past the famous plot of ground, shut in by the old red brick wall, the megaphone man spins the yarn about the eccentric old lady, last of a famous family, who keeps this million-dollar playground for her pet poodle. Everyone has heard about the poodle and takes a certain civic pride in repeating it, but no one has ever seen the dog, and no one knows who started the myth.

The famous old red brick wall which shuts off the plot from the rest of the world extends for the better part of a block, each foot of which is worth half an up-state county. It has been said that the property is as valuable as though it were studded with oil wells and gold mines.

Over the top of the wall you can see the upper branches of a few trees, and if you cross the Avenue and stand on tiptoe, you can catch a glimpse of the slate roof, and a dormer window which gazes dully back at you through a layer of dust, like an old, old eye dimmed with cataract.

The plot is a dark little valley hemmed in by towering cliffs—by a cubist jumble of angles, lines and planes emblazoned with names and trademarks which are the heraldry of a new aristocracy laying siege to this last remaining citadel of the old.

Though it lies in the very center of the teeming city, the place seems lonely. Every day a million people pass it but none turns in. And though there may be a few elderly folk who can tell you what the eccentric lady used to look like, I doubt if there are a score of people in the world who have seen her in the past twenty years.

But if you are really interested in the place, and would like to know why old Mrs. Osgood has steadfastly refused to sell—why, in fact, she has even stipulated in her will that the property shall remain undisturbed for fifty years after her death—I shall tell you something. For long, long ago there was another rumor about this place, and, unlike the myth of the poodle dog, it was neither spread broadcast nor chuckled over, but was whispered by friend to closest friend until it completed the narrow circle and the whispers died away.

Only the faintest note of an echo remains, but with it to speculate upon I shall try to tell the story.

IN JUNE, 1878, young Mr. Peter Osgood married Miss Harriet Van Werdner in Trinity Church.

They went abroad for their honeymoon, returning late in August. The bride joined her parents at Narragansett, and Osgood remained in the city for a week or so to look after his affairs. The town house had been closed all summer and in charge of the gardener, but Osgood's man was able to look after his master's simple wants while keeping bachelor's hall.

One morning—a Saturday—Osgood left the house and was halfway to the gate in the wall when he seemed suddenly to remember something. He stood for an instant as if uncertain, and then called through the open window of the entry to the servant:

"I'm having someone to supper tonight, Thomas. It's your night off, so just leave some things on the sideboard, will you?"

"Yes, sir. But it's the gardener's night off too, so maybe one of us had better stay."

"No, no—that's all right, Thomas. Just make a salad, or something, and leave some cuts on the ice."

Then he wheeled about, and the gate slammed closed after him.

Mr. Gerome, whom he was having to supper, was Charles Edward Gerome, a man of about his own age and reputed to be a trifle fast. The Geromes were wealthy, but Charlie had been badly singed when the market broke in April, and he had been heard to imply that Osgood was to blame. There had always been a sort of rivalry between the two, although since Osgood's return people were saying that the hatchet had been buried and a business partnership planned. Nothing definite, though—just one of those stories you hear on the Street.

That evening, over the supper, nothing was said about business. Osgood, complaining of a headache, ate only some fruit, and let Gerome do most of the talking. But later on, when they were smoking in the shadowy library, Osgood drew a long breath, sat erect in his chair, and snuffed out his cigar in the ash tray.

"Gerome," he said, "you must have guessed that I wanted to talk to you about—something pretty serious."

The other smiled. "Fire away, old man. Frankly, I've been looking forward to this little get-together for some time."

"Oh! you have, have you?" There was a hard note in Osgood's voice. "Well, I don't believe the little 'get-together' which you and I are about to have will be quite the sort you've been looking forward to."

"No? Why, what do you mean?"

"I mean—I mean—well, damn it all, I'll not beat around the bush! I mean that Harriet told me everything. She told me before we were married. Don't try to look surprised, Gerome—"

"But, Osgood, listen to me—"

"You listen to *me!* As I say, she told me everything, and it made no difference. I forgot about it. But now I find that you're whispering the story around; you told at least two men on the Exchange in the past week, and God knows how many more!"

"I didn't!"

"You lie!"

Both men were on their feet, livid, trembling, and glaring at each other. Gerome gave way first, and stepped back a pace.

"Well," he said, "since that's the way you feel about it—suppose I did? What are you going to do about it?"

"I'm going to kill you."

GEROME swallowed and raised his hand to his cravat.

"Kill me, eh? But—er—just suppose I were to prevent you?"

"You'll have a chance to try!"

"Well, suppose I were to apologize?"

"I don't want your apology!"

"Well, then, perhaps I might even write and sign a retraction?"

"—so that the entire city would hear about it and applaud your chivalrousness, eh?"

"Tell me what you *do* want, then—what's your suggestion?"

"I'm going to kill you. It isn't a suggestion—it's a *promise!*"

"Indeed!" Gerome arched his eyebrows in insolent incredulity. "Er—my supper was poisoned, wasn't it? I wondered why you didn't eat. Or am I now about to be done to death in my host's library?"

"No—not unless you make a quick move. I've got you covered with a pistol here in my side pocket."

"Go ahead and shoot, then—you sneaking murderer!"

"By God, I'd like to! But I told you you'd have a chance. I know you're a swordsman because I've seen you fence at the athletic club. Now we'll see if you're quite as clever with a sharp point as you are with a blunt-tipped foil!"

He went to a closet and came back with a green canvas sword case from which he produced a pair of *epées de combat*—triangular-bladed French dueling swords with steel bell guards and heavy brass pommels.

"These have buttons forged on the points, but we can break them off. Here—help me, will you?"

He shut the tip of one of the blades in the heavy door.

"Lean against it and hold it closed," he ordered.

Then he slowly bent the blade toward him until the steel tip with its button snapped off with a vicious twang and the weapon sprang straight. And now it had a sharp, ugly point upon it.

The second blade snapped as neatly as the first, and Gerome smiled just a trifle sardonically as he balanced them with their points on the floor and knelt down to compare their lengths.

"Perfect!" he announced. "Do you know, Osgood, if you can handle an *epée* in a fight as well as you handle it in a door, I'll have my work cut out for me. . . . But—er—I'm afraid you're going to get pretty badly hurt tonight."

"Perhaps. But I'm going to kill you."

The smile left Gerome's face, and his body stiffened.

"Very well, Osgood!" he said briskly. "If you're determined to make an ass of yourself, what are the arrangements?"

"The arrangements are simple. We will sit down here at the desk and write

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Myth

By GUY GILPATRIC

notes to each other. My note to you will postpone this engagement at my house until some evening next month. Then, in case you should be fortunate enough to kill me tonight, you will have in your possession proof that you didn't even see me. Your letter to me will express regret at your inability to dine here. Incidentally, I ate only fruit for supper in order that my man can testify that only one place at the table was disturbed."

"Very ingenious!" answered Gerome, seizing pen and paper. "And have you been equally clever in planning just what the survivor will do with—er—with the other fellow's body?"

"Yes. He will bury it. Now, let's exchange these notes and go out to the garden. Take those swords, Gerome."

IT WAS a little after ten o'clock, and although there was no moon the sky was fairly light. The garden was filled with great black pools of shadow from trees and shrubbery.

"Hell, man!" protested Gerome, pausing. "It's too dark for sword play here. Let's go back and have it out in the library."

"No. I don't want any blood stains and mess in there. It's light enough for serious business—we won't bother with flourishes and fancy work. This is the place, right here."

He halted and removed his coat.

"The pistol is there in the pocket," he remarked. "I don't suppose you're coward enough to run just because I haven't got you covered, are you?"

"Don't worry!"

"All right, then. Take off your coat and get busy with this shovel."

"Shovel? Why, I came here to fight, not to dig."

"Yes—but you've got to help me dig the grave first."

Beside the narrow gravel path Gerome could make out the black surface of a freshly spaded flower bed and a pile of rose bushes swathed in burlap and ready for transplanting. Osgood was already digging, and Gerome took up his spade and joined him.

Although the ground was soft, the work was tiring. When the grave was hardly knee deep, he stepped out and threw down the shovel.

"If that isn't deep enough for you, finish it yourself!" he said. "You've cheek to expect *me* to dig it, anyway." He drew one of the swords toward him.

"Nicely balanced," he observed, placing the blade across his extended forefinger. "See there—the center of gravity's right where it ought to be, thirty millimetres below the guard."

He assumed the approved duelist's pose, with left hand on hip. He executed several brisk lunges, parries and ripostes.

"Osgood," he said impressively, "if you'll come out of that hole and stop being ridiculous, I'll help you fill it up and promise to arrange this affair. But if not, I warn you that you'll most certainly be killed."

Osgood vaulted out of the hole and wiped his hands on his handkerchief.

"Now, then," he said, "the grave is finished. Choose your weapon, step out there on the path, and defend yourself."

"Right!" snapped Gerome. "Take the measure!"

They stood erect, left hands behind them and swords extended full length; then they shuffled toward each other until the points touched.

"On guard!" commanded Osgood, and they crouched with blades crossed. There was a thin, grating sound as the weapons felt each other in the gloom, and were twitched warily to seek or to cover the slightest opening. This cautious play went on and on—then, like a flash, Gerome attempted a graze in *tierce*, but he missed Osgood's blade entirely. Cursing the darkness, he sprang back to guard in time to parry a thrust at his forearm.

Osgood directed a feint to the right foot and lunged for the face; it was parried, and the riposte caught him in the wrist with a searing, white-hot stab.

"How did that one feel?" mocked Gerome. "And—while you're at it—take another to keep it—*company!*"

He lunged, but Osgood leaped away and caught the blade in a frantic circular parry.

"That's right, d'Artagnan—watch the measure!" came the taunt. "And—you'll pardon me—don't make your counter of *sixte* quite so wide, or I'm afraid I'll have to jab you in the forearm like—*this!*"

Again that white-hot pain shot through Osgood's arm, and he felt the blood trickling from his elbow and dropping warmly down on his right leg.

Gerome laughed, and in the midst of it Osgood lunged savagely for his mouth. The thrust was partially parried, but it ripped through cheek and ear.

"*Now*, let's see you laugh!" he snarled. "Let's see you laugh at *this* one!" His blade rang on the other's guard, slid over it and darted into the forearm, but almost instantly he took his third wound, this time in the shoulder.

"Tit for tat!" gasped Gerome, choking a little. "Want to—call—it—a day, or—must—I—kill you?"

"Keep on guard!"

In the gloom Gerome's face and shirt seemed to be smeared with something black, and, glancing down, Osgood saw that his own right side was similarly blood-soaked.

"One—thing—I—forgot," he panted. "This path—must be—raked and smoothed—afterward."

The only reply was a furious attack which he was barely able to parry.

His sword was growing heavy in his hand, and his entire arm felt as though it were burning. His adversary was breathing with a painful, throaty wheeze.

In desperation Osgood lunged again, but he was caught by a stop-thrust, and he stifled a shriek as he felt the blade grate along the bone of his tortured forearm.

Gerome expected him to fall back, but the pain made him frantic. He continued his attack in a sort of blind fury, and straightening his left leg, threw himself out in a full lunge to the breast.

His blade plunged through something and he wrenched it back as Gerome slumped heavily to the ground.

He stood swaying for a moment, and then flung himself, sobbing, on the cool grass. Then he tore off his shirt, wadded it around his mutilated arm, and set painfully to work.

His blade plunged through something and he wrenched it back as Gerome slumped heavily to the ground

Illustrated by AUSTIN EUGENE BRIGGS

THERE were, as I say, some rumors whispered in the late summer of 1878, but they were very vague and quite ridiculous. Young Charlie Gerome was a dissipated sort, as everyone knew, and his disappearance could be explained in a number of ways.

People were sorry for Peter Osgood; that sudden paralysis of his right arm affected him very deeply, and he became almost a recluse. But he and his wife seemed to be very happy throughout their many years together, and she has never been quite the same since pneumonia took him, some time in 1906.

As for the poodle dog, they talk about—well, there never really was such a dog. To tell the truth, the Osgoods seemed to have a peculiar aversion to dogs and would never allow one to enter their garden.

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The Stars and Types

"Getting conversation out of Lindy is a job that calls for high explosives"

There's nothin' on earth that we Americans love more than the simple, rugged, homely virtues, but if you'll take the trouble to look closely you'll see that we generally keep 'em in somebody else's name.

Uncle Henry

"I CERTAINLY am glad that it was a flyer like Colonel Lindbergh that got to Europe first," Mr. Stubbs announced. "*He's* a typical American."

"What's that?" Uncle Henry emitted a snort of derision. "Honest, 'Lonzo, you're crazier than usual. Pretty soon you'll be tellin' me how Henry Ford celebrates Yom Kippur or that Nicholas Murphy Butler has been made president of the Anti-Saloon League. Charlie Lindbergh a typical American? Why, he's been famous for seven and a half months an' hasn't made a fool of himself yet.

"Comin' right down to it, I don't believe you could find an American who's less typical. Gettin' conversation out of Lindy is a job that calls for high explosives, an' even when the reporters do manage to plant a depth bomb under his vocal cords, he doesn't talk about himself, or confide to a listenin' world jes' how good he is. His interviews are conspicuous for the absence of the I that never sleeps.

"Not once has he bragged about how much money he makes or told how he started in life without a dollar. The press is wide open to him, but he hasn't favored us with his views on debt cancellation, the business outlook for 1928, Russian recognition, the divorce problem, how to bring up children, the farm bloc, flappers, the Chinese situation, disarmament, free verse an' what to do about Mexico.

Spike Levine, Typical American

"IN NO interview or speech has he mentioned personal liberty or claimed that the Volstead Act was makin' us a nation of hypocrites. Accordin' to newspaper men, he does not possess a single recipe for makin' hooch with a kick, an' while seemin'ly well-informed on most subjects, is ignorant beyond belief when it comes to knowin' where to GET IT.

"No, my dear 'Lonzo, instead of bein' typical, modest, reticent young Lindbergh is so far removed from the average American as to be almost *alien*. Put him in the smoker of a Pullman goin' from New York to San Francisco, with stops at Ohio an' Illinois points, an' he'd be as much out of the conversation as Eamon de Valera at a family dinner in Buckingham Palace or Emma Goldman at a meetin' of the College of Cardinals. No wonder the poor devil keeps flyin' about ten thousand feet up in the air!

"I know you won't like it, but chunky little Mr. Levine is far more of a typical American than the Flyin' Colonel. Lindbergh doesn't even carry the smallest sort of a chip on his shoulder, while Spike Levine packs an entire lumber yard an' never loses a chance to give a demonstration of that superbly aggressive, dynamic spirit that has made these United States what they are today.

"Some lad! Even before takin' off from Mitchel Field, he had a bunch of fine, soul-stirrin' rows with his pilots, an' inside of a week after landin' in Europe his lawsuits were congestin' the courts, he was figurin' in ten or twenty disputes involvin' veracity, an' on top of it all he found time to row with waiters over the change, quarrel with the hotel clerk over his room, damn the service an' exchange punches in the nose with various bystanders.

"While in France Lindbergh was so far from bein' a typical American that he discovered no prejudice against the United States, nor did he seem unduly exercised as to whether he got gypped or not in the stores.

"Or take the case of James J. Walker, mayor of New York, although I know he'd want me to call him Jimmy. There's another typical American for you. Lindbergh was in Paris a whole week an' never once showed a desire to see night life. Not so with the mayor!

"An' listen to this excerpt from a press dispatch: 'A brown soft hat was the first thing to catch the eye, then a tie of emerald an' brown stripes, a blue shirt with collar to match, blue striped suit, low black shoes, a beige sport coat, and, by way of completing the picture, a lavender handkerchief with dashes of purple and brown, protruding from his only coat pocket.'

"Compare such garb as *that* with poor Lindy's plain blue serge: Jimmy Walker's get-up thrills the heart of every American youth, bringin' him to a new appreciation of what freedom means.

"It is Lindbergh's reticence, however, that makes him so peculiarly an' annoyingly un-American. It was bad enough when he was jes' an ordinary everyday citizen, but think of him *continuin'* to be silent now that fame has come to him, an' when the newspapers are crazy for his views on anything and everything.

"How much more typical is a man like Henry Ford! No sooner did success come to him than he cut loose with everything he had, tellin' how to get the boys out of the trenches by Christmas, the way to industrial peace, denouncin' international financiers, givin' cures for colds, an' impartin' full an' authoritative information on every known subject from tattooin' to home cookin'. Street cleaners worked day an' night sweepin' up words."

"You can talk your head off for all I care," placidly commented Mr. Stubbs. "Everybody in the whole country agrees that Lindbergh *is* typically American."

"Of course they do!" exclaimed Uncle Henry. "Of course they do! There's nothin' on earth that we Americans love more than the simple, rugged, homely virtues, but if you'll take the trouble to look closely you'll see that we generally keep 'em in somebody else's name. By praisin' the possessor, an' loudly assurin' the world that he is typical an' representative, we get the reputation without any of the pains.

"By way of illustration, take the case of President Coolidge. I'll say that he's about the most unrepresentative American at large today, or, at least, as much at large as a New Englander ever permits himself to get.

"He doesn't go to bed with his mashie, no one has ever caught him sayin', 'Shoot the roll,' or, 'Honest, boys, this has jes' *got* to be the last,' nor does he start a conversation off by sayin', 'Stop me if you've heard this one before.'

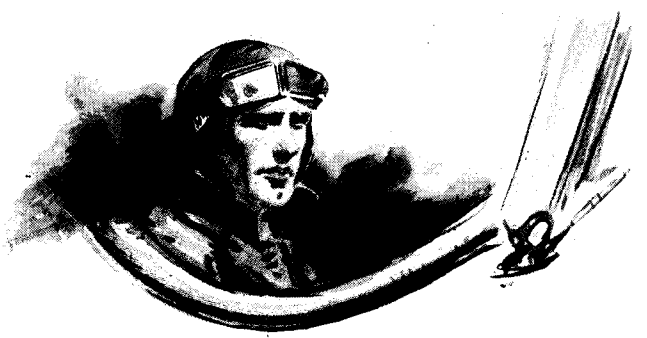
Cool and Extra Dry

"IF DRINKIN' depended upon Cal's offer to buy the next round, this country would be drier than a sun-bleached bone. His idea of sport is tryin' to make a lawn mower out of old razor blades or runnin' out into the kitchen to see that the cook isn't parin' the potatoes too thick, an' a golf course makes him sob at thought of all the cows it might graze. His only five-foot shelf is bank books, an' his favorite readin' is deposit slips.

"You couldn't possibly find a man more different from the average American, an' that's the secret of his popularity. By electin' him an' acclaimin' him as absolutely an' entirely typical, we paint a picture of ourselves as a frugal, thrifty, hard-headed people. This done, we say 'That's *that*,' an' are then at liberty to go back to our own reckless, joyous, wasteful ways."

"I can't make Coolidge out," muttered Mr. Stubbs. "If he didn't want to run, why didn't he say so without any of this 'I don't choose' business?"

"If you hadn't talked for seven years," said Uncle Henry, "I reckon you'd grab the first words that came out, an' be glad to get 'em."



"No wonder the poor devil keeps flyin' 10,000 feet up!"

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One Man in a Million

Illustrated by
ROBB
BEEBE

Before Joe Ferguson could answer, she'd loosened his fingers from the door handle, and was gone

By
CAROL
DENNY
HILL

Myra had been taught never to speak to a strange man but one rainy night she took a chance

MYRA PAXTON adored men. Particularly men whose eyes dilated with rage or passion . . . and softened and yet mastered you—her—the girl. She adored men like Ramon Novarro, even just plain unromantic ones like Richard Dix.

But men were *wicked* unless they asked you to marry them and kissed you *afterward*. New York City was wicked too.

But to Myra Paxton, addressing envelopes to various of the backbone-of-the-nation kind of ladies, who might be induced to buy crocheted nightgown yokes, and hand-knitted silk ties, and homemade doughnuts, New York didn't seem as wicked as her family had insisted. If it only were. . . .

White slave trade! Men invariably put drugs in a girl's soda, if you let one buy one for you—in New York, anyway. Evil—full of traps for young girls! Speak to no man except the policeman. That was the firmly drilled-in advice which Mr. and Mrs. Valentine Paxton gave to their daughter for protection against the city of New York. Modern parents, they were. They believed that knowledge was safety. And Myra had come to New York from Sussex, Conn., to work in the New York Woman's Exchange.

She had spent the month of February and the one of March addressing envelopes, filing white and yellow carbons, getting telephone numbers, and riding on the tops of Fifth Avenue busses, even if it was cold. You could see in the windows of people's houses along the Avenue so much better. . . .

It took three quarters of an hour to ride from 138th Street and Broadway, down across 110th Street, and down the blocks and blocks of marble houses, where sometimes the red and white striped canopy from the party of the night before was still up at a quarter of nine; where even sometimes at that hour of the morning a tall young man would come zigzagging out of one of the tall square white apartment houses—a dark girl in a glittering evening coat hanging on his arm—to tumble into a taxi. Dissipated man. Dissipated girl too, probably. But exciting! . . . So were the big conservative printed signs hung on the sides of the new apartment buildings going up like blockhouses—so fast—along the Avenue: "16 Rooms; 9 Baths." Imagine, nine baths!

But Myra was sensible.

She had finished addressing the last envelope. She stacked them up in neat piles, and got up and went over to the window of the office. The window looked down on Madison Avenue at Fifty-fourth Street. Miss Spencer was out of the room. Nice—Miss Spencer. But sort of old. Yellowish gray bobbed hair that was fuzzy. And she always smelled of antiseptics.

It was a dark, foggy sort of day out. The buildings were all lighted. That tallest one, way down—Forty-sixth Street. The Ritz! Myra sighed, shook her hair from her face: the kind of shingled hair, so straight, that it always looked as though it had been cut in layers. Just plain brown hair, but it went with Myra's rather plain, very healthy, even sturdy figure.

"Sensible-looking girl," Miss Spencer had explained to the other "executives" of the New York Woman's Exchange, with relief. "Plain. No make-up. Nice clear skin, though. Almost unbelievably healthy-looking. And twenty."

They were all sensible women together at the exchange. No nonsense. They came to the office on time and left on time. And loved it! Business women. Bachelor women. But oldish—rather oldish.

So Myra had no friends at her office. And then, too, she was the file girl.

But going home at half past five was exciting. Myra really lived on the West Side and far uptown. But her thoughts all lived on the East Side and not uptown. But being Myra—and sensible—she didn't really mind living uptown, so long as she could watch the people who hurried or strolled along Fifth Avenue above Forty-second Street. So different from the rather just nice suburban people who hurried to and from the Grand Central and shopped below that dividing line.

She adored looking at the men lounging in the clubs along the Avenue. And the Plaza. She'd see the people coming from there after their teas about the time she'd walked up that far from her office after work.

BUT just about that time—the end of the tea hour, and when everyone else is leaving the office and going home—it is frightfully hard to get on a bus. You hail them, and they lumber right on by you, the driver giving an almost sympathetic grin as he shakes his head to let you know he's full up and not simply overlooking you.

And every evening almost, while Myra stood hailing bus after bus as it came looming up from the long chain of moving lighted traffic, some car—often two or three cars—would slow down near her. A man's voice would say, "Give you a lift uptown?" Or maybe the man would just beckon. When you looked away very quickly, and pretended you didn't see, the car would move on. Myra would get up courage to watch the man and his car get lost in the hurrying traffic half a block further on.

She wanted to know *men*. She wanted men to play with. Go to the movies with. To have dinner in Greenwich Village with. To ride on the tops of busses with. Who maybe had motors, even. Who even had tuxedos. She wanted terribly to accept one of those lifts some night. . . . But she didn't dare. What to say? What if he was a—a—Why, he might be *anything!*

IT WAS April now—almost the middle of April. And all day it had been one of those days when you feel excited 'way down in you somewhere—the kind of day that makes you feel all the things you aren't. Myra had been everything, from the manageress of the Woman's Exchange, in a heavy white tailored crêpe de chine blouse, to—well, it was her maddest, most marvelous dream—one she wouldn't have admitted to anyone. Sometimes at night—but most often on days—thrilling days—either warm spring ones or, sometimes, on foggy, misty, almost mysterious yet exciting evenings, riding home on the bus—

She was on a battleship—a very big one, like the ones that anchored in the Hudson in the (*Continued on page 36*)

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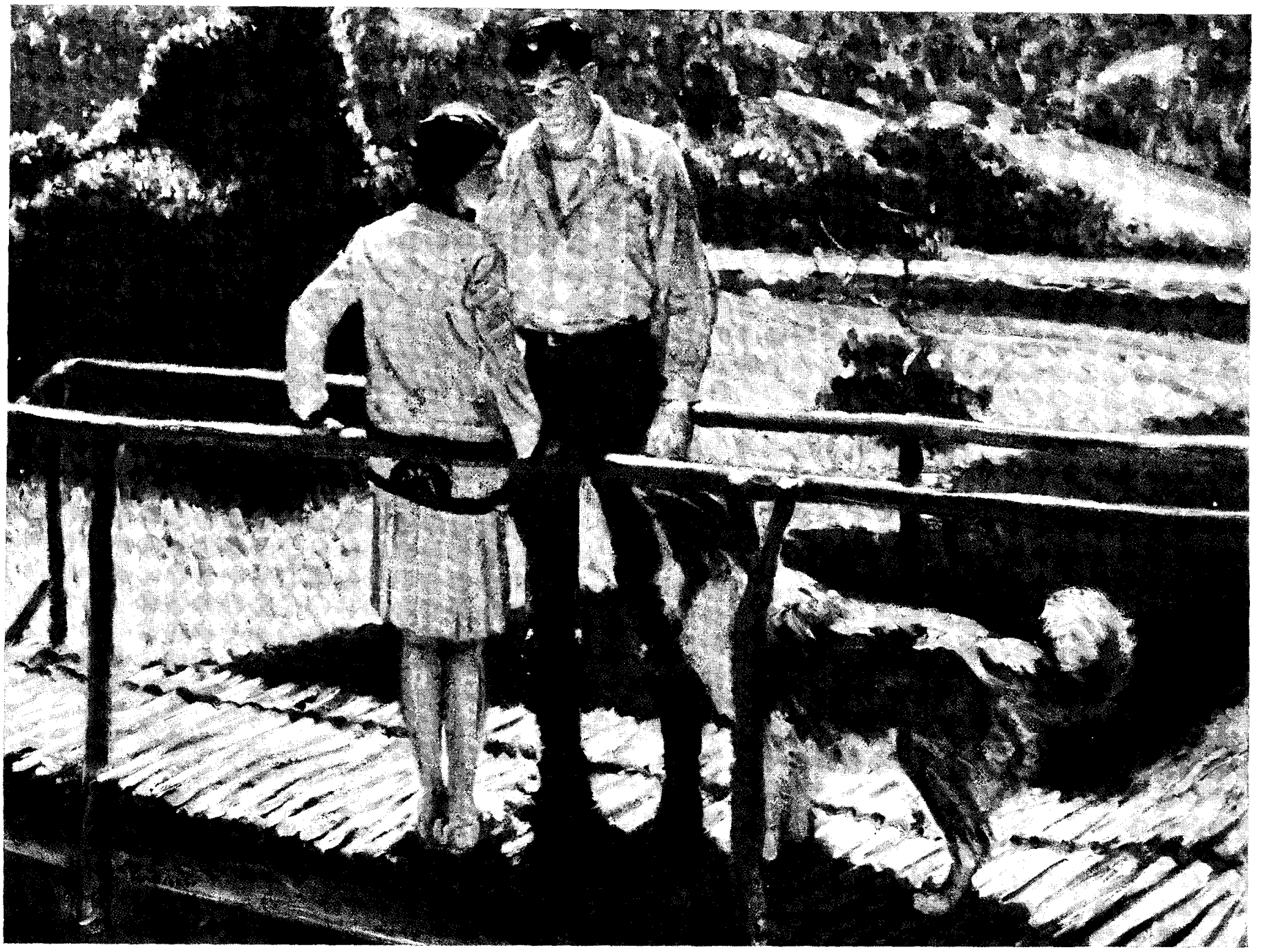

"It means more to me to see you than to see anyone else or everyone else there is"

The Valley Girl

Open warfare, underhanded methods and an unexpected meeting with Faith add despair to Cole's lot in life

By ALBERT PAYSON TERHUNE

The Story Thus Far:

GAVIN COLE, a young engineer, and Wilgus Bett, his employer, are working on a land-development project in the Reginskill Valley in New Jersey against Jeff Christie, who claims to be working a similar plan but Bett says that Christie is working for the water companies.

There is bitter war between the two camps although Cole is in love with Jeff's sister, Faith, though forbidden by Jeff to see her.

Gavin is taking a walk one Sunday up the hill when he sees coming down a track a gondola car *full of rock. The brakes have evidently loosened.* Gavin jumps up on the car before it is going very fast in order to put on the brakes again and stop it.

INSTINCTIVELY, as he scrambled to his feet amid the sliding mass of rubble stone that heaped the car, Gavin made for the nearer of the two brake wheels.

His careless inspection of the gondola on the only other time he had seen it had shown him that the hand brake was worked from the wheel at the front and that the rear wheel's bearings had been attached to the newly added auxiliary brakes.

In all likelihood the hand brake was out of commission, its rusted and antiquated grip having departed with suddenness and by no apparent outside aid under the continued strain of the car's weight on the grade summit. Such mishaps were not new in the story of railroads.

Cole found himself almost at the very rear of the gondola as he recovered his balance. Wherefore he plunged toward the rear brake wheel which controlled the auxiliary.

Even as he took his first swaying step among the shifting rock masses, Gavin's jaw went slack.

The rear brake wheel was gone.

Both fore and aft the wheels had been removed—a simple job requiring no more intricate tools than a monkey wrench. Bent, as by sledge blows, the fore and aft wheel rods stuck naked in air, denuded of the wheels which alone could operate them.

BLANKLY Gavin Cole stared from one to the other of the wrecked appliances. Here was a bit of sabotage, far from new, but hideously effective. It had been the work of only a minute or so for some tolerably skilled man or men up there by the quarry just now to destroy both brake handles; then to loosen the brakes themselves and let the car's weight and the steepness of grade do the rest of the demolition.

During the second or two that Cole required for the situation to sink into his consciousness the gondola had come to the first steep pitch of track and had trebled speed as it bumped swayingly down the incline.

Gavin was knocked off his feet by the lurch and tumbled rolling into the heap of rock cargo. The stones rolled with him, cutting his palms and bruising him. He staggered up, twice losing foothold in that treacherous mass of small and large rock, loose-piled and swaying.

By the time he could work his way forward and cling to the bent brake post for support the gondola had covered more than half the distance down the incline and was making express-train speed.

It seemed to leap bodily in air once or twice and to leave the crazy track altogether; then, by some miracle of gravitation or of luck, to hit the sleazy rails again.

In and out of the various cuts it whizzed. At such times Cole held his breath and shut his eyes. Should the swinging and rushing car choose such moments to leap the rails, it must dash itself against one of the cut sides. The rest would be horror.

Cole clung to his brake bar, crouching, gasping. He was tempted almost beyond resistance to make an effort to spring clear of the runaway car and to take his chances of landing alive in some trackside thicket which might break the force of his jump.

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TOMORROW MUST FIND THE SPIRIT OF AMERICA FREER OF THE FOGS

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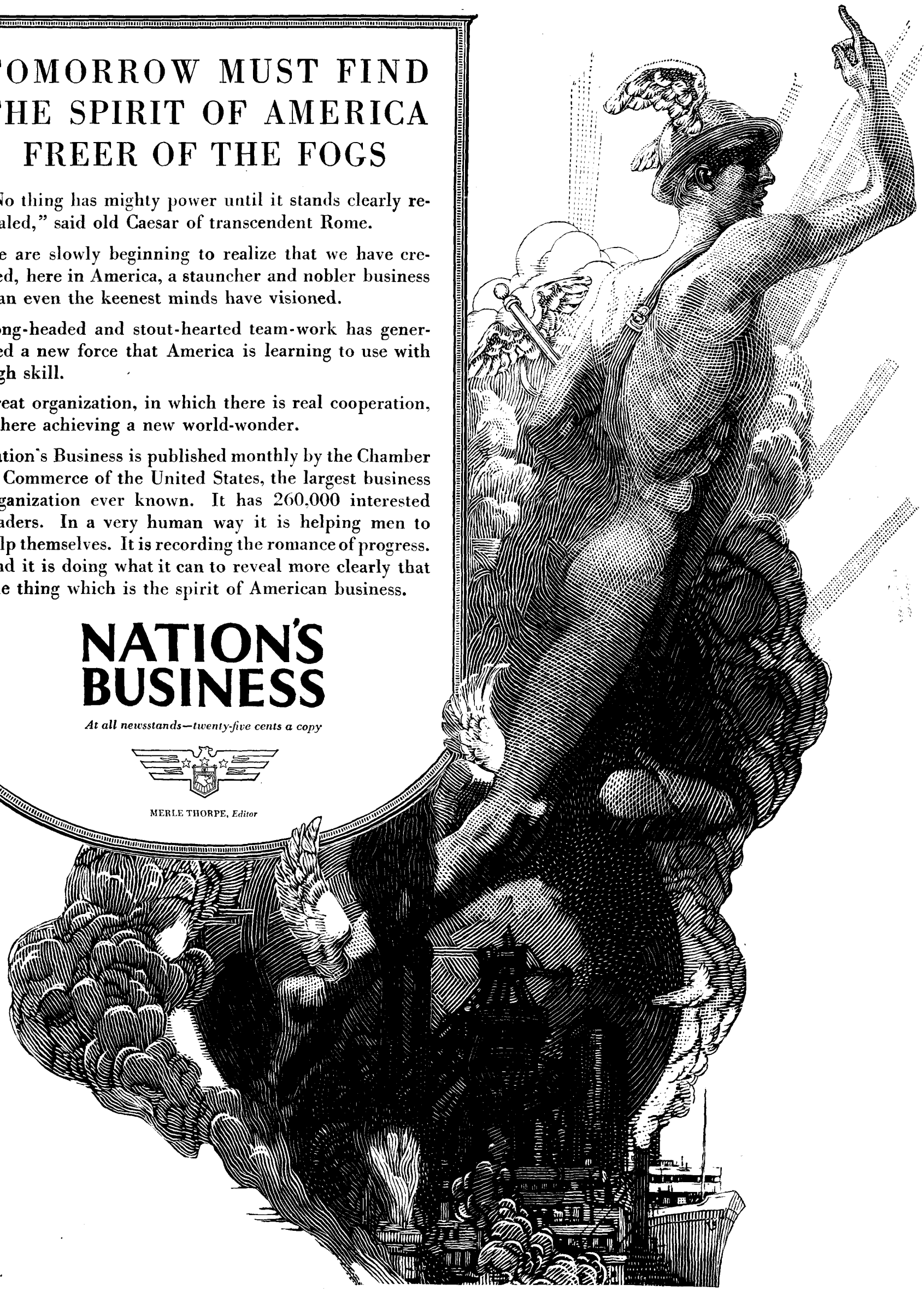
MERLE THORPE, *Editor*



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But he forced the yearning out of his mind. Such a leap would be suicide of an uncommonly messy kind. In every thicket big enough to break the momentum of his flying body there were a dozen tree trunks or bowlders, to say nothing of the ever-recurrent cut sides.

There was nothing for it but to hang on. At the thought Gavin peeped ahead down the twisting track and at the rail-side forest which seemed to rush forward at him.

He could not see the end of the line because of a banked curve the car was traversing. But its picture was clear in his memory.

If by some lucky chance the gondola should keep to the rails in rounding this last and steepest and sharpest bend, the rest of the half-mile tree-bordered track lay comparatively straight to the buffer which marked its end—a buffer which the ballast-laden car, at its maniac speed, would snap as a charging bull snaps a dead twig. Then an outward rush through the air for a few yards and the inevitable turtle-turning crash of the rubble-filled gondola into the rocky foundation pit of the Christie dam. Gavin Cole himself could look forward, then, with absolute certainty to burial beneath many tons of rubble, with an overturned gondola freight car for his gravestone.

Now, with a final wild jerk that sent the rubble to rolling afresh, the car was around the bend. Straight ahead ran the track to its silly buffer at the verge of the foundation pit.

Sitting on the buffer were two men, their backs to Gavin. They were leaning down and evidently were talking with someone in the pit below. One or two other men were lounging near.

Cole shouted at the top of his lungs. The wind drove the sound back into his throat. He whipped out the heavy automatic pistol which, by Wilgus Bett's orders, he and all the field lieutenants carried nowadays. Pointing it skyward, he fired five times in fast succession.

The strong summer wind had set in the wrong direction for the men on and around the buffer to hear the onrush of the car above their own talk. Now at the heavy-caliber fusillade they wheeled about.

Gavin could see their faces go blank and foolish as they caught sight of the runaway car leaping down the grade at them. He saw one of them signaling frantically to those in the pit with whom he had been chatting.

Then the tip of a tree branch swished against Cole's shoulder with force enough to knock him loose from his one hand hold on the brake bar and to roll him into the shifting rubble again. The pistol flew unnoted from his grasp as he fought his way up to his feet again.

This time he was up and gripping the bar in the fraction of a second: the light impact of the branch had given him a mad inspiration. He climbed to the front edge of the gondola's wooden side; still holding on with one hand by the brake's bent bar, squatting there, tense and with every faculty strained.

A hundred feet ahead, barely a dozen yards on the hither side of the buffer and of its fast-scattering group of men, an oak tree jutted a sheaf of branches out over the track, the foliage hanging down to within four or five feet above the gondola's height.

It was a tangle of leaves and boughs; and there was no way for Cole, at that distance and at that speed, to see where leafage ended and branches began; nor how thick were any of these overhanging boughs.

Yet that outjut of foliage was to him his one prospect of avoiding a right unwinsome form of death. So he crouched on the swaying and jouncing car front, balancing himself as best he could by means of his hold on the brake bar. Calling on every sinew, he measured the distance as the overhanging boughs flashed nearer.

IN a breath the gondola had come to the leafy overhang and torn past it. In that bare flash of time Gavin Cole gauged his distance and leaped.

Straight upward he launched his muscular young body—up into that tangle of leaf and twig and bough—bounding as high as his trained strength could propel him and with his arms tossed far above his head.

Up into the screen of foliage he shot. His grasping fingers tore through slippery handfuls of leaves and snapping twigs, as he began to lose momentum and spin downward again.

One hand closed about a wrist-thick oak branch, tough, green, fibrous. Gavin clutched it, bringing his other hand into play, and hung on.

Down dragged the slender branch under the sudden weight. Down swooped Cole, clinging to the pliant bough and drawing his legs up under him.

THE impact as he caught the oaken limb had thrust the branch forward with a yank that almost snapped it. But living oak is strong and tough. Back snapped the bough, cracked and creaking, but otherwise withstanding the assault and rebounding from it in catapult fashion which all but tore Gavin's hands from their convulsive hold.

Then downward swept man and limb under the former's weight—down over the spot where, an instant earlier, the gondola car had rushed.

Cole's feet struck ground in the track's center with a jar that shook him to the marrow. But the springy oak branch had broken the worst of the fall by its own young resiliency and it had let him down to earth with no worse mishap than badly skinned palms and a joggled spine and tingling footsoles.

He let go of his impromptu trapeze-bar, plunged awkwardly and righted himself, standing there panting and jarred and bruised, the blood trickling from his abraded palms.

At the moment nobody among the little clump of men in front was looking at him. Huddled, they were staring over the brink of the foundation pit.

The gondola had touched the thick log buffer in mid-flight, converting it into flying matchwood. Then the rock-laden car had slewed sidewise as its smoking wheels left the rails for the few feet of trackless space between buffer and pit rim.

Next flinging itself into the air, it had bounced clean over the rim and landed at the pit bottom upside down in its own cargo. The cloud of dust from the demolished car and the tons of downflung rock were rising chokingly, enveloping the horror-stricken watchers.

All this Gavin noted dazedly as he stood in mid-track. Then one of the men at the rim spun about and faced him. It was Jeff Christie.

Of the others who turned, in imitation of Christie, only three were known by sight to Cole. These three were the men who had passed him at the hand bridge so short a time ago.

Cole frowned perplexedly as he recognized them. Into his overwrought mind had flitted a suspicion that they had preceded him to the quarry and had loosed on him the loaded gondola. But he saw they could not possibly have done so and then have arrived at the dam foundations ahead of him.

Nor, he realized now, would they have sought to damage their own employer's valuable property and delay the progress of Christie's work on the mere chance that the descending car might hit the intruder before he could get out of its path. Such an idea savored of sensational motion-picture methods rather than of calm sanity.

COLE had but the merest instant to ponder on the mystery's new angle before Jeff Christie had come up to him and stood looking him fiercely in the eyes.

Christie's face was working. His fists were clenched. He had just seen the wrecking of an important part of his enterprise. He knew better than anyone else what the delay and the cash damage must entail. He was facing a loss of time and of money which he could not spare. It was not to be expected that he would look with any degree of affection at the field commander of the rival venture.

Yet his first words bewildered Gavin —until their purport had time to waken in him a wholesome anger.

"Next time," drawled Christie, his voice rasping like a file and held in check by manifest effort—"next time you try that kind of sabotage, I suggest you remember to jump as soon as you've loosed the brakes. Don't lose your nerve and hang on board the way you did today."

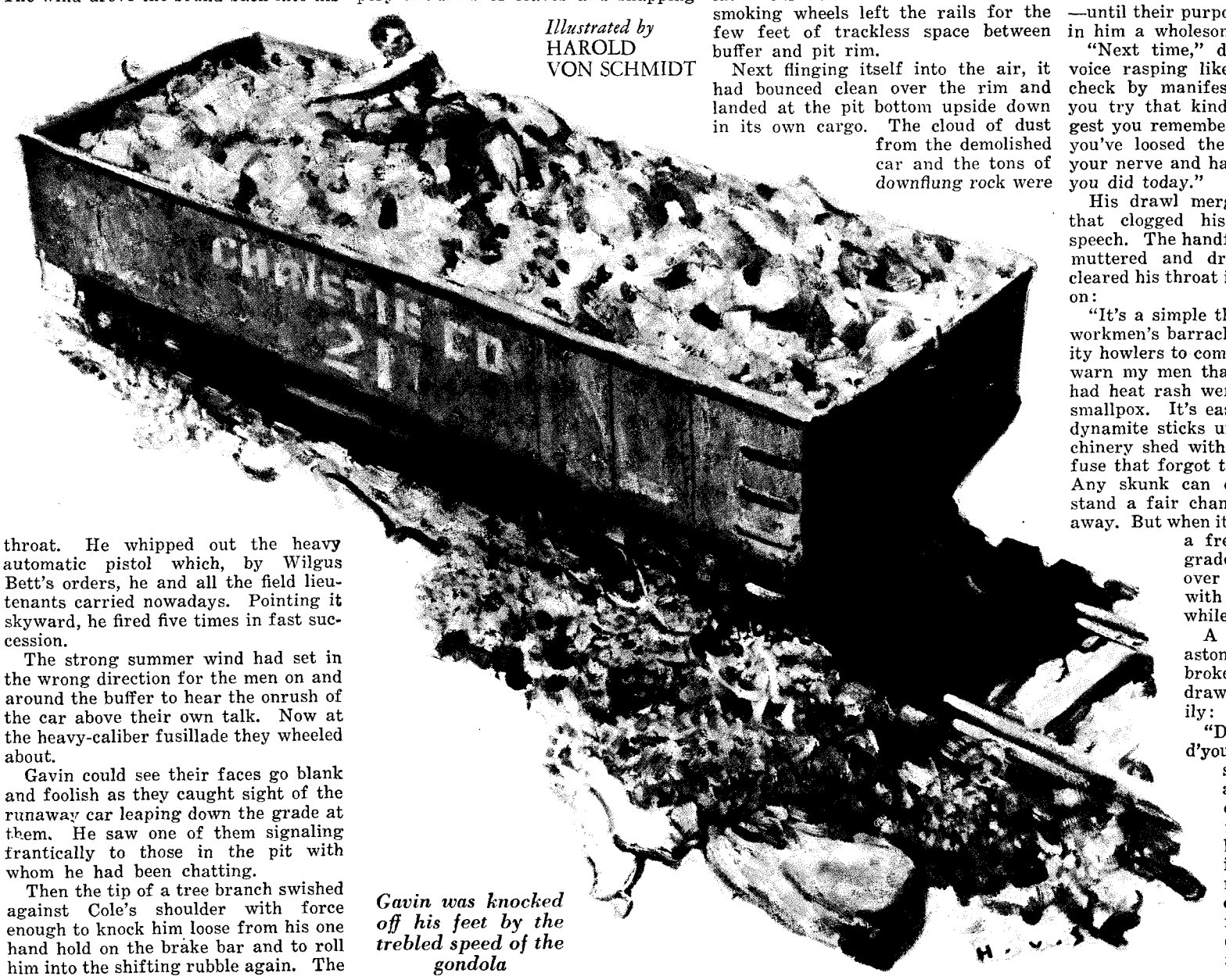
His drawl merged into a thickness that clogged his forcedly measured speech. The handful of men behind him muttered and drew closer. Christie cleared his throat impatiently, and went on:

"It's a simple thing to set fire to my workmen's barracks and to hire calamity howlers to come here as doctors and warn my men that three of them who had heat rash were coming down with smallpox. It's easy to put a bunch of dynamite sticks under my biggest machinery shed with a time fuse—a time fuse that forgot to go off, by the way. Any skunk can do those things and stand a fair chance of making a getaway. But when it comes to fooling with a freight car on a down grade, you'd best turn it over next time to someone with nerve. In the meanwhile—"

A gurgle of stark astonishment from Cole broke in on the half-drawled, half-snarled homily:

"Do you — are you — d'you mean you think *I* smashed the brakes and started your gondola downhill?" demanded Gavin hoarsely. "If you do, there isn't any need for more talk. Take your coat off. I'd thrash my own father for accusing me of—" (*Continued on page 41*)

Illustrated by HAROLD VON SCHMIDT



Gavin was knocked off his feet by the trebled speed of the gondola

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Wild Hou
of WAI

. Then by wire came something that explained all

WHEN Bob said six o'clock, he usually meant 5:53. Six-thirty passed before Jane's jealousy gave way to actual worry. Calls to his office, his club and even his apartment were fruitless, and Jane was tearfully thinking of calling the police station, when Sarah came in with a telegram and a package.

The telegram explained everything . . . . "Called to Detroit this noon. Ten minutes to make train. Asked Ralph to phone you. Got Cooper contract. Means sure raise, and wedding the minute you say. Can't tell you how much I love you so am saying it with flowers."

And after that? Well, the flowers had a great deal to say . . . to an appreciative audience.

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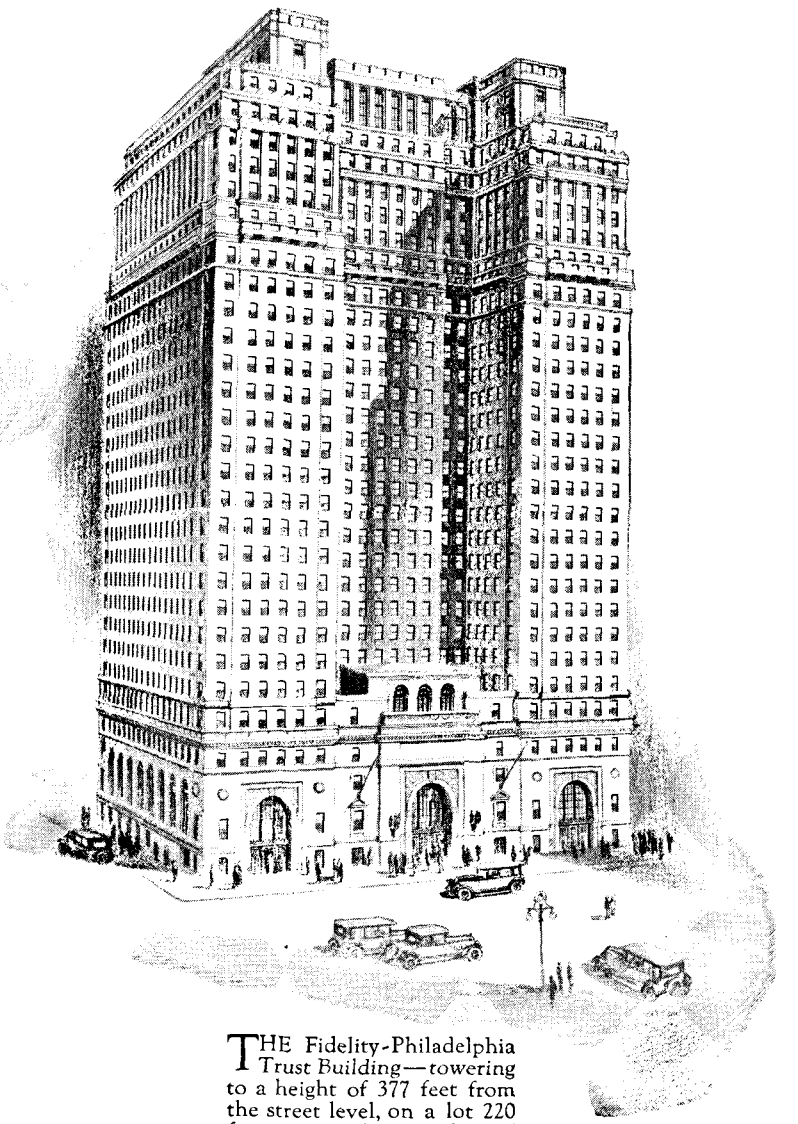

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Irwin & Leighton, the contractors, will have every reason to be proud of this monument to their ability.

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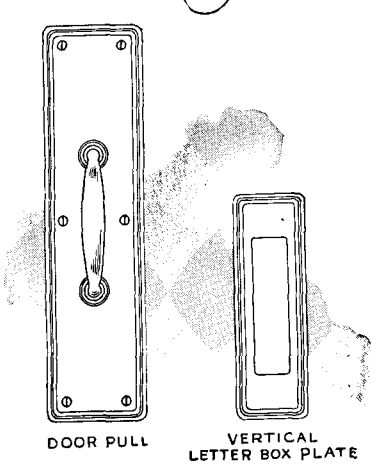

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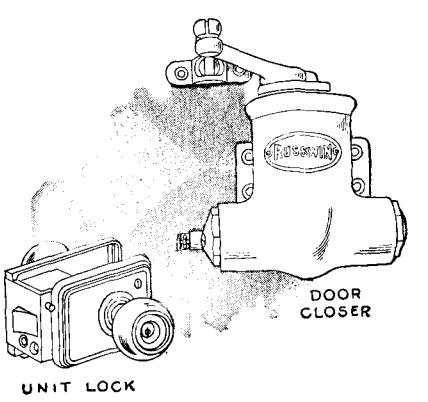

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Wasted Millions

IN LOUISIANA they're extracting money from sugar-cane stalks. Soon we'll be using all our waste products, says this noted chemist, who tells here how the scientists have commenced to solve our "farm problem."

By Dr. WILLIAM J. HALE

GLANCING through the train window, I caught a glimpse of a farmer driving his two-row cultivator across a field. He was growing corn.

I wonder what he would have said if I could have told him what was in my mind as we sped by him. "That man," I was thinking, "is going to waste most of his crop." And I was right.

A corn plant produces a stalk with leaves, tassels, silk, roots, cobs and grain. But thus far man is making use of the seed portion only—and he misuses most of that. He feeds five sixths of the grain to animals, as atrocious a performance as feeding raw bituminous coal to a furnace to produce heat!

That farmer, and an army of other farmers who are planting a hundred million acres to corn every year in America, should not raise CORN to feed to ANIMALS. In this age of organic chemistry he should produce cellulose, starch, sugar, protein and oils.

As a matter of fact, that farmer, like every other farmer, is primarily a producer of organic chemicals. But he doesn't know it. A few years more and he will, perhaps, discover that instead of being a mere supplier of food and fiber to the world he must make himself a manufacturer of basic raw materials for industry. He has already found that he can grow more food than our stomachs require. He has yet to learn that his job is going to be to feed factories as well as mouths.

I made a sort of mental analysis of that cornfield and all the other cornfields in America, from a standpoint of what we already know to be commercially in practice or chemically possible. The stalks, 200 million tons of them every year, will yield more than 30 per cent of cellulose of such high purity that out of it can be made artificial silk and motion-picture films. Lumber substitutes and paper can be made from the stalks.

We produce annually 20 million tons of corncobs that could be distilled to yield an adhesive suitable for briquetting, and furfural, a compound with innumerable uses, including the making of phonograph records, pipestems, radio loud speakers, to mention only a few.

These cobs and stalks, nearly all of which now go to waste, make up three fourths of the farmer's corn crop.

If only the agricultural wastes of the United States were utilized, surely at least 3 billions could be added to the 13 billion dollars of wealth created every year on American farms. This estimate is based on the statement that there are 600 million tons of farm wastes which ought not to be worth less than $5 a ton.

The waste of feeding the whole grain to livestock is almost as appalling as the waste of the remainder of the plant. The germ at the center of the grain can be separated and made to yield a pound to the bushel of splendid cooking oil and a quantity of paragol, a rubber substitute often used for bath sponges. The residue of the germ is still valuable cattle food.

The outside hull will provide 14½ pounds per bushel of gluten, a tissue builder for livestock, and leave to be extracted some phytin, a food for people suffering with nervous disorders and containing 21 per cent of assimilable organic phosphorus.

Five sixths of it is feed—a fortune thrown to the hogs

Wide World

Thirty-three pounds of laundry starch will come from the starchy portion of the grain. Or it will yield 25 pounds of corn sugar—dextrose—now widely used in bread, ice cream and preserves instead of the sweeter cane or beet sugar.

From a health standpoint this sugar's merit is attested by the fact that after operations it is sometimes injected directly into the veins of patients unable to receive nourishment normally. It is immediately assimilable by the blood. Besides the sugar a residue of 15 pounds of corn sirup is collected from a 56-pound bushel of corn.

Our farmer's corn may go to one of the big factories in Peoria or Terre Haute, where from a bushel will be manufactured 10 or 11 pounds of solvents—60 per cent normal butyl alcohol, 30 per cent acetone, and 10 per cent ethyl alcohol and high-boiling acids. To the layman that means little, but to certain industries these solvents are of vital importance and are rapidly increasing in demand. They contribute, for instance, to the fine paint surface of your automobile and to the film in your camera or at your movie.

Residues will be left to return the protein and most of the essential food elements to the farm for animal feed. A way must be found to isolate the vitamins in corn to take back to the hogs. But no longer than is necessary must we feed livestock wastefully on raw corn.

Fortunes in Waste and Weeds

THE common species of milkweed possesses a fiber that may replace flax, once its qualities are understood. If harvested in another stage, its juices will yield 400 pounds to the acre of resin latex, a substitute for imported licorice. More important, it will yield also a juice that promises rubber—rubber with all the qualities of the tropical product.

As we were whisked through the near-by village I saw the cheese factory to which the dairyman probably took his milk. That factory, like every other of its kind, had a problem in sanitary disposal of its excess cheese whey, of which 3 billion pounds go to waste every year because no one has set the chemist to find out how to use it up.

At the moment this thought passed through my mind a young woman across the aisle spread out a toilet set on the seat beside her. The comb and the imitation ivory handles of the various attractive little implements had been made from skim milk—a milk product put, surely, to one of the worthiest of uses. A dainty green box, also made of skim milk via casein, held the touch of hard perfume that completed the young woman's public repairs to her beauty. And the pages of the magazine to which she turned next owed their sheen to sizing in which casein had been employed.

In the grain fields of America we annually discard millions of tons of cellulose in straw. We have only begun to inquire into the characteristics of lignin, a component of the woody parts of all plant stalks, which one can predict certainly will add more surprising and useful commodities to the total of human happiness than have been taken from coal tar, a comparable waste.

Just now we are importing 58.7 per cent of our cane and beet sugar from foreign countries, sending them $360,000,000 a year that soon will go to our own farmers. Every year more corn sugar is being made. And another sugar, levulose, is just behind the curtains. The chemical processes have been well worked out at the Bureau of Standards, and even as you read this factories are struggling with the problems of commercial production.

Industry is seeing the need of a steady annual source of cellulose. Louisiana's sugar-cane stalks are worked into wall board. So will be many of the cornstalks and perhaps also many of the sorghum stalks if conditions are arranged to encourage the domestic sugar industry.

The waste in unmarketed and unmarketable fruits is the subject of annual comment by those who have occasion to drive through the fruit-producing districts.

The California Citrus Exchange offers an example of what can be done in this field. In its factory at Corona, Cal., 30,000 tons of surplus lemons are utilized every year in the manufacture of citric acid and lemon oil.

Cottonseed, once an offensive waste regarding whose disposal laws were passed, is now used in so many ways that the demand for it has added from $10 to $20 to the value of every bale of cotton. Its farm value in 1926 was 154 million dollars.

Industrial utilization of farm crops is only beginning, yet in it lies agriculture's future. We approach a day when we will no longer think of the farm output mostly in terms of beefsteak and bread, sausages and shoes, cereals and milk. The farmer will be a manufacturer, with soil, sun, atmosphere, rain and fertilizers as his own raw materials, to be converted by his outdoor factory into cellulose, protein, oils, sugar and starch. All that he grows today can be separated into those five main classes.

No longer, however, will the tiller of the nation's soil be handicapped by the fact that when our appetites are satisfied we buy no more from him. For after we have taken out what we need for food, we will buy his cellulose and sugar, oils and starch to feed the maws of urban industries. The factories will distill and ferment and hydrolize and process these materials into the countless items of daily necessity and luxury.

The Key to the Farm Problem

LET it not be supposed that our captains of industry are heedless of these numerous possibilities. They are indeed keenly alert to every opportunity, but advance cannot be other than gradual.

Our possibilities for advance have been made secure through the Fordney-McCumber Tariff, and for this greatest single piece of legislation ever enacted by an American Congress all true Americans are duly grateful. It is through this tariff that American industry has been able to enter the organic chemical field, which was absolutely denied us in the days before the World War.

Through this modern development, the products of our farms will now speedily enter into industrial manufacture, and it will not be long—possibly ten years—until the total investment in all our steel plants and automobile plants will be far smaller than the investment we shall have in the organic chemical industries.

Organic chemistry holds the key to the solution of what we now call the "farm problem," and the organic chemist will be busily engaged henceforth in turning the American manufacturers' attention to the American farmer as the producer of the best raw materials.

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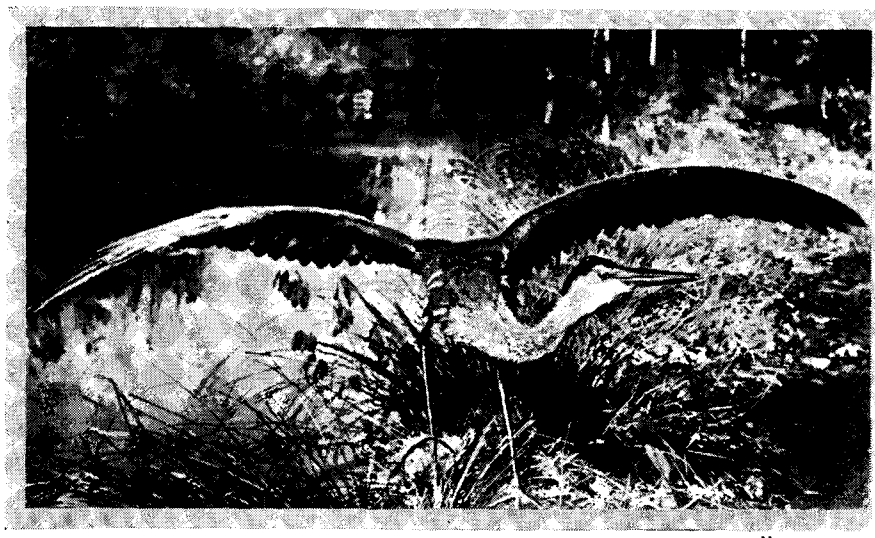
Not so Hard

BIRDS



Keystone

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VEHICLES

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U. S. Signal Corps

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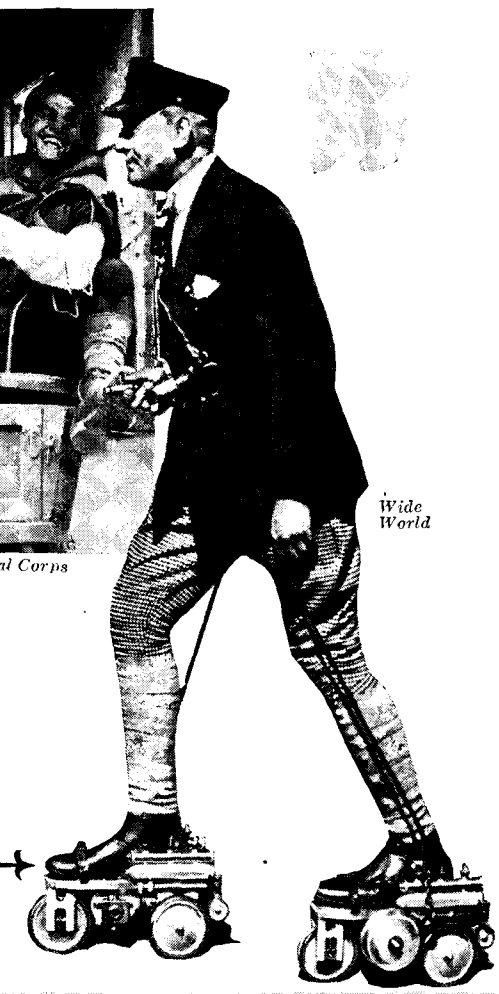

Wide World

R

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D

D

It's easy to figure out the idea of this one. *The answers are on page 44*

NOTED WOMEN

Keystone

H

Keystone

A

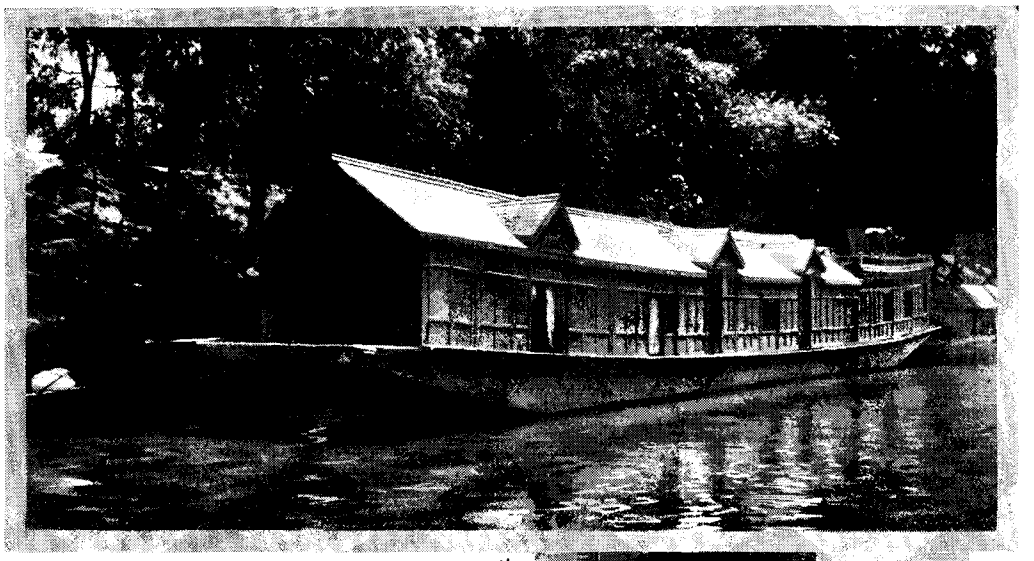
Keystone

R

Paramount

D

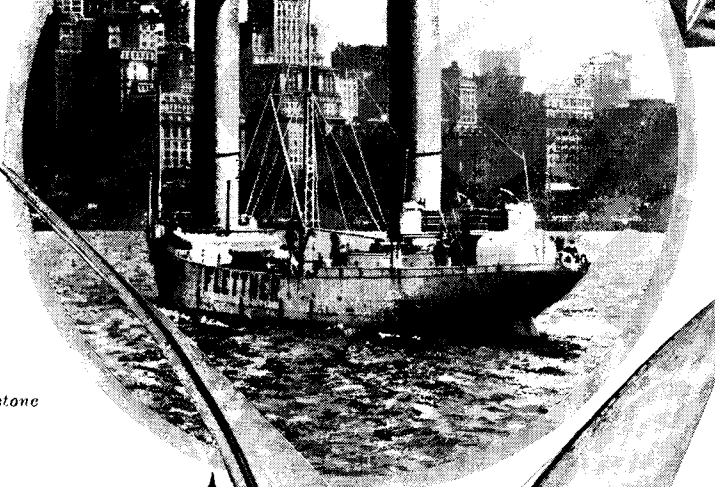
WATER CRAFT



Cowling—from Galloway

H

A



Keystone

R

Ewing Galloway

D

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The Golden Heart

Continued from page 7

general passenger agent, Mr. Garron. You have the power—"

"I haven't. I wish I had, Miss—"

"Pretovsky—Anna Pretovsky."

"Thank you. I do wish I had the power to help you, but, you see, I have sold every passage on the Star of India and issued the tickets. I assure you I am oversold in the steerage. . . . It will be horrible. I couldn't guarantee steerage accommodations to a rabbit on that packet, Miss Pretovsky."

"It will be worse than death if we cannot have passage." Her clear blue eyes, infinitely tender, infinitely pathetic, searched his.

"Yes, there are some things worse than death," he agreed, and added, "but they are not, as a rule, found by white women outside the China Coast."

"Perhaps," she suggested hopefully, "there may be two steerage passengers who will, at the last moment, decide not to go. People are taken ill; they die; they change their minds."

"When the regular passenger list was full I started a secondary list, Miss Pretovsky. I have to be fair about this. The list contains a hundred names, and yours will be at the bottom."

"Perhaps you might put our names at the head of the list."

"That would not be fair," he retorted stiffly. "One Russian refugee is no better than another in my eyes. Why did you not apply for passage two months ago?"

"Two months ago I was in Harbin nursing my mother, who was ill. She is still very weak. From Moscow to Shanghai is a very long and very sad journey, Mr. Garron. My father was killed by the Bolsheviki. They tossed him high in the air, after taking him from the last train to cross the frontier, and broke him upon the cobblestones. We saw them do it. We had escaped the main army, but were halted by a cavalry patrol operating far to the front."

"What was your father?"

"A painter, an artist."

"You speak English perfectly, save for a slight accent."

She smiled wanly. "We did not always live in Russia. Once we lived in America. For ten years I went to school in Montrose, N. J. You know that place, perhaps. My mother was born there!"

"Oh! So your mother is an American?"

"Alas, she is an American no longer. When she married a Russian she lost her citizenship. I am, of course, a Russian citizen. I was born in Moscow."

"And your mother wants to go home. I see. Have you any relatives in the United States?"

SHE shook her head, and added, "At least we could find work in the United States. My mother could sew; I could be a housemaid if all else failed. I am not so foolishly proud as some of my compatriots."

Tommy Garron pondered, studying the lovely, wistful face, on which terror and suffering had left their marks. Such interviews as this, the same pathetic pleas for preference on the passenger list of the Star of India, had grown commonplace; when argument failed there had been, with distressing frequency, particularly in the case of women who knew themselves to be attractive, a counter proposition, or at least a veiled suggestion. Morality, he was wont to reflect, is a question of geography, of government, of economic conditions. He wondered if this girl, desperate herself, encumbered with an invalid mother, might consider sacrificing herself to what she conceived to be her filial duty. He decided to find out.

"Well, I can do nothing for you, Miss Pretovsky."

"Are you quite certain?" She leaned a little closer to him.

"Quite."

"We are without friends, even in the Russian colony. When we are without funds we shall not know where to turn, what to do."

"Girls with less physical attraction than you have known what to do."

"I have not been without opportunity." She looked into his fresh, clean, good-looking young face, into the kind eyes where the innocence of clean boyhood still clung. "Nor have you," she added. "Is it possible that nothing—nothing—will induce you to be false to your sense of fair play, and provide me with the two steerage passages I desire on the Star of India?"

"Nothing, I assure you. Were you thinking of offering me something?"

"No. I have nothing to offer. Were you about to make a suggestion?"

"Indeed, no!"

"Still," she replied, "you were wondering—I know what. But you were mistaken. There is always the river left."

"And I am very glad I was mistaken. Because you are such a good girl I shall be false to my sense of fair play. I shall make a new secondary passenger list and place you at the head of the steerage section. I remember that the two women who now occupy that position on the list had enough diamond rings to last them until the next immigration quota is announced."

"Oh, thank you, thank you," she cried, with a sob. His hand rested on the counter before her, palm down . . . she bent and kissed it. Through the glass doors Chundra Singh observed the act and groaned. "She has triumphed over this golden-hearted one," he murmured into his beard. "When the evil one would destroy a man he sends a woman. Soon, of a certainty, I shall be forced to seek other employment!"

Blushing, Tommy Garron wrote her name and her mother's on a slip of paper and set it on his desk with a paper weight over it. He was relieved to have terminated the distressing interview so easily.

"I will call each day to see if the vacancy has occurred," Anna Pretovsky cried happily. "I have prayed to God, and this is His answer. He will not fail me."

Privately Tommy Garron had not a great deal of faith in the Almighty's personal interest in this waif. "It will not be necessary for you to call, however. If the vacancy occurs, I will send word to you."

He hoped he would not see her again, for she was much too disturbing, and in the spring he was going home, and there was a girl there who interested him mightily. At twenty he had been engaged to her, but his father, wise with the wisdom of his years, had suddenly taken Tommy into the office of the Oriental Transport Line and, with that dominance so peculiar to fathers, had induced the young folks to postpone the marriage, intimating bluntly that until his son could demonstrate that he was capable of supporting a wife they need expect no financial assistance from him. And Tommy had gone out to the Calcutta office and labored there two years.

WHEN he would have come home then, his adroit father had promoted him to the office of Oriental general passenger agent and ordered him to Shanghai for an additional two years, intimating that if Tommy should survive this period of probation no further obstacles would be placed in the way of his marriage. The girl (his father observed) appeared to be proud of him and quite willing to wait. Wherefore that sudden, impulsive, grateful kiss on the back of his hand was disconcerting. "I haven't done anything to merit that," he told her a trifle testily. "You embarrass me, Miss Pretovsky."

"Yours is the first kind heart I have encountered in Shanghai, Mr. Garron. My little kiss was but a tribute to your nobility. A rare quality in men, I think."

"Not so rare as you seem to think—in the United States of America. You've been accustomed to a decayed Russian aristocracy. I wouldn't give them hell room! By the way, where do you live?"

She gave him a number far out on the Bubbling Well road. "My chauffeur will take you home." The statement was more of a command than an offer. Anna Pretovsky thanked him humbly and gratefully, for she had walked three miles to save even a pitiful ricksha fare and, like Chundra Singh, her ankles ached.

He led her out of the deserted office; Chundra Singh opened the door of the cheap American car and Tommy handed her in, gave Far Low his orders, lifted his topee and watched her disappear in the traffic of the Bund. Then he turned and found Chundra Singh gazing at him very intently.

"She is not as the others, Chundra Singh," said Tommy. "You will not again fail in respect to this memsahib." Then he drew the sting from his rebuke by handing Chundra Singh fifty cents. "You will take a ricksha to your home tonight."

Chundra Singh walked home, preferring the agony of aching ankles to a prodigal parting with such magnificent largess.

Tommy stood on the sidewalk a little while, gazing across the Bund to the bend in the river, where Soochow Creek enters it. Here the yacht club had its anchorage; here Tommy's little thirty-foot teak sloop bobbed at its mooring. He sniffed the strange Oriental odors of the port.

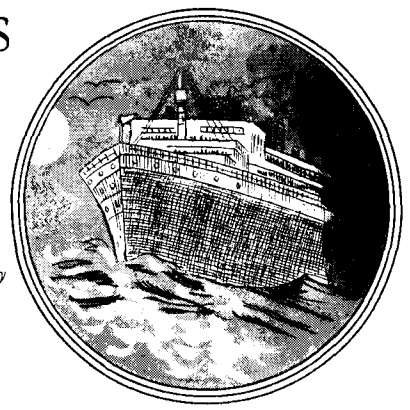
(*Continued on page 34*)

McGoofey's First Reader

By H. I. PHILLIPS

What is this? *This is an ocean liner.*

Where is it going? *It is going to the West Indies or some place.*



Illustrated by the author

Lesson II

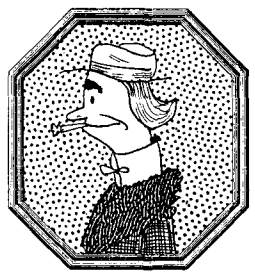
Who is this? *This is one of the passengers. Her name is Miss Arabella Weems, and she is considered quite an entertainer back in her home town of Penobscot, Me.*

What does Arabella do? *She gives recitations.*

What kind of recitations? *Terrible.*

Lesson III

Who is this? *This is another passenger. She is Mrs. Gregory D. Zoolch. Mrs. Zoolch thinks she is quite talented too, in her way.*



What is Mrs. Zoolch's line? *Singing war ballades.*

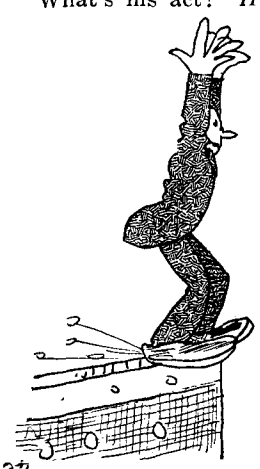
Does she sing well? *No, but in her home town of Gary, Ind., they let her perform at the church socials and things.*

Lesson IV

This is a strange-looking gent. His name is Professor Tweezecob.

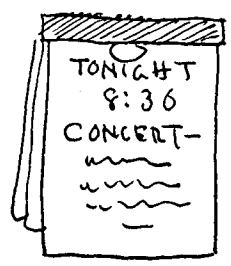
Of what is he professor? *Greek drama in the Hoadley B. K. Lutzow Correspondence School of Dramatics. The professor thinks he is quite an artist.*

What's his act? *He gives readings.*



Lesson V

What is this? *This is a notice on the ship bulletin board.*



What does it announce? *It announces that there will be the usual ship's concert.*

Lesson VI

This is a passenger who is just a passenger. His nerves are not what they used to be.

What is he doing? *He is jumping overboard.*

Why is he jumping overboard? *He has heard about the talented passengers and knows they will perform in the ship's concert.*

Can you blame him? *Not if you have been through many ship's concerts.*

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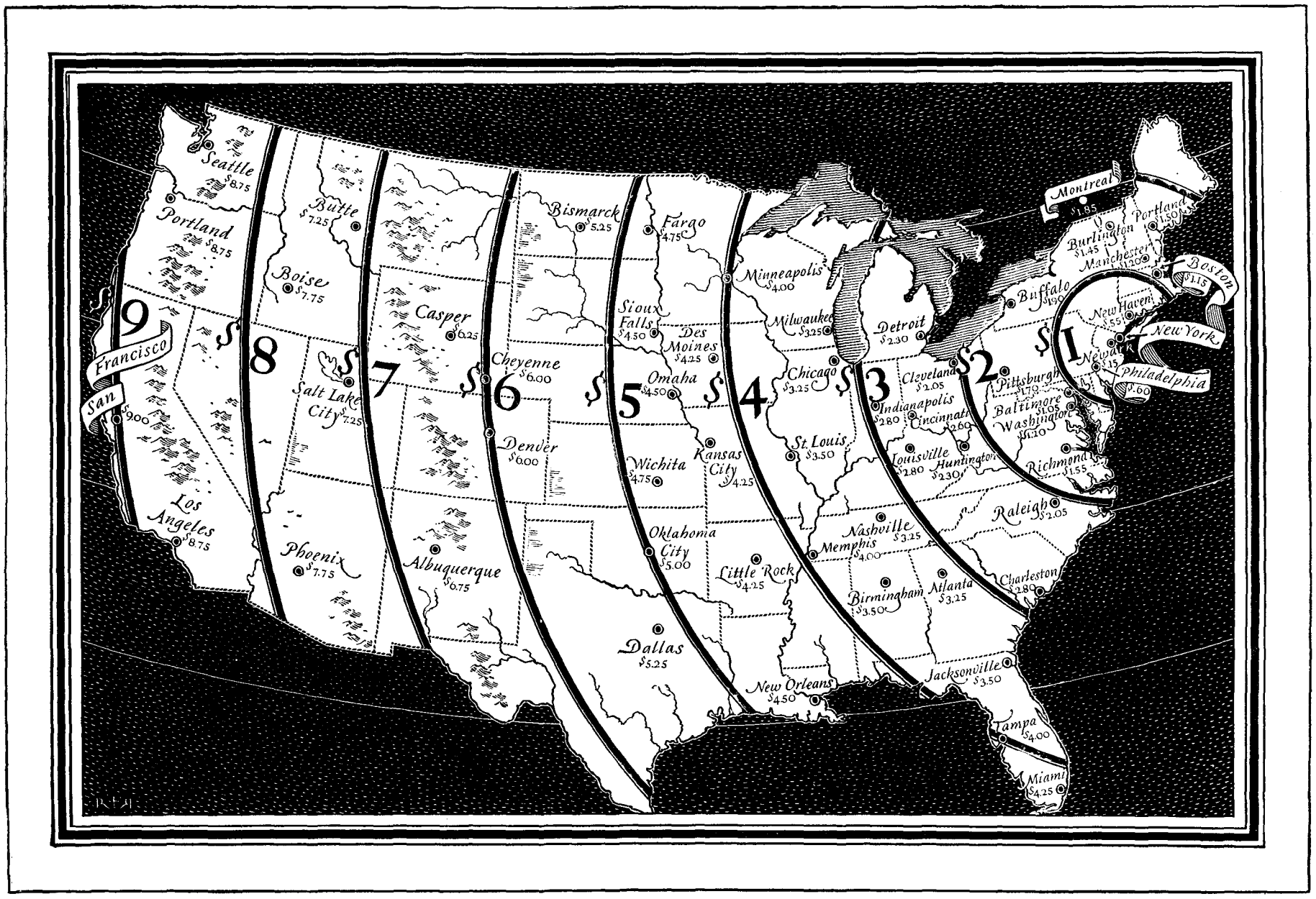
You can now Talk from Coast to coast for only $9



An Advertisement for Bell Long Distance Telephone Service

On December 1, 1927, telephone rates on calls to points 390 miles or more away were again substantially reduced. The day station to station rate from coast to coast is now only $9. Other typical station to station day rates are: Baltimore to Los Angeles, $8.25. Seattle to Chicago, $6.50. Denver to New York, $6.00. Atlanta to San Francisco, $7.75. Cleveland to Omaha, $3.25. Minneapolis to St. Louis, $2.30. Night rates—less.

The greater the distance, the greater the saving by these new rates—in long trips, time and expense.

Says a large fruit, vegetable and produce house, "All of our buying is done by Long Distance."

An automobile manufacturer, "It reduces distance to nothing, and gives us an opportunity to talk with our dealers . . . just as though they were at the plant."

A large paper company, "Telephone selling has become a necessity. Hours are saved this way. Selling cost reduced."

What distant call now would make a needed appointment, close a pending purchase or make a sale? Calling by number takes less time. *Number, please?*

AMERICAN TELEPHONE & TELEGRAPH CO. AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES — BELL SYSTEM

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The Golden Heart

Continued from page 32

"Damned, dirty, horrible mess," he growled, and had a sampan pull him off to his sloop. He went down swiftly with the river current and came back on the flood tide, one half his brain busy with the problem of tacking in and out among the river junks and steamers, the other half dwelling not on the girl back home but on Anna Pretovsky. He had a queer feeling that he would have liked to have her sitting in the cockpit beside him, enjoying the cleaner air down-river, having her troubles swept from her even as the summer heat vanishes before the Southwest monsoon. He had forgotten his engagement for golf at the country club!

For a week he did not see the girl again and, because he was beset daily by tragedies similar to hers, he was in a fair way of forgetting her until one morning he looked up from his desk and saw her smiling her wistful, apologetic little smile at him across the counter.

"There are no vacancies as yet, Miss Pretovsky," he called to her, and immediately buried his nose in the task of decoding a lengthy cablegram. He had a steamer sailing that day and was extraordinarily busy; he could not be bothered with her troubles.

When he went out to the American Club for tiffin he saw her seated on the long bench at the far end of the room; she smiled at him again over the surface of a ham-and-egg sandwich she was eating, and a pang of profound sympathy stabbed him. She was still there when he returned from tiffin; out of the corner of his eye he saw her depart just before Chundra Singh closed the doors at four o'clock.

She returned at nine o'clock next day. "Still no vacancies," Tommy assured her. "It is not necessary for you to wait here. Haven't I promised to send word if the vacancies occur?"

"It is pleasanter to sit here than at home, Mr. Garron."

"Oh, have it your own way." He sensed that she lived, if not in the native city, at least on the fringes of it. Doubtless the harsh noises inseparable from the Chinese quarter annoyed her.

After the hectic activities in the office incident to a sailing, a period of calm always settled over the ticket office of the Oriental Transport Line for about a week.

DURING that slack period Anna Pretovsky appeared one day at the office with a Russian instrument similar to a guitar. She smiled at the general passenger agent, strummed the instrument, and in a soft, low but marvelously sweet and well-trained voice sang a ballad of the Tartar steppes. As he listened Tommy had a vision of women and children waiting outside a village to greet the return of a raiding party; he saw the tufted lances, the carbines athwart the pommels, the astrakhan caps of the raiders and the loot of donkeys, sheep and camels, for he had heard that wild barbaric song before. It was called The Return of the Boyardin, and it made one feel very martial and romantic.

Of course such minstrelsy in the ticket office of a steamship line was unheard of, amounting practically to lese majesty. However, the Chinese clerks paid no attention; there was nobody to object save Old Man Barclay, his white assistant, and himself, and they liked it. Throughout the day she sang other songs, with a wild lilt in them, a surging, passionate note that lifted Tommy Garron from his dull and prosaic surroundings and brought the hands of the clock around to four o'clock all too soon to please him.

"Why did you come today and play for us?" he asked as he closed down his desk.

"In Moscow people paid many rubles to hear me sing and play. For you it is a joy to sing—for nothing."

He took a roll of bills from his pocket and handed them to her. "I had Chundra Singh follow you home last night. He reports to me that you paused at a native shop and purchased food. This is too horrible. It is the wrong sort of economy. God knows what sort of dreadful disease you may acquire if you eat native chow. Does your mother eat that sort of truck also?"

"No, she is ill. But I am strong and healthy, so the economy must be mine. And I may not accept this money. It is kind of you, Mr. Garron, but, although a Russian refugee, I am not a beggar—yet."

"I didn't mean to give it to you," he protested. "It is a loan. When you have got to the United States and have secured employment you may return it with interest. I'm no philanthropist."

"And we are to go to the United States on the Star of India, then?"

He had forgotten that she was not. But while he was trying to think of a graceful way out of the matter, he spied a Russian general preparing to sweep Chundra Singh out of his way and enter. So, because he knew Chundra Singh knew that the latter had a long knife under his blouse, he went to the door and bade the Sikh unlock it. He conversed with the Russian, who handed him two steamship tickets; then the girl saw him unlock the safe and hand the Russian the price of the tickets.

He turned to Anna Pretovsky. "See here," he told her a little harshly, "you're getting on my nerves. I can't stand you around here any longer. This stuffed shirt of a Russian general has surrendered two second-class berths—the best in the ship. I'm going to put you and your mother in that space, and it isn't going to cost you anything. If the general passenger agent of the line can't give you a pass, then the general passenger agent and his father are going to have a falling out. The Star of India sails at noon the day after tomorrow. My car will bring your mother and you to the Bund. I will meet you there with a launch and take you down-river. Understood?"

She nodded. Seemingly words were not possible of utterance. She turned and stumbled toward the door; she fell—and Chundra Singh caught her just in time.

"This woman has fainted, Sahib," he said and carried her to the ticket counter and laid her there; then, at a word from Tommy Garron, hastened away for water and a towel. When consciousness had been restored Anna Pretovsky commenced to weep hysterically. . . . Tommy knew it was the let-down after a terrible race. He too had once wept hysterically after breasting the tape to victory in a hard two-mile race in college. So he drove her home in the cheap American car, with her golden head resting on his shoulder and Chundra Singh sitting up in front with Far Low, wondering how many days would pass before Tommy Garron would inform him that his services were no longer required. Surely, Chundra Singh told himself, this woman would, when her power was assured, take reprisal for his lack of respect to her that first awful day they had met.

AT ELEVEN o'clock on the day the Star of India sailed Tommy Garron met Anna Pretovsky and her invalid mother at the Custom House boat landing on the Bund. The latter thanked him briefly in words but her eyes were eloquent; and since thanks of any kind always embarrassed Tommy he feigned a great interest in examining their passports and looking after their baggage. Then, in the company's launch, they went down-river to the Star of India; coolies seized their luggage and Tommy directed the two women to the checking table near the gangplank, where the purser examined their tickets. There was a slight wait while the mail was being carried aboard, then:

"Good-by and good luck," said Tommy Garron, and shook hands cordially with mother and daughter. Gently he pressed Anna's mother over the first cleat of the gangplank and smiled sadly as the frail woman, with a sharp little cry of joy, started running up the long incline. "Take your time. I'll hold the steamer for you," he called.

Her answer was a wild shriek. Halfway up the gangplank she paused and clutched the rope railing for support; then turned and looked back fearsomely, as if she feared pursuit. Her eyes rolled, her features twitched and a little film of froth appeared in the corners of her mouth. "Help! Help! They're killing him!" she shrieked, ran up the remaining length of gangplank and fell on the deck.

The purser looked up with mild interest. "That's the second Russky to go cookoo today, Mr. Garron," he informed Tommy. "Seems as if the realization that at last they're safe—from murderous Russian peasant soldiers and the horrors of becoming China coasters—just snaps what little reason they have left. That woman's as mad as a March hare."

Tommy Garron bounded up the gangplank and knelt beside the poor creature. She struck at him. "Go away, you swine! Oh, you murderer. Anna, Anna! Help me. They're going to take me back. Oh, God have mercy. Don't let us go back. It's death to my little girl."

She screamed and moaned and jabbered. Then the ship's surgeon came and they carried her into the saloon, where her daughter joined her.

At five minutes of sailing time the doctor said to Tommy Garron:

"You'll have to cancel her passage, Mr. Garron. She's hopelessly insane—maniac depressive. At her age they seldom recover, and, as you know, the immigration authorities will not permit an insane person to enter the United States. If you insist on sending her, she will only be deported by the next steamer, which will put the company to additional expense."

Tommy Garron turned to Anna Pretovsky. "You heave heard," he demanded huskily. "You understand the situation, do you not?"

She turned dry, tragic eyes upon him and bent her head in slow affirmation. "Yes," she murmured presently, "we must go ashore. The sailing may not be delayed. You have done all that could humanly be done to save us, Mr. Garron, but it seems God does not wish us to be saved."

She watched, white-faced and trembling, while they strapped her mad mother on a stretcher and carried her down to the dock again, while coolie cabin boys followed with the pitiful baggage. In the shade of a godown they laid her . . . the siren of the Star of India emitted a long blast, the gangplank was run in, the lines were cast off and the great ship swung out into the current, and slipped down the yellow river while the band played and joyous Russian cheers echoed and reëchoed from bank to bank. Poor creatures! They were free at last!

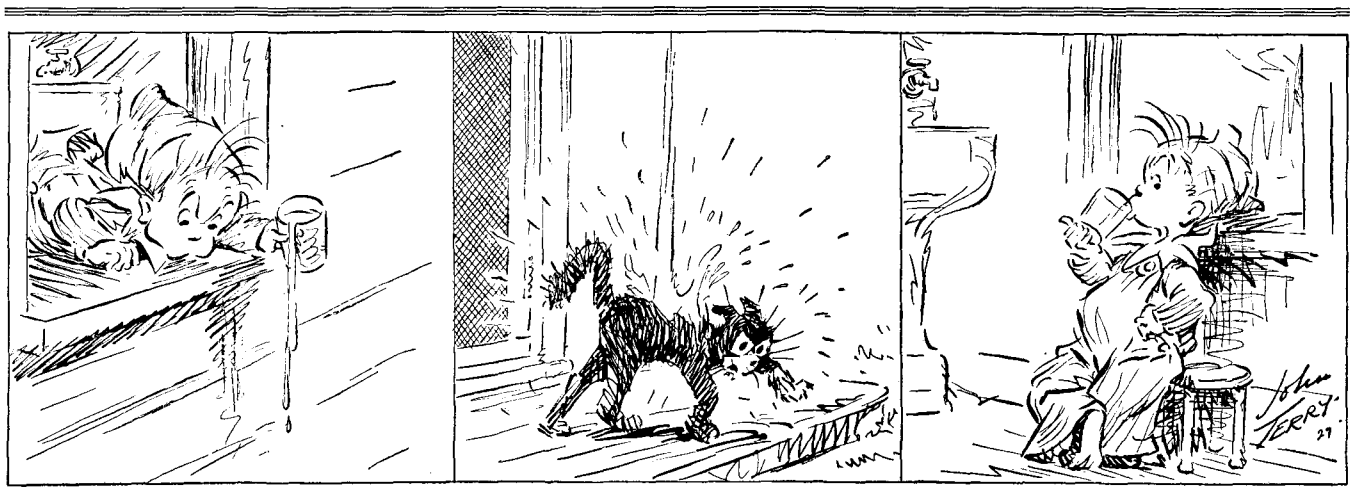
Tommy Garron came to the lee of the godown. "We are going up-river again in the launch, Anna." Quite unconsciously he called her by her given name and was not aware of the slightest sense of awkwardness or unusualness when doing so.

"My mother is dead," said Anna Pretovsky in the dull tones of finality that bespeak the human heart that has endured all of the travail that life has to offer. "Here is our money. You have been kind, so kind to us. Please bury my mother!" She bent and kissed the wan, pinched face. "Poor dear. She has escaped—at last. But—I am not going home. Oh, my God, why hast thou forsaken me? I have no home, I have no faith, I have no hope—"

SHE leaped to her feet and fled across the dock with incredible swiftness toward the waters of the Hwang-pu, rushing swiftly down to the Yellow Sea on the ebb tide. But Chundra Singh, who had been pressed into service by Tommy to look after the hand luggage of the Pretovskys, was standing at the edge of the dock gazing down-river at the fast-disappearing Star of India and wondering if perchance, some day before he died, he too might not set sail for home. At Tommy Garron's warning cry he came out of his reverie; for all his tired, aching ankles, he made an astonishingly long standing jump and thrust out a great arm, into which the despairing girl crashed and then hung limp upon it.

Tommy Garron held her in his lap with his arms around her as they went up-river on the company launch, and on his breast she sobbed out at last the agony of a soul that for long has wandered with the damned. From under

(*Continued on page 36*)



"Bertie—are you playing with water again?"

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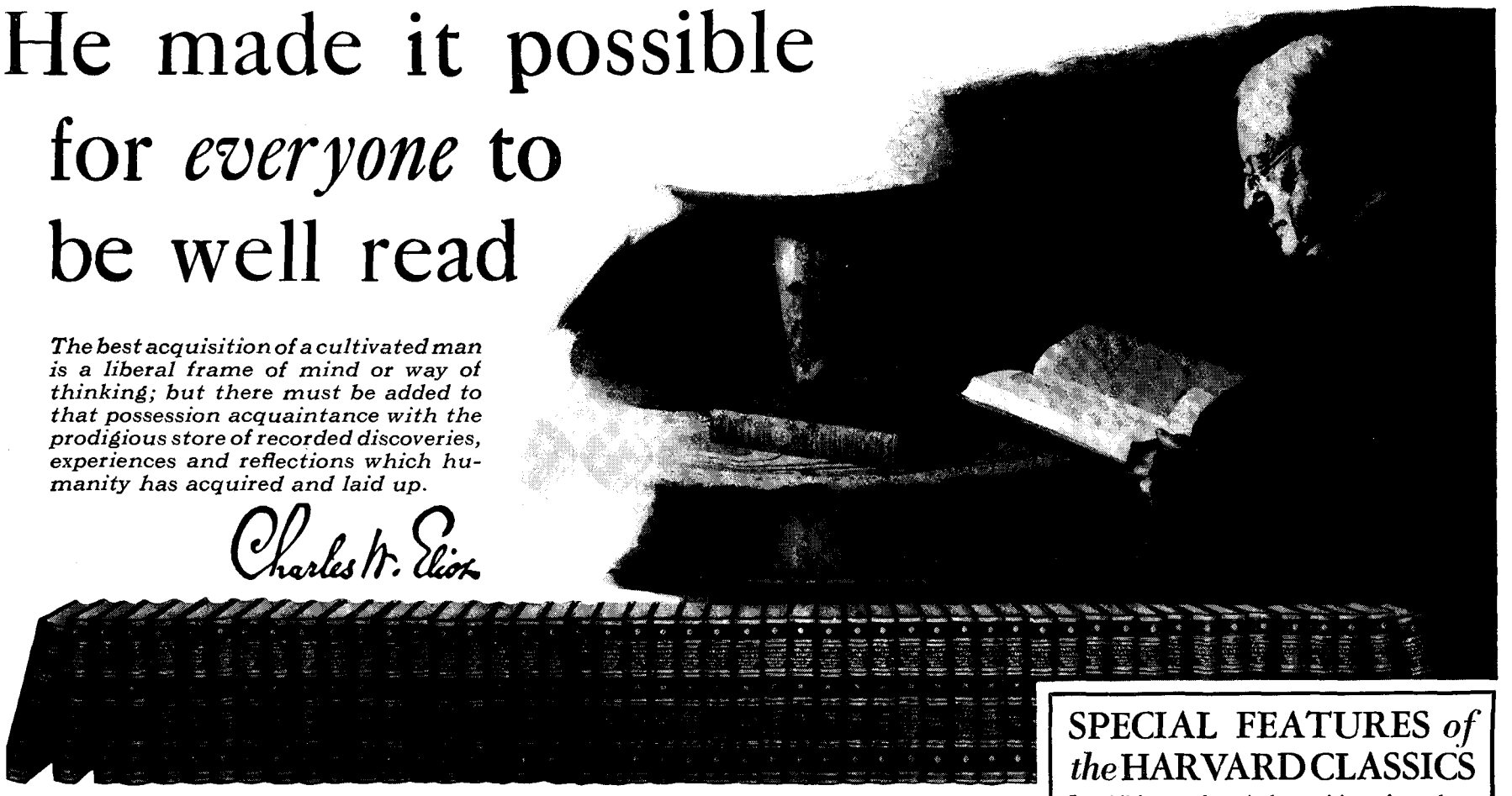
He made it possible for *everyone* to be well read



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Charles W. Eliot

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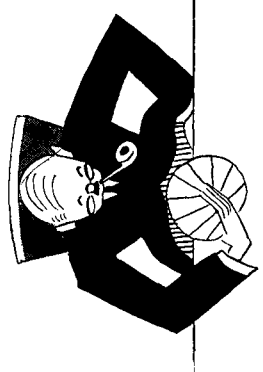
How would you play it?

By MILTON C. WORK

Author of Auction Bridge Complete

No. 9



North

♠ Q-4 ♢ Q-10-9
♡ 9-5-4-2 ♣ 8-7-5-3

West

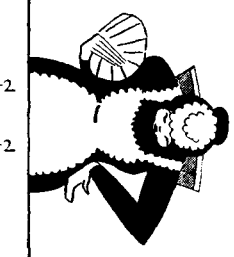
♠ 10-8-5-3
♡ A-J
♢ 6-5-4
♣ A-K-Q-9

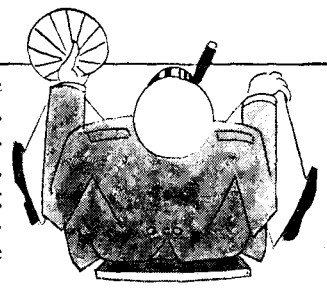
East

♠ K-7-6-2
♡ 8-3
♢ K-7-3-2
♣ J-6-4

South

♠ A-J-9 ♢ A-J-8
♡ K-Q-10-7-6 ♣ 10-2





THESE hands were broadcast by Mr. Work on Tuesday evening, December 27th. Compare your playing of them with his complete description of the play given below.

The Auction

SOUTH bid one Heart. His hand is well above average strength, has three suits surely stopped, and contains no blank suit or singleton; therefore it qualifies as a No Trumper. But any hand containing a good five-card Major and one defenseless suit should be bid initially at the Major—not No Trump. It is true that most No Trumpers contain one defenseless suit; and when the choice is between No Trump and a pass or, generally speaking, between No Trump and a Minor, the No Trump is apt to be wise when no suit is shorter than two cards; but the combination of a defenseless suit and a biddable five-card Major makes the No Trumper a bad second choice.

West's following bid of two Clubs was perfectly sound: indeed, he had ample strength for an initial bid.

North, although he had four Hearts, had no high cards and so did not have a raise for his partner. East passed. South, having much more than a minimum Heart bid, was strong enough to rebid on his own hand. In this position South might have doubled the Club bid informatorily, thus showing his strength in Spades and Diamonds as well as in Hearts; but as he had five Hearts and only three Spades and three Diamonds, the rebid seemed wiser. It is often advantageous, by a subsequent informatory double, to give partner a choice between suits when there is only one card difference in the length of the suits of the player who is extending the option, but when there is a difference of two cards, giving the choice is apt to be dangerous, as the partner may choose the shorter and yet the longer may be the better.

If South should double informatorily and North, holding four Spades and three Hearts, should bid Spades, the total holding would be but seven Spades as compared with eight Hearts.

West's Clubs being but four in number, he did not feel strong enough to rebid, and East did not think that two Kings furnished sufficient strength to raise West's following bid, especially with the strong opposing hand on her left.

The Play

WEST opened by leading the King of Clubs, followed with the Queen and then the Ace. On the third round of Clubs, South ruffed with the Six of trumps and to trick 4 led the King of trumps. West won with the Ace and led his Nine of Clubs, which was high. East might have ruffed to force South to use a large trump; but crediting South with at least five originally, and counting the trumps in sight, East knew that West could not now hold both Jack and Ten and that forcing South would not be productive of any benefit. So East discarded a small Diamond and South ruffed with the Ten of Hearts. He selected the Ten instead of the Seven because it was important that the Seven should be kept to give Dummy a possible entry.

Trick 6: South led his Queen of Hearts and had the good fortune to drop both the remaining adverse Hearts; but then found himself in an embarrassing position. He had lost two Diamonds and the Ace of Hearts; should he lose another trick, game could not be made.

At trick 7 Declarer's only hope for making every other trick was to lead both Diamonds and Spades from the Dummy and to win both finesses. The chances were decidedly against finding both Kings in the East hand, but there was no way to make game except by trying the two finesses. The adverse Clubs were all exhausted, so Declarer's trumps were not needed for ruffing and there was little risk in leading the Seven of Hearts, putting Dummy in with the Nine and leading the Queen of Diamonds from Dummy. On this card East played a small Diamond, planning to duck again on the next trick, which she hoped Closed Hand would win and eventually be obliged to lead a Spade up to East's King. But South played the Jack under the Queen and prepared for the contingency.

Declarer now was sure he could try both finesses and next led the Ten of Diamonds from Dummy. It made no difference what East did; if she covered with the King, South would win and put Dummy in again on the third round of Diamonds. East played small, and South played the Eight, leaving the lead in Dummy. It was then easy to lead the Queen of Spades from Dummy, and it mattered not whether East covered or ducked; the whole result depended upon the location of the King of Spades. As East happened to have it, Declarer was able to go game.

In next week's issue Mr. Work will play the Collier's Radio Bridge Hands, to be broadcast Tuesday evening, January 3d, at ten o'clock Eastern Standard Time, through the following stations:

WEAF, New York; WEEI, Boston; WJAR, Providence; WTAG, Worcester; WTIC, Hartford; WGR, Buffalo; WFI, Philadelphia; WRC, Washington; WCSH, Portland, Me.; WSM, Nashville; WHAS, Louisville; WGY, Schenectady; WDAF, Kansas City; WCCO, Minneapolis-St. Paul; WCAE, Pittsburgh; WTAM, Cleveland; WWJ, Detroit; WSAI, Cincinnati; WGN, Chicago; KSD, St. Louis; WOC, Davenport; WSB, Atlanta; WMC, Memphis; WHO, Des Moines; WOW, Omaha; WTMJ, Milwaukee.

The Golden Heart

Continued from page 34

the awning aft Chundra Singh watched them with faint amusement in his stern eyes, the eyes of a warrior, for the antics of the young—particularly young sahibs and memsahibs—invariably amused him.

At three o'clock Tommy Garron came back to his office and sought out Old Man Barclay, his assistant. "Mr. Barclay," he queried wistfully, "will you and Mrs. Barclay do me a very great favor?"

"Why, certainly, Tommy, certainly," Mr. Barclay assured him. "Name it!"

"You recall that half-Russian girl that used to sing and play for us here?"

"Yes. I just heard what happened today at the dock. Very distressing, very."

"It might have been worse. Did you ever know, Mr. Barclay, that I was engaged to a girl back home?"

"I heard rumors to that effect."

"WELL, it's true. Yesterday I received a cablegram from her. It seems she got tired waiting and has married a navy chap—some sort of senior lieutenant or engineer or something. I'm glad, because I'm going to marry Anna Pretovsky . . . so much fun to take care of a girl that needs it so and can appreciate it more than most . . . I didn't know I loved her, Mr. Barclay, until I thought she was slipping out of my life forever . . . she's quite alone in the world—and I wonder if you and Mrs. Barclay won't take her in and daddy her and mother her until we can be married without indecent haste. I'd appreciate it more than you will ever know."

"Why, of course, my dear boy. Delighted."

"You're a good old hunks, Mr. Barclay. You'll soon be the Oriental general passenger agent. I've got four months more penal servitude before me, and then we're going home."

"I hope your father will offer no objection—" Mr. Barclay began, but Tommy Garron cut him short. He knew Old Man Barclay's habit of searching for flies in the ointment.

"If my father doesn't approve of my marriage, he can take a jump in the lake. I've had enough experience in the steamship business now to enable me to land a good job with his competitors. Still," Tommy added with a knowing little grin, "I'd hate to leave Dad's employ. He's as wise as a treeful of owls and understands things without a blue print. If he gets fussy, I'll just have Anna sing for him The Return of the Boyardin. She's up at the Astor House now, with Chundra Singh watching her until I get back."

He glanced at the clock. "Short day today," he laughed, and scratched it out on the calendar.

"All wrong, son," said Old Man Barclay, and tossed him over a thick red crayon. "Red-letter day, isn't it?"

"So it is," said Tommy Garron, and corrected his error. A little later, as he came back to the cheap American car, after having delivered to motherly Mrs. Barclay the great gift that God had sent him, he paused and gazed upward at gigantic Chundra Singh, standing stiffly at the salute.

"The Russian memsahib desires me to tell Chundra Singh that she regrets with an undying regret that once, in a moment of temper, she pulled his beard. And she also sends thanks to Chundra Singh for what he did this day."

Chundra Singh was much too swarthy to blush. "It is nothing, Sahib."

"Then for nothing shall you be rewarded. Chundra Singh, I am your debtor. Soon will come the day when, at four o'clock, I shall look in vain for your friendly smile; four months hence I go home to my people. Tell me, Chundra Singh, what boon I can grant my faithful servant."

"I would go home to Mother India, Sahib!"

"I promise it. You shall have with the Calcutta office a better position than you enjoy here"—he paused and considered—"one, Chundra Singh, where you sit in a chair when weary. And at parting you shall have a gift of a year's salary."

"I would barter it for thy daily smile, oh, son of the golden heart," said Chundra Singh feelingly.

One Man in a Million

Continued from page 21

spring; like the ones in the cinema, with a man in a white sailor's uniform silhouetted against the setting sun on the water, blowing a bugle as the flag came down. A battleship where all the sailors wore white—were in lovely straight lines, while an officer, who looked like the ones on yachts in the movies, talked to them! Or they were just lounging around. Some of them had on those funny jersey-shirt sort of things with short sleeves, or things like bathing-suit tops, and their floppy trousers, with very black heavy shoulders that gleamed like bronze . . . the movies. . . .

And Myra Paxton was on this battleship. In a sailor's uniform too. And there wasn't another girl anywhere. Nothing but millions and millions of bronzed, white-uniformed men—darling men—who'd be so thrilled if they knew that she, a girl, was on board that ship out in the ocean with them! . . .

And one of the sailors—always blond, with wonderful teeth, hurt himself. And nobody could take care of him as well as Myra. Of course he found out that she was a girl because when he was asleep she kissed his hair, and—

With a bump Myra came back to the people walking along Fifth Avenue.

This night in April was so warm. Myra had on a new hat, small and dark blue, and new black kid gloves that smelt so-so ritzy almost. In books, to be well gloved and well shod always led to romance, even if the in-between clothes were genteelly shabby. . . .

A car had slowed down at the curb, where she was waiting for her bus now. "Give you a lift uptown?"

Maybe it was the new hat? Or the spring dusk? Something jumped in Myra. He might like her? She didn't care—but something simply *had* to happen, exciting. . . .

"Oh, thanks, I'd—" And she climbed in, and was sensible a minute too late. The man reached out his hand and slammed the door tight after her. The car slid forward.

"Where can I put you down?" The man's voice was natural enough. But it startled Myra.

"One Hundred and Thirty-eighth Street and Broadway." She said it stiffly—didn't even think to ask if that was the way he was going.

THE car gathered speed. The man settled back comfortably into his seat, hands resting lightly on the wheel, and silent.

But Myra couldn't breathe—couldn't stop holding her breath. What if he didn't let her down? What if—

She leaned harder against her side of the car, drawing her feet back close against the base of the seat. What would she do if he tried to kiss her? If he— *Girl Mysteriously Missing. . . .*

If only she hadn't got in! . . . She turned her head to look out the side of the car—and the window in the door was open! The held breath escaped in a puff—really quite out loud—enough

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to make the man who was driving turn his head.

With that window open, if he tried to be funny, she could simply scream at the first policeman—the first anybody, and she'd be . . . safe. . . . Scream. . . .

"You sound tired. Glad I could give you a lift," the man commented kindly as he glanced at her after that sigh of relief.

At the sound of his voice Myra turned quickly. Startled again! "Why, I—I—" But she couldn't say any more. Wanted to, because he looked like a nice enough man. Oldish. Crumbs in a crease of his vest. And a diamond ring. That diamond scared Myra too. Men who wore diamonds were gamblers . . . and . . . She sat stiff, her heels pressing hard against the seat.

"Sure I can't take you any further?" The car had stopped in front of the delicatessen where Myra took the bus every morning.

"Um-m." Myra shook her head emphatically, her fingers tugging at the door.

"Here, I'll open that. It sticks some—"

But before he could finish his sentence Myra was out and hurrying across the sidewalk toward the store. She hurried up the street and up the stairs to the room where she lived, the sole roomer of the widowed Mrs. Higgins.

She dropped down on her bed, one leg crossed under her, and began pulling off the new kid gloves. It had been all right! He hadn't done a thing to her! It was a fine sedan too! . . . The glove came off, wrong side out, its grayish lining so stupid and not slippery-looking like the glazed side. . . . Biting a long thread on that rough side of the kid, Myra suddenly stopped, thread in her mouth, but her teeth, her mouth opening instead of closing over it. She'd forgotten to thank him!

POURING rain! Big drops that fell on the brim of your hat with a plop. And the kind of rain that rained up from the sidewalk too! It had been just gray and cloudy when Myra went into the Nonpareil Theatre to see the Queen of Clubs. The kind of night for a movie.

And now look at it! Simply pouring! Myra glanced down at her shoes. Quite high heels. Patent leather. Very thin soles. Not sensible shoes. But Myra loved them. They'd been her graduation shoes at high school. This was the first time they'd been worn as everyday shoes. . . .

She'd wait in the crowded lobby a while. It might stop.

The bright lights in the ceiling hurt her eyes a little—made people look white—the men. And the women pasty and splotchy—their rouge. Wet fur that smelt so-so smothery! People crowded behind the thick red braided ropes, gold-braided men holding them back because seats are hard to get at the Nonpareil after 7:30. Myra always went just after work, when the afternoon prices were still on, and then sat through the news reel twice to hear the singing and see the ballet. All for the afternoon price. . . . The hero in the Queen of Clubs always wore evening clothes and drove a foreign car . . . was really—heavenly. . . .

It had almost stopped raining. Myra left the damp fur and the white marble floor of the Nonpareil lobby, that looked as though people had been tracking melted stale chocolate all over it from the sidewalk. . . .

She was waiting for a bus at Fiftieth Street and Fifth Avenue. Not so much traffic now. Her left foot was feeling colder and colder. Getting wet through. Funny how one shoe always did first! . . .

"Want a lift? It's a rotten night!" The car stopped just as it was beginning to come down in fast big drops—the rain, again.

She looked down the Avenue. And there wasn't a bus in sight. Simply wasn't. And it was raining harder and harder and—

Myra slipped into the seat and closed the door, and stayed huddled as far as possible against her side of the car. Scared! Heart beating terribly hard! That same feeling of not being able to let go of her breath!

"Where do you want to go?"

"One Hundred and Thirty-eighth Street and Broadway," she told him shortly.

"Kind of a wet night, eh?" the man beside her commented conversationally. Not getting any reply, he went on: "I'll take you to your house if you'll give me the number. You'll get soaked in this."

Myra glanced at him quickly out of the corner of her eye. He was looking at the street in front of him—not at her. . . .

"The corner'll be fine, thank you," she answered stiffly. She certainly wasn't so dumb as to let him find out where she lived. . . .

The man was talking again. About how slippery the streets were nights like this. Myra listened to him— Liked his voice, and forgot to sit quite so tautly in her corner. Even managed a "Yes" and a "No" at the right places.

They'd turned the corner into 110th Street. And with that sharp change in direction came a dash of rain in Myra's face from the edge of the partly opened window glass. It made her give a little gasp and fumble blindly in her bag for a handkerchief. The water was wiped out of her eyes just in time to see the man finish turning up the window. Shut in the car with him! . . .

"Oh!" she gasped.

"Yeah?" interrogated the man. "Sorry you got ducked that way. I was a dumbbell not to have closed that window before."

But Myra's fingers had closed firmly over the handle that pulled the window up and down. She was frantically opening it again. And the rain whipped in. . . .

"What's the idea?" the man driving demanded. "We've gotta keep that window closed. Mind turning it up again?"

But Myra kept on twisting. "I like—like the rain," she stammered. Had to tell him something.

But the car had swung nearer the curb and slowed down enough for the man to steer it with one hand and pull at the window with the other. He got it up. And Myra was petrified. Really petrified!

"If this car gets wet, they hold me responsible," the man explained. "It belongs to the Smith Cracker Company, really, you see. I just use it on the job. I mean I've gotta take darn good care of it. You know." He looked at Myra huddled in the corner next to him. Funny, the way she didn't say anything. Most girls talked their darn heads off when they were getting a lift. Nice-seeming kid. Kind of plain, but—

From the light on the dashboard he could see her hands—that they were trembling and fumbling nervously at the strap of her bag.

"Say, do you feel cold, or something?" He paused uncertainly. Then: "How'd it be to stop at Procter's, 110th Street, and get some coffee or something?"

"Oh—no—no, thank you," Myra refused. But she turned to look at him again. He sounded all right. His voice. It was sort of gruff, and yet it sounded sort of . . . friendly. But you couldn't *know* it was all right. She'd got away with it all right last time. The one time she'd done it, but—

FOR a minute the man had said nothing. Then he announced rather bluntly: "You know, I'm all right. And—honest—I think you ought to have some coffee. Like a cup myself. Haven't had my supper yet. Have you?"

"Oh, I couldn't really!" protested Myra. Take money—anything from a man you'd never seen before! Why, he might—he might—

"Aw, come on! We're here, anyway, so—" The car was parked at the side of the street. "It's just Procter's, so it's all right," he was assuring her. Kid was darn cautious—

But he sounded so nice. And maybe he did like—want her to. . . . She oughtn't to. Not with a strange man. But she wanted to—had to— And Myra found herself getting out, even passing through the revolving doors.

They sat down at the nearest table. Myra couldn't get any farther—felt that everybody in the place was staring at her. They were right in front of the window where a little broad-waisted Italian, in his chef's hat, was flipping pancakes.

(*Continued on page 38*)

CORRECT STYLE . . BUT NOT A SINGLE ACHE

ARCH PRESERVER SHOE
"KEEPS THE FOOT WELL"
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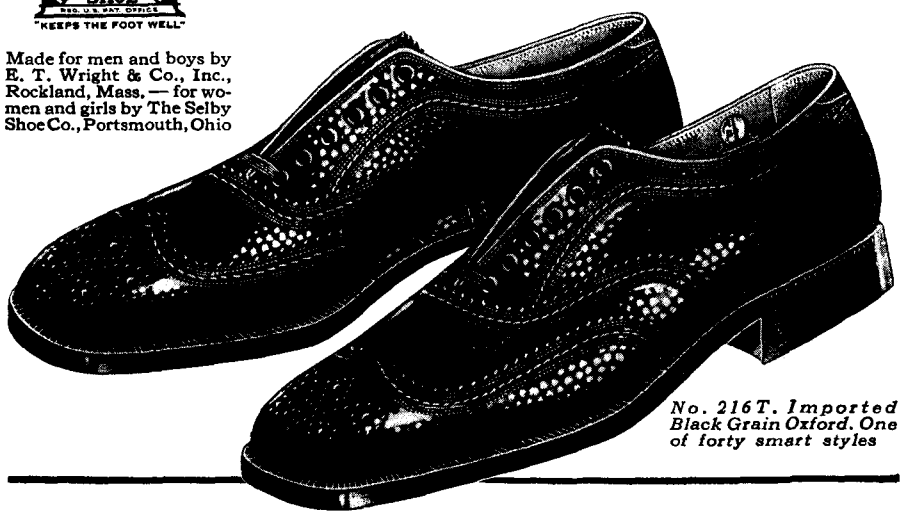
Made for men and boys by E. T. Wright & Co., Inc., Rockland, Mass. — for women and girls by The Selby Shoe Co., Portsmouth, Ohio



No. 216T. Imported Black Grain Oxford. One of forty smart styles

YOU can buy smart style in almost every shoe store you find. But when you try to buy style without the foot aches, then you begin to wonder. For ages men have thought they were compelled to choose between good looks and comfort in their shoes. Perhaps they were — but not today. They buy the Arch Preserver Shoe — with all the swank in the world — and lo and behold! they discover that something has happened to their old dogs. They have an urge to hustle, to prance, if you want to call it that, and consequently they go happily through their daily 18,908 steps and hardly realize the day has started. There's a pair of these better shoes waiting for your tired, aching feet. In your favorite style, too!

E. T. Wright & Co., Inc., Dept. C-75, Rockland, Mass.
Makers of Men's Fine Shoes Since 1876
Made in Canada by Scott-McHale, Ltd., London, Ont., licensed by E. T. Wright & Co., Inc.

Healthy, vigorous, comfortable feet — in smartly styled shoes — are assured by wearing the Arch Preserver Shoe. The concealed, built-in arch bridge prevents sagging and straining; the special modeling of the sole supports the metatarsal arch; the flat inner sole, crosswise, prevents pinching of nerves and blood-vessels. These features are patented; they are found in no other shoe. The Arch Preserver Shoe is superior, not merely because of one feature, but because all of its features are right. No shoe is an Arch Preserver Shoe unless stamped with the Trade-Mark.

Widen the circle of your activity by wearing the Arch Preserver Shoe.

THE ARCH PRESERVER SHOE

Send Coupon for Interesting Folder

Foot Aches — their cause and

E. T. Wright & Co., Inc., Dept. C-75, Rockland, Mass. Send me "Foot Aches Chart," style folder and name of nearest dealer.

Name.....
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PICKED OUT OF THE AIR, BY JACK BINNS

Wanted—*a wave brake*

THERE is no other human art that has attracted more inventive genius than radio. Thousands of devoted men are engaged at this moment seeking answers to problems that experience in the development of broadcasting has formulated. These problems are manifold. All of them are important. Above them all, however, stands one imperative need which at present looks impossible of attainment.

This need has to do specifically with transmission. It involves the production of a transmitter that will send its waves out in a definite circle of distance, *and no further*—day or night. If we could get such a result there would be room for a thousand broadcast stations in this country without any interference between them.

The engineer who reads this will say: "That is foolish, and you are absolutely crazy. It is against Nature. It is visionary and absolutely impossible." I agree with that just so long as I consider the present sum total of available knowledge, but I cannot accept it as the ultimate conclusion. Man is already doing so many things that are against Nature, that are visionary and which were impossible a few years ago.

How to Hang Antennæ

"I LIVE in the country," declares George Hayden, "and I fixed my aërial wire between two trees near my house. It is all right until a heavy wind comes, then once in a while the aërial breaks because of the whipsnap action of the trees. The dealer who sold me the radio said I should keep the wire tight at all times. If I do that it breaks. Have you anything to suggest?"

Sure, George! Instead of fastening the aërial to the trees, go down to your hardware store and get a couple of strong pulleys. Fasten these to the trees. Then reeve ropes through each pulley and fasten one end of your aërial to one rope, and the other end of your aërial to the remaining rope. On the free end of each rope fasten a fairly heavy weight about four or five feet below the pulley. It won't matter then how much the trees sag or pull, because the weights will either take up the slack or give way while keeping the aërial tight.

Bringing in Gotham

"UNTIL recently I lived in New York City," writes Alvin Baer of Bristol, Conn. "Since coming here my five-tube set does not bring in the New York stations with enough volume, and they fade away to nothing and then come back. Aërial is of the four-wire cage type, and seems O. K. Will a power tube help me any?"

A power tube will give you volume without distortion on all music or speech which successfully passes the detector tube. What you need in your new location is more sensitivity on the radio frequency side of your set. At present you have two stages. Three are really necessary for you now, and they must be shielded from one another so that you will get stability with the increased sensitivity. These radio frequency stages boost up the strength of the signal your antenna picks up so that the detector can get a good hold of it and pass it along in proper shape for the audio frequency amplifier to deliver to the loud speaker.

Renewing Radio Squeals

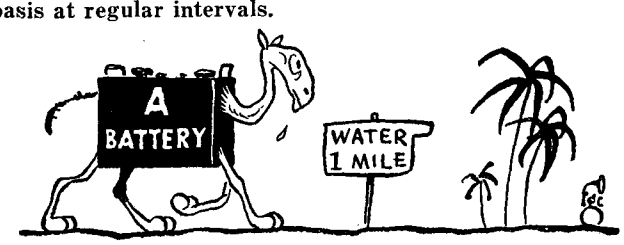
A MOST exciting radio program was arranged for the audience of KEX during the Pacific International Live Stock Exposition. According to the Associated Press the chief announcer of the station skillfully placed his microphone so that listeners could hear the contented moos of blue ribbon cows and the melodic squeals of prize pigs.

And to think that this display of ingenuity was made necessary by the misguided efforts of radio engineers who wasted laborious hours to remove squeals and grunts from radio receivers.

Lest you forget

If you own a darn good radio set which suddenly begins to deliver crumbly quality out of the loud speaker, take heed of the warning. It is invariably a sign that your storage battery needs water.

Like a camel the battery will go a long way without a drink, but—Oh! well, you know how all the camels in your neighborhood have to go to an oasis at regular intervals.



One Man in a Million

Continued from page 37

The man who sat down across the table from Myra *was* a nice young man!

He really was, Myra assured herself. Wouldn't let him guess she was scared. If he thought she wasn't he'd be—all right. And if she ordered pancakes and didn't drink anything. . . . Well, he couldn't put anything in the coffee if there wasn't any!

She couldn't help liking his blondish hair—and wonderful teeth! She didn't notice that he had a pug nose and that his neck was a little pinkish—and big, so that it stretched the points of his striped collar 'way out.

Myra ordered. Refused the coffee. But the young man ordered coffee for two just the same.

"Sure—you better take some," he urged. "You were shivery there in the auto. I saw you."

He *was* going to try to make her drink something! . . . But he'd been so nice, somehow—just to notice that she'd been—not shivering really, but trembly and scared. . . .

"What kind of an auto is your—your—" Myra stumbled. What to say? What to say? He—if she said something, he might like her. . . . She wanted to talk to him: did want to. . . .

"Regal. But it isn't mine exactly, just as I told you. I can use it, though, all the time. Even not on business," he paused. He was looking at Myra's red cheeks and white skin. Nice. "I cover from Thirty-fourth Street to uptown, selling—"

"I know. We use their crackers at the Woman's Exchange. I file the food receipts and things, so—" Myra stopped. She'd told him where she worked! He could follow her now! He might. . . . And what would he think of her? . . .

Ham and eggs, though, and the pancakes, and the bright shiny clatter-bang atmosphere of Procter's. It wasn't scary or mysterious—and you simply couldn't make it dangerous, Procter's!

Myra told him that she didn't know anybody in New York, really, and that she really didn't accept rides from men, only this once. . . .

"Sure?" teased the man with the nice teeth, grinning at her a little.

"Honestly, I never—just once, I—" Myra stumbled. Would he think she was awful because of that once? . . . She did want him not to! "Just that once, I did because—"

And the young man laughed. He liked her. She didn't snap out clever remarks at him and then razz him because he didn't slam one back. . . . Easy kid to talk to.

SO HE told her he lived in New York too. Always had. But he didn't like girls much. Except once in a while. . . . By the time their order arrived they'd remembered to exchange names. His was Joe Ferguson.

And Myra kept thinking now about how funny it was that he was so blond—just the way she'd wanted him to be. . . . Trying too to tell herself that she didn't—shouldn't let this happen like this! He went on and told her about his job. He was working like the devil. Going to be a district manager some day or bust. You bet!

"You see," he was saying earnestly, shoving his plate to one side on the glass-topped table—"you see, I've only been with 'em about a year now. I was in the navy till then, so—"

"Oh-h!" exclaimed Myra softly. It simply couldn't be that too—the way it should be— "On a battleship?" she questioned breathlessly. He'd look heavenly in a white uniform!

"Sure. The Pennsylvania," Joe told her. "Slick boat. And a knockout way for a good time. But no future. You know?"

Myra nodded. Right then his past was so much more romantic than his future—or all he needed to be without any future. . . .

But Joe Ferguson was different. He suddenly stopped talking about himself. "Better let me order some more coffee, Myra? Mind if I call you that?"

"No—and yes, I will if you will," Myra agreed quickly. She'd forgotten all about not drinking coffee with strange young men in New York. Perhaps—well, Joe Ferguson wasn't like other men. . . .

Till they'd finished the second cups of coffee, Myra kept asking questions about uniforms and what he'd been in the navy. Machinist's something. She couldn't understand what it was—didn't really care, anyway. Because she was picturing Joe Ferguson as a combination of the bugler and the awfully straight officer—and heavenly-looking. . . .

It wasn't till she was standing waiting for him at the door, while he went to pay the checks, that Myra thought to be sensible again—to realize that this man was paying for something for her. She owed him something now! Obligation. *And she'd picked him—no, she'd* let him pick her up! But his shoulders were heavy and broad as he stood there in front of the cashier. Myra could see them—all bronzed and dark. Yet anybody could see Joe's complexion was the kind that had to freckle!

WHEN he came up to her she was gazing absorbedly into the flickering blue flame of the cigar lighter on its silver standard near the door. Seeing everything she'd always dreamed about. . . .

It didn't take half enough time to get from Procter's up to 138th Street. Though they went the longest way—along Riverside Drive. And they didn't talk at all hardly. And didn't realize they weren't talking, somehow—

Myra loved the way Joe Ferguson sat so sort of carelessly in his corner of the seat while he drove. As though driving in New York simply wasn't anything at all! He was so—so everything! Maybe—oh! would he like her? Would he? It would be so—so exciting, and not real. . . .

"Well, here we are!" He halted the car in front of the brownstone house where she lived.

Myra's fingers were on the handle of the door. She had to get right out or else— He was so nice. . . . Scared? Not of Joe Ferguson—but of what *she'd* do. Because she was thrilled. Trembling she was so thrilled! Things were all such a lot the way she'd always thought they had to be—yet couldn't ever be.

"Do you have to get right out?" asked Joe, reaching over to hold the door so that Myra couldn't open it. His elbow touched her arm ever so slightly while he was holding the door, sending through Myra a tingly feeling: making her warm—excited—the way she used to feel when she pretended she was the girl in the brilliant evening wrap on the arm of the man in the tuxedo outside a Fifth Avenue apartment house.

"Say, Myra," Joe interrupted her racing thoughts, "if you're going to take your bus there at that corner where I picked—where I met you," he quickly corrected himself, "I'll pretty nearly always be able to give you a lift home. I mean, I come by that way about every night."

He was watching her. Golly, she looked pretty all of a sudden! Funny he hadn't thought she was before. . . .

"Oh—why, I—I'm there every night," Myra answered. A tiny quiver in her voice—excited quiver. She just *couldn't* say another word!

And before Joe Ferguson could answer she'd loosened his fingers from the door handle, and was gone—up the front steps.

Upstairs, slamming her door, Myra threw her bag on the bed. Stood in the middle of the room, hands pressed tight against her cheeks! Breathing fast. He was darling . . . different. . . . Not—oh! not like the millions of other men in New York—

She caught her breath in a small gasp. She hadn't said good night! . . . But she would—tomorrow night!

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Welcome Home

Continued from page 16

returned, "being obliged to disturb you in the quiet possession of what I see you have come to regard as entirely your own."

His father, who had not spoiled his only son, had indulged his servants even less—a cold, unshielded bulb swung from a cord and made a desperately stern light—and yet to Tom's besotted eyes she looked radiantly beautiful.

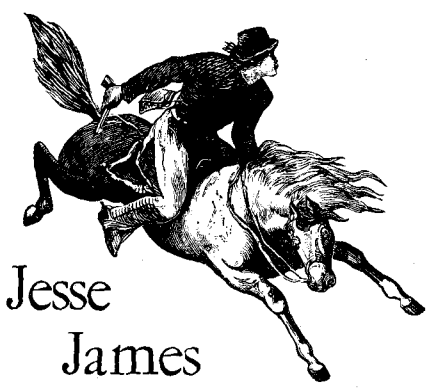
"I know a great deal more about you than I did the last time we met," she said.

"You suggest that it is all to my disfavor."

"No—not all."

"At least the district attorney has never interested himself in my doings," he returned. He felt the danger of being too pert with her, but more the other danger of falling down at her feet—yes, just as he had supposed, a nice little arched foot very suitable for being set on anyone's neck.

"Mr. Robinson promised me that he would see you on board your train," she



Jesse James

The life and work of the great martyr is dealt with exhaustively, but with a deplorable lack of respect, in

The Bad Man from Missouri

IN NEXT WEEK'S COLLIER'S

said, as if you couldn't trust anyone but yourself to do things properly.

"Well, to be honest, he did—but I got off again."

"But why—why did you?" she demanded insistently.

He smiled irritatingly: "Is it obligatory to answer that question, Your Honor?"

This time she really did tap her foot on the bare floor. "I ask you a civil question—" she began.

"Not so very."

SHE brushed it all aside. "Well," she said, "it really doesn't matter what your reasons were for coming, because it is perfectly clear to both of us that you cannot stay."

"I don't wish to appear ungracious," he returned gently, "but this is, in a manner of speaking, my house."

"You wish to turn me out?"

"No, but I might like to stay a few days myself."

"That's quite impossible," she answered, and then, as he looked at her with queer light-gray eyes shining out of his tanned face, she stepped boldly into the narrow hallway and passed him.

"Come," she said, "let us go down to the library and I will try to make you understand."

It seemed to him an excellent idea. Never in all his life had he met a woman, young or old, ugly or pretty who contributed so little—so absolutely nothing to flattery of the great male ego. Of course much the nicest kind of women—the kind of woman all men really desired—was the kind who flattered you simply by being essentially feminine: unable to open windows or make important decisions without masculine help. Then there were those who frankly flattered a man in words—not so bad either. Last of all there were these annoyingly dominating women who at least paid a fellow the compliment of offering combat—of contending with him for the mastery of a situation.

BUT this girl did not come under any of these classifications: she played her hand alone, and did not care how you played yours—and so beautiful too! It seemed to him queer. He could not, as he said to himself, get it at all. She did not exactly despise him or ignore him, nor was she in the least interested in him. She did not even try to bamboozle him—it was most sinister, that.

She curled up in the corner of the sofa, one slim ankle held in a slim hand, and looked at him with her enormous light-blue eyes.

"I suppose you know," she said, "that I am Adele Carson's sister and that the reason why you can't turn me out is—"

"But I don't want to turn you out."

"Yes, you do—why not? But you can't do it, because if you did I should be immediately indicted for perjury, and the maximum penalty for perjury is twenty years in state's prison."

"Twenty years?"

"Isn't that ridiculous, when so often your motives for committing perjury are excellent—as mine were."

"But you would never be convicted," he murmured.

"Indeed, I should."

"Not unless juries are impaneled among the blind."

"You don't understand."

"Are you trying to say that you are guilty?" he inquired.

She gave a little shake of her head. "I'll tell you the whole story," she said, "and you can settle that point for yourself—whether I'm guilty or not." And then she tossed all this away. "Yes," she said suddenly, almost fiercely—"yes, if you want to know, I am guilty. I did commit perjury—I lied under oath. That is why I—a truthful person, though you mayn't believe it—was obliged to lie to you last night; why I am forcing myself upon you—"

"I should not say that you were doing that."

"I am—of course I am. No one in the world, I sometimes think, ever faces facts except myself."

"Get on with your story, Scheherazade."

Curled up, in the corner of the sofa, she looked not unlike some lovely queen brought from a mixed population where black-haired and blue-eyed people had mingled.

"Well," she said, "you must understand that my sister is one of the most beautiful creatures in the world."

"More beautiful than the only other member of the family who—"

"Much more," answered Miss Deane, "and nicer too. Everyone likes her looks better—and, then, she has a nice nature."

"Haven't you?"

"*I?* Good gracious, no! I have the worst nature possible. I hate almost everyone almost all the time. Adele is just the opposite—she thinks everyone is perfect as long as she can. But you know, Mr. Bentham, that people with horrid natures sometimes have a good deal of power over people with nice ones, and though Adele is several years older than I am, I have always been able to influence her . . . at least until she fell in love with Ira—then I could not do anything with her."

"You tried to stop her marrying him?"

"I did indeed. . . . Did you ever see Ira? No. Well, he is a great big bluff sporting-person sort of man—all simple geniality outside, and the greatest

(*Continued on page 40*)

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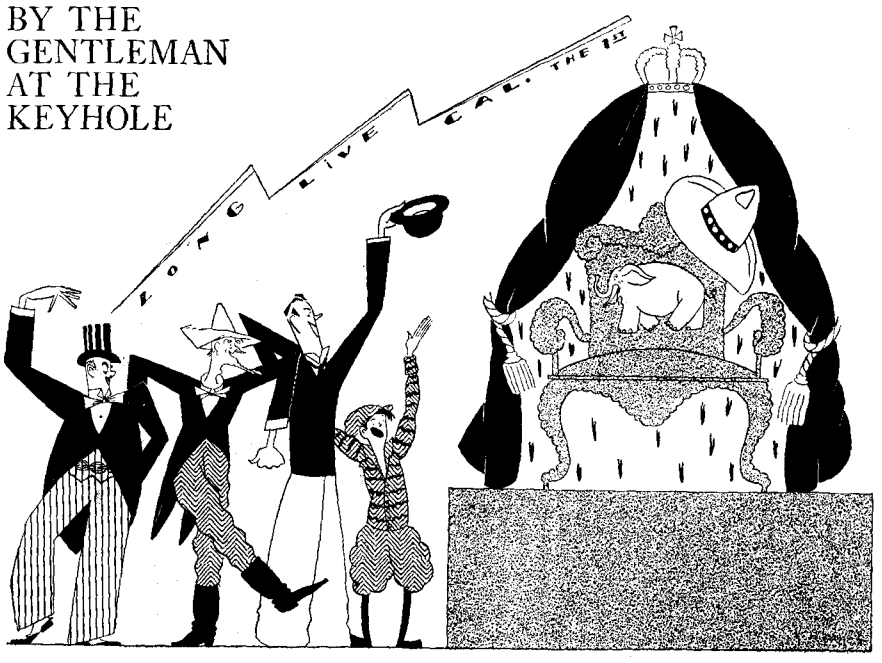
BY THE GENTLEMAN AT THE KEYHOLE



Suds *from* Sudbury

GOVERNOR AL SMITH is now as good as nominated for President. Two thirds of the delegates to the next Democratic National Convention will vote for him, not because two thirds of them really want him as a candidate but because some of them are determined to have him as a candidate and because the rest of them feel that no other course is open to them than to let him be the candidate.

There has never since the defeat of Davis in 1924 been any real alternative.

His fate as a candidate is going to depend upon the psychology of the country at the time it comes to vote. And that psychology, so far as one can judge from the indications nine months or more in advance of the election, is not favorable to him.

In the first place there is the unadventurous spirit in the body politic. Sudbury, Mass., receives the prize for silliness in the vote of the Republican leaders, business men and bankers, in favor of giving Mr. Coolidge a life term for President.

Nevertheless Sudbury is symptomatic of a strange un-American fear of change. With Mr. Coolidge for life, the feeling runs, the uncertain future would be arrested. A static America would be preserved.

And the election of Al Smith would be an adventure in democracy; some may think a salutary adventure, but still an adventure. To a lot of people the election of any Democrat to the Presidency is an adventure, one not to be lightly and frequently indulged in.

But the election of Al Smith is many times the adventure that the election of any usual Democratic candidate for President would be.

How'd You Like a Mussolini

IN THE first place, there is his religion. No man of his religion has ever been even nominated for the Presidency. To the majority of the country his religion is alien and dubious.

In the next place he is urban; he is the first product of the city streets to become a Presidential possibility, and a product, too, of the most alien and dubious city in the country.

Urban dominance in politics is an adventure. It is an adventure like the obtrusion of the backwoods into the Presidency in the person of Andrew Jackson. But the country was young then and full of faith.

Is it so sure of itself today? Is it as ready for adventure? Silly Sudbury answers no and hysterically demands Coolidge for life.

When Henry Clay had been beaten a few times for the Presidency an old biographer of his hazarded the explanation that his political opponents had stolen the best name with which to conjure votes out of the people—Democratic. Al Smith is democratic. But with the world abandoning its enthusiasm for democracy which it imitated from us, it is a question whether democracy is a word to conjure with. When Italy in the time of Mazzini was all for imitating the United States, some of the United States in the time of Mussolini is for imitating Italy!

It used to be said that the cure for the ills of democracy was more democracy. Mr. Hughes used to say it in the days of his ardent faith. Now the cure for the ills of democracy is more and more Coolidge.

Democracy or Dictatorship?

WHATEVER we may say of Sudbury the fact remains that if we do not always incline to kings for safety it is very natural to trust for governance to the ruling classes.

In a time of confusion and doubt it is an adventure to put our fate into the hands of one not of the ruling class. Some Democrats may get by as hardly distinguishable from members of the ruling class. But Al Smith is not one of these. His origin is humble. He did not go to college. His grammar is not always impeccable. He belongs to a political organization that is almost outcast. He is not a great banker like Mr. Dawes nor a great engineer and promoter like Mr. Hoover.

People speak of his rather lately and imperfectly acquired social fitness. And that is significant. His election means the coming up of something from the bottom of American political life, an overturning of traditions which once limited the Presidency to the ruling class of Virginia and Massachusetts and then were extended to include the ruling class of the frontier.

A self-confident democracy steadily widens its ruling class. But is this a self-confident democracy?

Here are the reasons why no one predicts the election of Governor Smith to the Presidency, although everyone admits that in him the Democratic party has produced its greatest figure in many years. Those who analyze the situation perceive that the greatest obstacle to his success is not in his religion nor in his wetness, but in the state of mind of the American people.

Those who think he may win believe that this state of mind is not so real as it seems, that down beneath the surface there is warmth and faith, the old desire for popular heroes, a preference for personality to graven images.

Welcome Home

Continued from page 39

crook at heart—not about money: not any longer, anyhow, for he has all he can use—but, well, he's rather like a savage's idea of God: very kind and benevolent as long as everyone is suitably servile and admiring, but let disobedience, or, worse still, criticism raise its ugly head, and Ira becomes a cruel avenging devil. Adele thought he was just the simple, kindly, noble-hearted man he appeared, and she would marry him. For five years everything went well—pretty well. Adele's idea of marriage was to sit at home and wait breathlessly for the return of the adored one—and then to adore him."

"And your idea?"

"Is never, never to marry," she answered. "You know, you make it hard for me to tell you this story if you keep on with these trivial interruptions."

"I do not consider your attitude to marriage trivial."

"Irrelevant—at least to you."

"Bing!" said Bentham.

She did not notice him. "But, though sweet, my sister is not an idiot," she went on. "Though willing and eager to spend her life adoring her husband, she did expect him to continue to love her—or at least to enjoy being adored."

"No trouble about that, I should think—as you describe your sister."

"There was trouble, Mr. Bentham: there always is for a woman who gives up her whole life and will to a man—makes herself his doormat. Naturally he loses all interest in her."

"You, I take it, will never lose a man's interest in just that way."

She smiled. "I shall never care much whether I do or not, but Adele cared terribly, and as she felt him slipping from her she tried to regain him by greater and greater sweetness and subservience to him—she accepted his rudeness and his neglect . . . showing no spirit, no matter what I said to her . . . until at last the inevitable happened, and she found that he was carrying on a love affair with this other woman, this sultana, Mrs. Salvari, the widow of the violinist.

"When Adele found this out she lost her sweetness and began to make scenes—not nice, gentle scenes where she burst into tears and said he did not love her any more—Ira rather enjoyed that kind—but terrible scenes of contempt in which she held him up to ridicule and showed him to himself as she saw him: a deceiver, a liar. No one can destroy a man's self-respect like the woman who has once loved him. Ira couldn't stand it. He demanded that she give him a divorce. She refused—absolutely.

"Then for the first time Ira saw himself balked of something that he wanted—and balked by a creature whom he had been accustomed to control. Worse still, he cut a poor figure in the eyes of this other woman, to whom he had undoubtedly promised that all would be arranged in five minutes so that he and she could be married. He offered Adele half his fortune if she would get a divorce (at least he said it was half his fortune—that was so like Ira—it was a mere fraction). She refused."

THE girl paused, and Tom saw that she had put her hand to her chin to keep it from trembling.

"You hate him very much," he said.

She nodded. "Wait till you hear what he did. He had a secretary, one of these neat, handsome, efficient little men—you know the kind. No one ever paid any more attention to Weekes than to a scullery maid. . . ."

"Exactly what is a scullery maid?" asked Bentham mildly.

"I really haven't any idea," said Miss Deane. "Adele had been kind to him, as she is to everyone. Of course he adored Adele—everyone does. Well, Ira decided to be free of his wife by the simple means of suing her for divorce in New York State and naming Weekes as the man. . . ."

"How is it possible for a man to do such a thing?"

"I will tell you," she returned. "I hate him so that I understand him perfectly. Ira's picture of himself is of a very good man—he sits on educational boards; he gives great sums to charity, and he has prospered in the affairs of this world; so that it is clear to him that heaven is always on his side. What a good man wants *is* right, therefore anyone who opposes him is wrong—is, in fact, villainous—and against villains you are justified in using any weapon. But of course the first thing he did was to persuade himself that it was true—and of course he persuaded other people. He used to have in all his important friends, one at a time—bishops and bank presidents and newspaper owners—and he would tell them his sad story in the strictest confidence: told them that his adored wife had been untrue to him, and cried like anything. . . ."

"Did he really cry?" asked Bentham.

"Yes, indeed, he cried. What is the use of my telling you this if you don't believe me? Ira cried whenever he wanted to—men cry a lot, you know—it's just an idea that they don't. He not only cried, but all the time. Even when he was alone, I dare say, he was busy acting the part of a devoted husband, injured in his highest ideals of a woman . . . never a word about his having wanted a divorce for his own purposes—oh, no. No one would believe you if you said that. Well, my poor sister was stunned at first—she couldn't understand what was going on. She began by thinking that he *was* jealous, and tried to explain to him that there was nothing in the idea. . . ."

SHE paused and turned to him. "I love my sister," she said, "better than anyone in the world, but she is a good deal of a worm. She was so broken-hearted at last that I believe she would have let Ira have his way without opposition, but I persuaded her she must have a lawyer and fight the case."

"But what about the secretary . . . what did he say?"

"We never shall know what he would have said under oath," answered Barbara. "But he seemed entirely under Ira's thumb. I have never thought, as Mr. Robinson did, that Weekes had been bribed, but I do think it occurred to him that he might be able to marry Adele . . . Adele went to a lawyer—a respected, honorable lawyer—several. . . .

"Do you think that did her any good? It did not. They all began to behave at once as if they were Ira's lawyer—they advised her to compromise—they pointed out that to assume Mr. Carson would bring such an accusation unless he believed it to be true was to intimate that he was not a gentleman, and that nothing warranted their making such an assumption. In fact, in my opinion they stood together as men against a woman. But you'll probably say that they felt she had a weak case. At last someone told her to go to Robinson. I will say for him that he is not afraid—he didn't care about Ira's being rich and powerful and having great financial interests. He saw all the risks, and he got into action. He brought a counter suit, and named the lovely widow."

"Had he any evidence?" asked Tom.

She shook her head. "Not a shred—that was the trouble, though it was perfectly well known. She had told all her friends—boasted, even, that she and Ira were having a love affair, and they had told a good many of their friends . . . but of course none of them could testify."

"And that's where you came in," said Tom gently.

She looked up over his head, staring, looking, he thought, uplifted and shining.

"It's a curious thing, Mr. Bentham," she said seriously, "what happens to you when you make up your mind to commit a crime."

(*To be continued next week*)

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The Valley Girl

Continued from page 24

Christie's coat was on the ground beside Cole's before the words were fairly out. But two or three of the other men crowded between the belligerents.

"Leave him to us, chief!" begged one of them. "We'll—"

"You've got him with the goods," declared another in the same breath, but more loudly and insistently. "Don't spoil it by scrapping. You've been wanting proof that the Bett crowd are working sabotage on you. Now you've got your proof. We've caught this Cole cuss with the goods. All we've got to do is hold him here till we can phone the sheriff. He—"

"WHAT did you do to the feller on guard up there at the quarry?" yelled a third man, thrusting his raging face close to Gavin's. "He's my brother. And he don't go to sleep on no job neither. Nor yet you couldn't have downed him in clean fight. He never even gave the alarm. What'd you do to him? If you've—"

"Shut up, Lerner," commanded Jeff Christie, stemming the multiple torrent of words and hauling the speaker backward by the collar as he seemed about to launch himself on Cole. "If there's slugging to be done here, I'll do it. Chase up to the quarry and see what's happened to your brother. Come back quick and let me know. Perhaps he's been killed by this noble spy. Chase!"

With elaborate civility Christie addressed the raging Gavin:

"I'm afraid the examination must wait till Lerner comes back with his report," said he. "Killing or maiming a guard is not on the free list, even in this era of valley warfare. When you began your pleasant sabotage tactics, I set guards over some of my less sparable equipment. I didn't realize that you might add manslaughter or mayhem to your other manly pastimes."

The man's elephantine sarcasm was as hard-held as had been his earlier drawl. But it cooled Gavin's blind rage to a deadlier calm.

"One minute, please," he interposed, noting that four or five men had ranged themselves between Christie and himself as if to balk any further attempt of his at physical attack. "One minute. You can spend it in thinking up new wise cracks if you like. But there's something that even a muttonhead like yourself can see, if you'll only stop to think. It's this: if I was a mayhem fancier or cared to spend my day of rest in dabbling in manslaughter, I could have had my fill of both a few moments ago. I could have gotten off that runaway gondola—as I did get off it—and before I got off. I needn't have wasted good pistol shots in making you people turn around to see what was bearing down on you. If I had minded my own business, instead of giving that alarm, there might be crape on a few doors in the valley by tonight. Those of you who were in the pit down yonder could never have got out of the car's way before it landed on you, even if the men sitting on the buffer had seen the danger in time to sidestep. So much for that end of the argument."

He paused. One or two of the men glanced furtively at each other. Even Christie's white anger seemed to blend with a sudden perplexity. In the scurry and turmoil and shock of the past minute or so all of them had forgotten the pistol-shot warning which had enabled them to jump clear of the on-flying death machine.

"While you're explaining that away," continued Gavin, "here's another thing to think about: whoever started the gondola down the track must have known there were likely to be people loitering around the pit on Sundays. If he cared to give them a warning—which he didn't—would he have risked his own life by riding downhill on the car for the sake of firing alarm shots? If he would, then I'm the man who set your gondola in motion. Also, I'm the man who discovered America. Think it over."

The first outburst of wrath was ebbing as his hearers mulled over his half-smiling words. Jeff Christie muttered to the man nearest him:

"I wonder if the brakes gave way of themselves. They were pretty old and—"

"No," broke in Gavin, overhearing, "they didn't. When you go down into the pit and take a look at the gondola you'll see they didn't. Both brake wheels were taken off, and the rods were bent with a hammer or a rock. The man who did the job made it so complete that nobody could climb aboard and stop the car after it got under way. I know, because that's what I tried to do.

"I saw it coming toward me before it had gone a hundred feet. It was moving slow enough for me to board it. I ran to put on the brakes. It was then I saw the wheels were gone. I slipped on the pile of stones she was loaded with. By the time I could get up we were going too fast for me to jump off.

"That's all, except that I was on a hike through the hills when I saw the car moving. I'm telling you this yarn for my own sake, not for yours. You don't believe it, and I'm not interested in making you believe it.

"Now, since you're too prudent to fight a man you've insulted and since your crowd is too many for me, I'll wait here quietly while you phone for the sheriff. Only, if any officious fool tries to make a hit with you by grabbing me, he's going to the hospital. Then you'll have a real mayhem charge to make against me with plenty of witnesses."

He walked over to an upturned keg and seated himself on it, beginning to study his own mangled palms and ignoring the men he had been haranguing.

A confusion of low-pitched voices broke in upon the instant's puzzled silence which followed his speech. But in the timbre of the various mingled tones, now, there was far more perplexity than anger.

CHRISTIE walked over to the edge of the foundation pit and stared down. Presently he returned to the others.

"Both the brake wheels are gone," he told them. "If they had been knocked off when the car hit the bottom, they'd be somewhere in sight."

"Mightn't be," urged another man. "Plenty of débris to cover them."

"Hold on," interposed another speaker—with the corner of his eye Cole could see he was one of the trio he had met beside the hand bridge—"Hold on. I've been figuring this out. I was coming back here with Rice and Dixon, from Woolet, just a little while ago. This man was just in front of us. He couldn't have got to the quarry, even if he'd run every step up the hill, and licked Pete Lerner to a standstill and then taken the brake wheels off the car and climbed aboard it. No, nor yet he couldn't have got there in time to boss the job if one of his men was doing it."

Christie was looking strangely at Cole. Suddenly Jeff's resolve was taken.

"Mr. Cole," he said stiffly, yet with no trace of his recent anger, "may I remind you that you are trespassing on posted ground, and ask you to take yourself off it as soon as you can? I owe you an apology for accusing you of wrecking my car. I was wrong. But I am not apologizing. You couldn't have committed this particular act of sabotage; but under your orders far worse things have been done to my equipment during the past month. I needn't cite the list. You're familiar with it. So please get back to your own land and your own kind of people without further talk."

"You ordered me off your land once before," returned Gavin, without getting up from his keg. "That time I went. I'm going today. But not till you have the squareness to explain to me what you've meant by saying I or our

(*Continued on page 42*)

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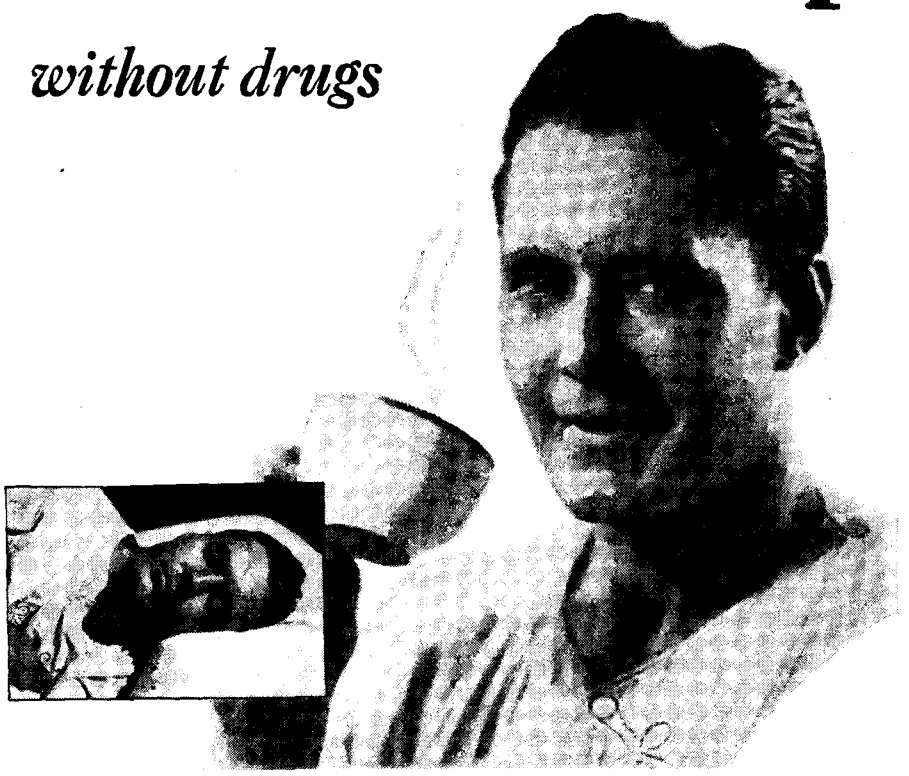

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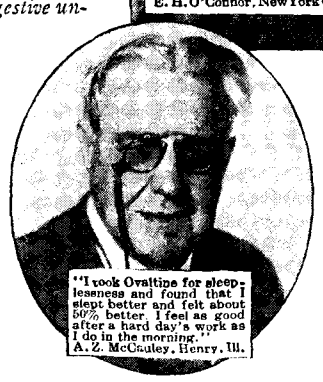
Authorities agree that *digestive unrest* is the main cause of sleeplessness. Ovaltine overcomes this condition in two ways:

FIRST—It digests very quickly itself. Even in cases of impaired digestion.

SECOND—It has the unusual power of digesting 4 to 5 times its weight of other foods you eat. Hence, it aids your digestion which goes on speedily and efficiently. Frayed nerves are soothed. Sound sleep follows.

And as you sleep, the special food properties of Ovaltine also help to restore your tired mind and body. (One cup of Ovaltine has actually more food value than 12 cups of beef extract, 7 cups of cocoa, or 3 eggs.) That is why, after drinking a cup of hot Ovaltine at night, you awaken in the morning so completely refreshed—abounding with new-found vitality and tireless energy. Note the unsolicited testimonials below.

"Before using Ovaltine I used to be tired out after a day's work. Too tired even to sleep. But now, thanks to Ovaltine, I sleep soundly and awaken in the morning fresh, clear and full of energy for the day's work."
E. H. O'Connor, New York City



"I took Ovaltine for sleeplessness and found that I slept better and felt about 50% better. I feel as good after a hard day's work as I do in the morning."
A. Z. McCauley, Henry, Ill.

Hospitals and Doctors recommend it

Ovaltine has been in use in Switzerland for over 30 years. Now in universal use in England and her colonies. During the great war it was served as a standard ration to invalid soldiers.

A few years ago Ovaltine was introduced into this country. Today hundreds of hospitals use it. More than 20,000 doctors recommend it. Not only for sleeplessness, but because of its special dietetic properties, they also recommend it for nerve-strain, malnutrition, underweight and delicate children, nursing mothers and the aged.

Make this 3-day test

Just make a 3-day test of Ovaltine. Note the difference, not only in your sleep, but in your next day's energy. You tackle your work with greater vigor. You "carry through" for the whole day. You aren't too tired to go out for the evening. There's a new zest to your work; to all your daily activities. It's truly a "pick-up" drink—for any time of the day.

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Builds Body, Brain and Nerves

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180 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

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One package to a person

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Pipe-loving Doctor Re-discovers His Favorite Tobacco

Tempted to change his brand, one whiff from another's pipe makes him stick to his good old standby

Just as the grass looks greener on the other side of the fence, smokers sometimes think the other man's tobacco smells sweeter than their own.

Recently a Charleston optometrist found himself enticed from the fold, only to discover that his old favorite had led him astray:

Charleston, W. Va.,
March 4, 1927

Larus & Bro. Co.,
Richmond, Va.

Gentlemen:

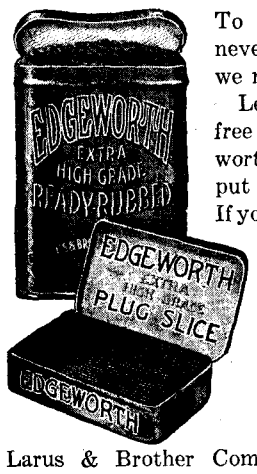
Recently I stopped in a little village that consisted of about nine houses and a small hotel, which I entered.

A little old man wearing a skull cap was seated in a rocking-chair smoking an enormous pipe. I had come to buy a can of Edgeworth, but when I caught a whiff of the tobacco he was smoking I changed my mind. The aroma of that tobacco was so delightful that I made up my mind right then and there that I wanted some of the same brand, regardless of the cost.

I began with: "I beg your pardon, sir, but I came in to buy a can of tobacco, and I would like the same brand you are smoking if you don't mind telling me." He looked at me for a moment, grasped his pipe with one hand and said: "I'm smoking Edgeworth. Would you like some?"

Of course I did, and I secured a supply from the old fellow. The joke, of course, was on me, but I went on my way rejoicing.

Yours very truly,
Dr. John R. Koch



To those who have never tried Edgeworth, we make this offer:

Let us send you free samples of Edgeworth so that you may put it to the pipe test. If you like the samples, you'll like Edgeworth wherever and whenever you buy it, for it never changes in quality.

Write your name and address to Larus & Brother Company, 5 S. 21st Street, Richmond, Va.

We'll be grateful for the name and address of your tobacco dealer, too, if you care to add them.

Edgeworth is sold in various sizes to suit the needs and means of all purchasers. Both Edgeworth Plug Slice and Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed are packed in small, pocket-size packages, in handsome humidors holding a pound, and also in several handy in-between sizes.

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On your radio—tune in on WRVA, Richmond, Va.—the Edgeworth Station. Wave length (254.1 meters) 1180 kilocycles

The Valley Girl

Continued from page 41

men committed sabotage here. There is no sense in my giving my word where it won't be believed. Otherwise I'd give you my word of honor that I have not committed or ordered any sabotage or any other dirty act, and that to the best of my knowledge and honest belief none of our men have committed any."

Christie frowned, his lean face worriedly uncertain. One of his men laughed in elaborate derision at Cole's quietly worded statement.

"Shut up!" Jeff bade the mirthful one. "Even a cur doesn't usually pledge his word, unasked, to a lie. There's a mix-up here that I—"

"When you have been handling construction gangs as long as I have, Mr. Christie," suggested Cole, "you'll know that every time a careless drunkard leaves a tap running or leaves a lighted cigarette near a pile of waste or bungles a machine till it's out of gear, there's always a hoot of 'Sabotage!' Our outfit doesn't need to wreck your stuff, any more than we'd need to stack the cards in playing poker with a baby. We've got you licked, ten ways from the jack—you and the coyly invisible interests behind you. You won't even get the traditional thirty pieces for betraying this valley of yours."

CHRISTIE went red and took a step forward. This time nobody interfered, for everybody was staring up the rail-ripped track. Christie, in mid-advance, stopped and stared with them.

Down the track was coming Lerner. Leaning heavily on him, and more carried than walking, was a man in khaki—a man whose head was swathed in two joined and dirty handkerchiefs, their grayish surfaces soaked in blood.

By the time he was in earshot Lerner began to shout his report to the men who hurried to meet him.

"There he was!" he yelled furiously. "There was poor old Pete, here, a-laying on the ground, under the quarry shed; clean knocked out. 'Twasn't till I dowsed a pail of water over him that he come to. Look at that swat somebody give him from behind!" he orated, jerking the handkerchief bandage away and revealing a fair-sized contusion at the back of the skull. "That's why Pete didn't stop the car from cutting loose. He was *out*."

Catching sight of Gavin Cole seated on the keg, he left his brother to the attention of the men who had crowded around them. Fists a-swing, Lerner strode truculently up to the seated man.

Gavin, deep in thought about this deliberate sabotage, scarcely noted his approach until the avenger was almost upon him.

Head down and arms flailing, Lerner rushed him. More by boxing instinct than conscious action, Gavin slipped from his keg seat, ducking a frantic swing and stepping out of reach.

Lerner checked his futile rush and charged afresh, hurling himself at Cole as the others yelled to him to desist and as they ran forward to lay hold of him.

They were not quick enough.

In plunged Lerner, bull-like in blind battle rage. Gavin set himself and struck, moving his head an inch or so to one side to miss the laborer's ham-like and whizzing right fist.

Cole's calmly planted blow caught Lerner neatly on the chin, perhaps an inch to the right of the unshaven jaw point. Lerner was lunging forward with his whole body at the time, thus doubling the blow's already tremendous impetus.

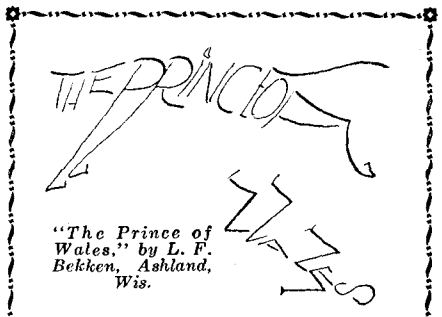
The laborer's toes lifted clean off the ground as Gavin's punch sounded sharp and murderous against his jaw. Lerner's knees turned to tallow. He slumped forward on his face and lay there twitching a little.

The other men reached the scene of brief warfare too late to interfere or even to catch the victim as he fell.

"This seems to be an off day for the Lerner brothers," commented Gavin as he surveyed his own barked knuckles and tensed his tingling left arm. "Mr. Christie, I am sorry to have had to put this man out. But you saw for yourself it was he or I. I'm sorrier to believe you are right when you call this car business a piece of sabotage. I am going to carry the case to headquarters. I'm going to find out who has done this, and when I do I'm going to handle him a lot worse than I handled Lerner. After that I'm going to fire him. Good-by."

He walked through the knot of undecided and muttering men, close past Christie, and bent his steps toward Regin.

With homemade rod in hand, a Bett roustabout whom Cole recognized was lying on the river bank, fishing. Gavin



"The Prince of Wales," by L. F. Bekken, Ashland, Wis.

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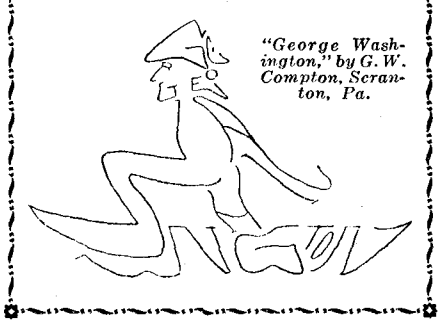

"George Washington," by G. W. Compton, Scranton, Pa.

tore a leaf from a pocketbook and scribbled thereon an order to the supply department to send a gondola car over to the Christie dam as soon as it could be got there: in sections if need be.

This he handed to the roustabout, with a dollar, bidding him take it at once to its destination. Then, head down, brooding perplexedly, Gavin made his way toward the hand bridge he had crossed less than an hour earlier.

Christie's anger had lighted his own wrath. But the very genuine scorn under Jeff's temper had cut him to the quick. It was not well that any man, rightfully or wrongfully, should be the target for such utter contempt.

In vain Cole reminded himself that Jeff Christie had forfeited the right to despise or sneer at anyone: he who, in the guise of a neighborhood benefactor, was selling his birth region to the water syndicate—the water crowd which aimed to destroy the whole valley. The sting remained, and it rankled the sorer as Gavin brooded over its cause.

Then he was at the hand bridge. Eyes down and head bent, he reached its northerly edge and stepped on the swaying span. There a sudden scampering something smote him amidships, all but upsetting him.

Cole grabbed the handrail to steady himself, aware for the first time that Heather had bounded across the bridge and was flinging himself upon his human friend with all a collie's bumptious effusiveness toward the very few people he likes.

He patted the gamboling dog, calling him by name, rumpling his fluffy ears. Then Cole's glance met Faith Christie's.

The girl had reached the far end of the bridge, on her walk across the sunny fields, when Heather had pushed past her in the dash to greet Gavin. Now across the little span Cole and she faced each other.

Wordlessly each was taking furtive note of the other. Faith saw with an unwilling constriction of heart that Cole was more gaunt and hollow-eyed than she remembered him; that he looked infinitely older and unhappy.

The grindingly endless work and responsibility and the sketchiness of rest hours were taking outward toll of his whalebone constitution. His boyishness had gone. He looked stern and half-sick beneath his almost African tan.

Gavin was making a like appraisal of the troubled little face at the bridge's far end. It was less softly full than he remembered it. There was a new sharpness of line to the prominent jaw. The level dark eyes were no longer joyously childlike in their outlook.

On queer impulse he strode across the bridge and up to her.

"Listen!" he exclaimed, his hands outstretched. "You and I are behaving like two cranky kids. We were good chums, and neither of us has done anything to make us less so. Suppose we *do* happen to be on different sides in this valley squabble. Why must it spoil our friendship? Please say it needn't. Won't you? It means such a lot to me."

Faith had been aptly prepared for this encounter. She knew it must come, soon or late. In the valley's lower end everyone was certain to meet everyone else some time or other. Indeed, it was strange that she and Cole had not happened to see each other again, somewhere on the road or in Regin or Woolet, long before now.

The girl had anticipated the meeting. In fact, she had formed a habit of putting herself to sleep at night by anticipating it. Again and again, on the borders of drowseland, she set the scene and devised and rehearsed the lines for it.

Sometimes in these rehearsals she passed Cole haughtily on the road, moving aside just a trifle farther than really was necessary and with an aspect of unseeing aloofness tinged just a little with distaste.

At other times Gavin would meet her and hold out his hand, a hypocritical smile on his face. Then Faith would ignore the hand, of course, and would repeat the performance of the passing-by scene, only with a negative inclination of the head.

Then there was a really strong scene, wherein Cole asked her why she seemed to avoid him. With a laugh as mirthless as it was icily cutting she would make any one of seven scathing replies.

As he shrank back from the civilly murderous retort she made the exit prepared for in Scene One.

IN HER waking hours she would not let her mind dwell on him long enough for one of these rehearsals, nor for a single instant. But she was disgusted with herself because of her dire need to be on guard forever against the impertinent intrusion of his memory into her consciousness.

Here in real life she was meeting him at last. Nor was it a sudden encounter. She had seen him a furlong away as both of them were nearing the Reginskill from opposite sides. For a panic instant she had longed to turn and flee.

Then she had rallied fiercely. She was on her own brother's land, on a Sunday walk with her own dog. It was not for her to slink back like a trespasser. No, she would go straight ahead. When he and she should come face to face, it would be a gorgeous time to profit by her bedtime rehearsals.

She tingled at the prospect. And yet—how wearily he walked and how depressed was every line and motion of his stocky body! Perhaps he was ill. Perhaps—

Then, collie fashion, Heather had spoiled everything by scampering forward in that idiotically welcoming way, as if to salute the dearest friend in the world. When the dog pushed past her

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at the bridge end she had some vague idea, from his impetuosity, that he might be going to hurl himself ragingly on the trespasser. If he did, naturally it would be her Christian duty to rescue the man.

She could follow her deed of mercy with some such cold interruption to his humble thanks as:

"I would have done the same thing for any tramp on the road."

But Heather did not give her the chance, even as she had been morbidly certain he would not. Still, there was ample time for her to move aside from the bridge end as Gavin hurried toward her. She could step back, as from some mildly loathsome creature. Indeed, she had moved backward an inch or two, when he blurted his appeal to her and stretched out impulsively both his arms in her general direction.

Too many rehearsals, even a too-perfect dress rehearsal, may mar the excellence of a performance. Perhaps Faith had rehearsed too often and too much to her own satisfaction. For, though she was perfect in her chosen rôle's lines and stage business, she found herself crying out as she caught the proffered hands in her own:

"Oh, your poor, *poor* hands! What on earth have you done to them? They must hurt horribly!"

GAVIN followed her anxiously sympathetic gaze down to his torn and skinned palms and barked knuckles. The hands were bleeding and were scored by furrows of ripped skin, and they were unspeakably dirty.

In a feeling of sudden shame he pulled them away from her adorably cool grasp and hid them behind his back. Then, too late, he yearned to kick himself for the instinctive withdrawal which had wrecked a heaven-sent chance. He had thrown away the only card he held or ever could hope to hold.

The keen sympathy still was lighting her tanned little face and brimming her big eyes. But now in those eager eyes of hers there was the first flicker of returning self-possession.

The man longed to reel weakly against the hand-rail or even to swoon at her feet—in fact, to do anything asinine and unmanly, to keep that first divine look in her dear eyes. But, manlike, he heard himself saying, confusedly:

"It isn't anything at all, Miss Christie. I—I stumbled and landed on my hands among some stones; the way we used to do when we were kids. Only there's more of me to land on them than there was then. That's why it looks so messy. Won't you forgive me for shoving such hideous things at you? I didn't think. You see, I was so glad to see you again—"

"Why?" she asked, very coolly, almost as correctly as in a rehearsal.

"Why was I glad to see you? I suppose I ought to stammer and then think up some clever answer. But I can't. I was glad to see you and I was knocked off my self-control, because—because it means more to me to see you than to see anyone else or everyone else there is. There, you have it. Though why I'm fool enough to say such a thing—"

"Yes," she told him evenly, "it *is* rather unnecessary, isn't it? I'm sorry about your hands, though. They ought to be attended to, at once, oughtn't they?"

She stepped aside, to give him room to pass her. Stupidly he looked down at his tortured palms and cut knuckles, then hid them once more behind him.

"I suppose so," said he. "But there's time enough for that. Can—can I walk on with you a little way? You know, even the fields aren't oversafe, nowadays."

"Yes," she made answer, wholly herself again. "I know it. All of us in the valley have the best reasons for knowing it. But here on my brother's own farm—"

"I wish I could tell you how horribly sorry I am that the Reginskill country is turned upside down like this," pleaded Gavin. "If I could stop it by giving up my job, I'd resign today, even if I'm getting better pay than ever before and even though it's my one chance. But it wouldn't do any good. In an hour they'd have another man in my place, and the work would go right on. I—"

"I wouldn't dream of expecting you to give up your treasured job," said Faith. "I know how much it must mean to you. And what is the wrecking of just one or two harmless communities compared to your making a record salary and having the wonderful chance you've won for yourself? It—"

"Please!" he begged.

"Please, what?" she asked innocently. "Surely you've won the right to large salary and to your chance, as you call it. I remember how affectingly you told me of your quixotism in throwing over your whole future sooner than to help destroy a Catskill valley. It is only fair, when you've seen the error of your folly, to recoup your losses by helping to destroy a North Jersey valley."

"I am working night and day to save this valley of yours from being destroyed!" he flared hotly, stung out of his pleading mood. "And from being destroyed from *within* too. Some day you'll realize that. In the meantime I can't say anything to prove it to you. So—"

"No," she assented, "I'm afraid you can't."

"I haven't done anything to forfeit your liking," he declared as she made as though to move past him. "That's true whether you believe it or not. You pretend, even to yourself, that you don't believe me. But in your heart you *do* believe me. I don't know what your precious brother may have said to you about me. But if he said I wasn't as fit to be an acquaintance of yours as any man on earth, he lied. He—"

"I think," she reminded him, "it can't be good for your hurt hands to make so many violent gestures. And I suggest, when your hands are well, that you tell my brother, face to face, that he lies, instead of saying it to someone who can only resent it by asking you not to speak to her again. Now, if I may trouble you to move far enough to one side, I would like to cross the bridge and go on with my walk."

Yes, she had every reason to be proud of this only speech in her galaxy of oft-rehearsed scenes which she had been able to deliver with only trivial verbal changes. But somehow she could not feel proud of herself.

She could feel nothing, for the instant, but a crazy yearning to cry—this, coupled with a crazier yearning to soak her handkerchief in the cool water and sponge softly the grime and pebble points from the man's suffering hands.

Thoroughly ashamed of her own mushiness of heart, she took a step forward, laying her hand on the rustic bridge rail. Sulkily Gavin Cole moved aside to let her pass him. His own excoriated left hand gripped the rail scarcely twelve inches from her ungloved fingers.

AT THE same moment something jarred the thin rail as by a sharp kick. A flap of grayish bark and wood flew up midway between their two hands. A few tiny splinters danced in air.

Beneath the upflung flap of wood a narrow groove showed across the top of the rail.

Heather burst into frantically excited barking, his fanfare of racket half drowning a sharper cracking sound from the edge of the strip of forest beyond.

Gavin wheeled about to trace the direction of this telltale report. At an outjutting point of the woods hung momentarily a faint fluff of smoke.

"Get behind that tree!" ordered Cole, pointing to an oak at the side of the bridge. "He's not aiming at *you*. But at this range he may miss again, next time he fires. Put the tree between you and him. It's me he wants. And it's me he's due to get. Unless I get him first. That is what I'm going to do if I can."

He threw the words peremptorily at her over his shoulder. Already he was in motion, running at top speed toward the vanishing fluff of rifle smoke at the forest edge.

Not troubling to zigzag or otherwise to disturb the unseen marksman's aim, he charged headlong for his goal.

(To be continued next week)

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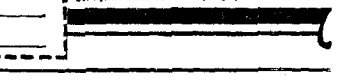

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The Whip Hand

Continued from page 9

and Navy building and be an army clerk until five in the evening.

One result of four years of desperate work was that in one day, June 12, 1922, Charlie C. McCall got four degrees—master of laws and master of diplomatic law from Georgetown; master of laws and master of patent law from the National University.

Head Over Heels in the Fight

HE EVENTUALLY accumulated two more degrees, bachelor of laws and master of laws in diplomacy.

"After I got out of the army," he told me, "I made up my mind that if ever I was going to get an education, here was my chance. I was sitting pretty, with all those universities around there. So I just jumped into it. Fact is I liked it so well, I suppose, it was kind of hard to stop."

With his degrees Charlie C. McCall went back home. It was about time, if he didn't want the home folks to forget him forever. He had gone off in 1917 as a soldier (Alabamans run to soldiering! They were conspicuous as well-trained men on the border in 1916; their regiments were conspicuous in the World War) but actually this young man of thirty-two had been away ten years.

He settled down in his chair while he told me about his homecoming and his successful campaign for the office of attorney general of the state. But first, in order to rest comfortably, he took a blue revolver, about as long as the diameter of an automobile steering wheel, from his hip pocket and placed it in a desk drawer.

"I joined right in with everything that was going when I came home," he said. "Everybody belonged to the Klan, and I joined that too. My father has been in politics here all his life. He's been state auditor ever since I can remember. That's one reason I use the somewhat undignified name of Charlie. Now that I'm in politics, I don't want Dad to have to add 'Senior' to his name.

"There are more than 2,000 cities, towns, villages and little settlements in Alabama. Well, I went to every one of them to speak. It took me over one solid year. I got acquainted with people everywhere. I told everybody I wanted to be the next attorney general of Alabama. And so I was elected."

And thus we see young Charlie C. McCall in the State Capitol, tall, lithe, slender, steady-eyed, slow-spoken, fast-moving, a bit rough in his way, with all his law diplomas snatched on the fly, as it were, started off at last in life—as they say in the universities.

And what a start! He had been hard-boiled with Charlie McCall; now he wasn't easy on lawbreaking. He's still head over heels in a desperate fight.

Alabama has had a dozen state attorneys general who took things as they were, served their terms quietly without hunting for any hard jobs to do, and went their ways into oblivion.

But you couldn't take things as they were in Alabama when Charlie McCall went into office—at least not if you were a good live American who had seen something of the outside world.

"That flogging business was too much for any white man to stand," Charlie McCall told me. "It wasn't civilized. What kind of man is it that whips human beings until they bleed? What kind of man is it that would whip even a dog that way? Why, here in Montgomery and up in Birmingham and down in Mobile they have been arresting men for beating horses and dogs and for being cruel to animals. That's only civilized. They do that in every American city. But no one was being arrested for beating men and women, boys and girls, white and black.

"I made up my mind to go after the first flogging case I heard of. A boy named Jeff Calloway was whipped for taking a drink of whisky near a church where a Ku-Klux Klan meeting was being held. The state law enforcement department sent detectives to the town of Tarrant, where the case occurred, and we got the evidence.

"The jury convicted the whippers. A judge who felt that the situation was a disgrace sentenced two business men of the town to the penitentiary for a maximum term of ten years. As soon as these two were convicted the rest of them hurried to plead guilty. They were all sentenced to shorter terms in jail."

It was the Jeff Calloway case that broke the thrall of fear that hung over the people of Alabama. Floodgates broke; torrents of information came into the offices of county attorneys and into McCall's office.

There had been barbarism everywhere. Here is McCall's list of whippings that state detectives have discovered in the county of Talladega alone:

White persons: M. C. Mathews, 1927; Clowson Wyatt, 1925; P. H. DeBardelaben, 1924; B. W. Price, 1925; W. C. Malone, 1925; J. V. Jones, 1925; Mrs. J. V. Jones, 1925; W. P. Germany, 1924; Lee H. Howell, 1927; a Greek, and his wife, name not given, 1925; John Hurt, 1926; Thomas Hicks, 1925; Tap Curtiss, 1926; Bill Kelly, 1925; L. P. Durden, 1926; T. F. Reaves, 1924. Mrs. Kate Easterling, 1924—again in 1925 and again in 1926; Ellery Easterling and Elbert Easterling, both 17 years of age, 1926; Dolphus Guy, 1925; Ernest Horner, 1927; Will Bone, 1926; Mr. Heath, initials not given, 1925; Charlie Daniel, 1925; Leonard Cooper, 1925; Fanin Gabriel, Rose Gabriel and Lucy Gabriel, 1925; Smyley Whiteside, 1925; Frank Hodge, 1925; Bill Hollingsworth, 1925; Therman Germany, 1925; Mrs. Pickett, initials not given, 1926; Mrs. Minnie Cox, 1926.

Negroes: Napoleon Bledsoe, 1925; Charlie Jackson, 1924; Willie Booker, 1924; Eli Garrett, 1925; Joe Isom, 1924; Carrie Isom, 1924; Pat Cooper, 1925; Lonnie Dobbs, 1925; Lon Hundley, 1924; Alex Whaley, 1924; Douglas McKenzy, Cæser McKenzy, 1925; Snap Ragland, 1925; Dr. Brunnett, 1924; Negro druggist, name not given, 1924; three Negro farm hands, names not given; another Negro man and a Negro woman, names not given, 1924.

"Most of the people who were whipped moved to other parts," McCall told me. "They were driven from their homes, like old settlers routed by scalp-hunting Indians."

I have gone through several hundreds of these stories. They show that, like dope fiends, the floggers were growing wilder with each dose of degenerate excitement they enjoyed. The whippers grew bolder; the victims graded upward in the social scale as the floggings continued. Three years brought the floggers to the doorways of the decent homes of white citizens.

Key

to the pictures on pages 30 and 31

Birds	Vehicles
Heron	*Hansom*
Auk	*Ambulance*
Raven	*Roller skates*
Ducks	*Droshky*
Noted Women	**Water Craft**
Helene	*House boat*
Addams	*Airplane carrier*
Ross	*Rotor ship*
Daniels	*Dhow*

It was an astonishing story that Mrs. Fannie Clement Daniels told in the bleak little unfinished farmhouse near Luverne—unfinished because her father had died and left her and her mother alone on the thirty acres.

Crude paintings and crayons of ancestors, going back seventy-five years in the community, were pointed out to me on the walls.

"I was married to an elderly man in Birmingham," the pretty Mrs. Daniels said. "But we couldn't get along together. So I came back home here to Mother.

"One night about twenty men came here to our house and told me to stop going with a certain man. He has a farm about a mile down the road. They told me that night that I was going with him too much. But I hadn't.

"About six months later, while I was sleeping in one room and Mother in another, we heard a big noise outside. Men stamped up on the porch. They pounded on the back door and the front door at once. Mother went to the door and said, 'Who's there?'

"'The Klan,' said the men. 'Let us in!'

"There were two bars on the front door. Mother unlocked one, but before she could unlock the other the men crashed in and broke the lock. Mother told me to stay in bed, but the men came in and made me get up.

"They asked me first where the man was. There wasn't any man. Then they said, 'Well, you dress and we'll go to his house.' Mother was screaming, but I told her it wouldn't do any good.

"I got up and went into another room to dress, but the men came in too. So I had to hide behind a door while I was putting on my clothes.

"Just when I told them I was ready to go two of them grabbed me and threw me down on the bed, face down. They raised my clothes and whipped me. They kept saying, 'Will you admit you broke our orders? Will you admit you went with that man?' All I could do was cry. Mother was crying in the next room. Three men were holding her down in a chair.

"After the whipping they took me into the room where my mother was. They sort of stood around, and after a while I said to them, 'Well, no matter what you say I've done, I'm better than you are—whipping a woman like this.' One of the men slapped me in the face and told me to shut up. Then all of them went away in their cars."

They forcibly held the mother down while beating the girl. The mother didn't recognize any of the voices. Little wonder. Men who lived forty miles away were later indicted as a result of the flogging of this girl.

One of the indicted men was the Rev. L. A. Nalls. If he was present, he had traveled forty miles to take part in the whipping of a young woman whom he had never seen; whose offense, if she had committed any, came to him only by hearsay.

Look over these flogging stories and you discern six types of floggings.

The floggers first began whipping Negro men and then Negro women for alleged immorality.

They then began to whip white men for immorality, charges of bootlegging, family desertion, infidelity, drunkenness, etc.

The next step was to whip white women for alleged immorality. Thus you had the amazing spectacle of Nordic men, belonging to an order which insists on "Nordic supremacy," bleeding Nordic girls and women with whips.

You might think that the whipping of white women was the climax of boldness. But the whippers were not at the end of their devices. It is true that they had reached the limit, on the morality basis, when they whipped young girls, as they did. But they found a new basis for whipping. About eighteen months ago a new form of whipping appeared: WHIPPING TO CARRY OUT PERSONAL GRUDGES. Records show

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that floggings increased tremendously as soon as "grudge" whippings appeared. "Grudge" whipping of Negroes was the beginning, white folks came next. All sorts of quarrels between Klansmen and citizens who were not Klansmen brought about floggings. In the town of Luverne, which I shall describe in my next article, a jealous heir-to-be was charged with whipping a joint heir-to-be in order to jeopardize the latter's interests. A Negro, Grant Lowery, was whipped because of jealousy shown by another Negro.

Whipping for criticizing the whippers came next in logical sequence. People had not often criticized the Klan for whipping immoral persons. But when it came to whipping persons who were merely critical of the Klan but not immoral, there were citizens who could not easily hold their tongues. So in whippings of this fifth type, for criticism, Negroes alone were the victims.

Whipping of the sixth type was further than many of the whippers dared to go. This was whipping white persons for MERE CRITICISM.

THE WHIPPERS, I DISCOVERED, WERE ON THE POINT, HOWEVER, OF TAKING THIS SIXTH STEP. I MET PROMINENT MEN IN SEVERAL TOWNS WHO HAD RECENTLY BEEN WARNED NOT TO SPEAK A WORD AGAINST THE KLAN AND ITS METHODS. Now that the Klan has won the right to whip in Alabama, I believe that the next step will be the whipping of white men and women for mere criticism. That will put a thrall of terror on the whole state.

I believe, indeed, that McCall in his fight against the Klan and its whippings received support from some quarters because of the simple fact that the Klan had whipped its way in the country districts almost up to the top of the social scale. People in the smaller towns who had not previously been fearful of the Klan, and who kept silent so long as whippings involved only the "lower orders," were glad enough in many cases to join indignantly with McCall in his anti-Klan fight because they themselves were being menaced by the floggers. What's to save them from the lash now that McCall has been thwarted, I don't know.

War Against the Rich

A SEVENTH form of whipping was possible in Alabama. Class-consciousness was beginning to appear. The whippers in later days were usually working men in small towns. A prominent physician, who was whipped in one of the southern counties, was a large holder of bank stocks in Luverne. Indicted whippers, especially in recent cases, have shown socialistic and even Bolshevistic tendencies; they were against the "well-to-do" or the rich. It is not impossible that some day soon in some of these Alabama towns we shall see rich-men-hating white-robed soviets of the lash. McCall, as I have said, was a member of the Klan when he began his fight against floggings. That was not an unusual thing. Almost every state and county official was a Klansman.

I know the word Klan starts hate a-boiling in many breasts. But there was a time, in Alabama at least, when the Klan had high social standing.

IT WAS THE UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT ITSELF WHICH MADE THE KLAN STRONG IN ITS EARLY DAYS. THE KLAN WAS ORGANIZED BEFORE OUR ENTRY INTO THE WAR. DURING THE WAR THE GOVERNMENT GAVE IT AND SIMMONS, ITS ORGANIZER, GREAT SUPPORT. IT WAS USED, AS OTHER ORGANIZATIONS WERE USED, FOR PATRIOTIC PURPOSES IN THE SOUTH.

"Join the Klan and help win the war," was the watchword in hundreds of small towns. It was a slogan like "Buy Liberty Bonds." The man who didn't join the Klan in those war days was suspected of treachery. What the American Defense Society purports to be the Ku-Klux Klan purported to be in its early days. And now note this fact:

It was only the "best people" in the small cities and towns who were allowed to join the Klan. The village bankers, the lawyers, physicians, dentists, the leading merchants and other persons of prominence and leadership were the first members.

The Klan was a white-collar organization in its early days in Alabama towns. Working men, with horny hands—the village plumber, the carpenter, the village blacksmith, the garage man, men in overalls—were not taken in. They frequently looked upon the Klan with envy; to be elected to its selected membership was a mark of social altitude. It was no disgrace to have been a Klansman.

"But I had to quit it," one bright young dentist of good family told me. "An organizer came to our town to boost the Klan membership. He took in everybody. I went to meeting one night and saw a section hand presiding. After that I stayed away. So did lots of others. We didn't resign. We simply didn't pay our dues the next year and so we were dropped."

The fact is there have been two Klans in Alabama.

Klan No. 1 was the wartime Klan; it was made up of men who were leaders in their communities.

Klan No. 2, which is the Klan that has been doing the flogging, is made up of men who came into the Klan during the great drives for membership—$10 each—which followed the war. This new blood drove out the old blood and left the Klan, at least so far as Alabama was concerned, an uncontrolled, undisciplined organization, directed largely by local politicians.

McCall resigned from the Klan in a rage only recently, and thereafter his war against flogging became even more desperate. Here's the story of his resignation:

Cecil Davis, politician-Klansman, with the title of Grand Kligraph, was called to testify before a grand jury concerning Klan activities.

"I refuse to testify," he said in the grand-jury room.

"Why?" asked McCall.

"Because," he said, in gist, "I have taken an oath which prevents me from testifying concerning the Ku-Klux Klan."

"Do you mean to tell me," demanded McCall, "that you hold allegiance to a higher power than the state of Alabama and its courts?"

"That's exactly what I mean to say," was the effect of the answer.

Cecil Davis was haled before a judge for contempt of court. He was sent to jail for five days. This made him a hero in Klan circles; if there's a higher office than Kligraph he may run for it some day and get it.

"Why, the very organization to which this man was so loyal exists by charter of the state of Alabama," declared McCall. "The state of Alabama can revoke this charter whenever it pleases. This man is putting the Klan above the Stars and Stripes."

He Never Lost a Fight

McCALL, after Davis' display of "loyalty," publicly resigned. Here are portions of his statement of resignation, which he sent to The Exalted Cyclops, Klan No. 3, Province No. 2, Realm of Alabama, Invisible Empire, Knights of the Ku-Klux Klan, Montgomery, Alabama:

SIR:

Many of the leaders of the Klan, in my judgment, are responsible for the wave of lashings and floggings which have taken place in this state, and many members of the Klan are placed in fear of drastic action by its present state rulers, if they tell the truth in courts.

For my part, I regard my oath as an officer of the law superior to any private or fraternal obligation I can take, and I do not feel that I should follow longer behind the banner and under the leadership of those leaders in the Klan in Alabama, who, in my judgment, in many instances, in their religio-political and criminal connivings, are placing themselves at war with constituted authority. I will not be a follower under the leadership of men who denounce officers of the law for doing their duty. I will not be at the call or fraternal command of leaders of an organization which banishes its members for telling the truth in courts of justice. As presently dominated, governed and led, I am of the opinion, which opinion is based on a thorough investigation of crimes and activities of leaders, that the Klan in Alabama is the greatest menace to constituted authority.

I therefore submit to you my unconditional resignation therefrom.

(Signed) CHARLIE C. MCCALL.

It wasn't floggers alone that McCall was seeking; he was attacking the Klan itself, as an organization, together with its leaders.

But he totes that gun which is as long as the diameter of a steering wheel because that's where he frequently carries it—right across his steering wheel. McCall is not a gentle individual, as I have shown. He's a tough man to cross. He is not unacquainted with the use of force.

McCall's enemies uncovered one thing in his past against him.

"McCall used to be a prize fighter," they announced one day. "He fought professionally under the name of Spider Kelley."

The reporters rushed to the Capitol to ask him about it. He gave answer:

"That's right. I was in the prize ring. I'll admit that I fought under the name of Spider Kelley. Now, will you gentlemen please go back to your sporting editors and ask them to give you Spider Kelley's record?"

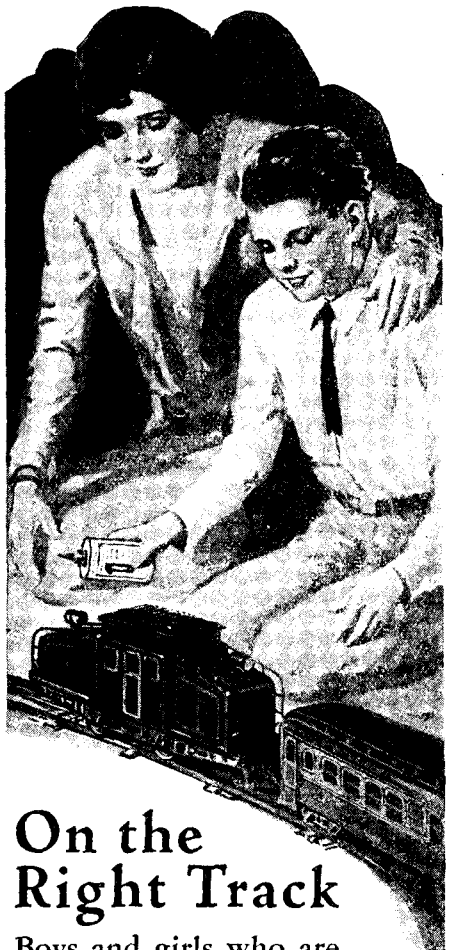
They went. They discovered that Spider Kelley, during two years of public appearances, had never lost a fight.

McCall is out of the ordinary, as his enemies say.

No ordinary man would be brave enough to try to kill the sort of idea that he hopes to choke to death in Alabama.

Watch him try to do it.

She: "George, I think perhaps we'd better leave it!"



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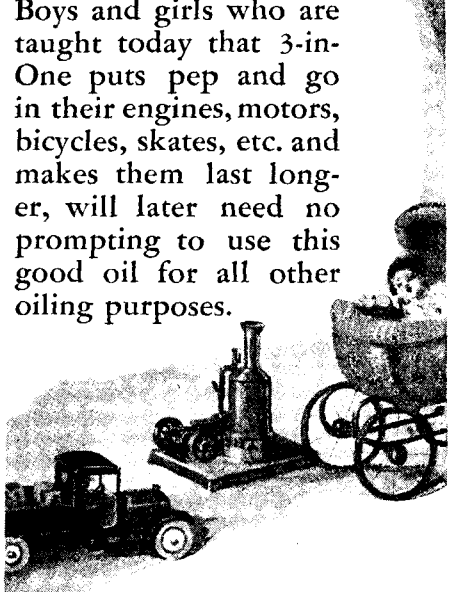

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The Third Lady

Continued from page 13

remarks about my handwriting had gone into my clothes. I dressed very carefully that day, putting on the beaded dress and a hat that flopped beautifully.

Against the background of a Louis XIV room I saw M. Jusserand advancing to say "How d'you do?" with his head on one side and his eyes brighter than anyone's. Mme. Jusserand moved beside him, and I noticed that she had a *head for a coronet*. Although her hair was worn perfectly plain, one *felt* a tiara there even in the daytime.

Pictorially—as one sees people at first—they were a beautiful couple; they matched so well. They made the good old institution of marriage authentic, for one couldn't miss the charm of relationship whose outer aspect was "M. and Mme. Jusserand," announced every night by livery over some Washington threshold.

Everyone Knew Charlie

M. JUSSERAND had the endurance of a Lincoln or a Washington. No one ever saw him yawn or show a gleam of amusement at anyone else's expense.

Charlie, the chauffeur, had driven the car of the State Department for years. He was as much a part of it as the coat of arms on the door. Everyone in the city knew Charlie and smiled at him when he held up the traffic. With Charlie driving the car one knew one was going on the proper day to call on the proper people, for Charlie knew each embassy's reception day.

The British Embassy seemed very imposing and very ugly—probably built in the wrong period, which excuses most atrocities. It had a look of being steeped in London fogs, but inside it cheered up a bit.

To the right of the entrance a guard stood with an opossum muff on his head, and in the cloakroom a lady's maid was very hospitable with pins. Then one heard one's own name boomed forth with the title behind it, and one was walking into a nicely spaced room—a cheerful, ugly, cozy room. One felt that a series of Englishwomen had done their best to weed Queen Victoria out of the place.

Lady Geddes was very much a wife and mother, and one could see at a glance that the nursery and Sir Aukland's comfort held social life in its proper perspective.

As we sat at a small tea table, with the green of Washington foliage tapestrying the window screens behind her, I felt that she had coped with baby's colic and knew the value of a roast and didn't mind talking about it.

Sir Aukland dropped in to say good afternoon. He was a tall, imposing man who might have walked out of Dickens or addressed Parliament in the time of Fox—so British one could transmute him into any British century.

One can't leave Sir Aukland and Lady Geddes without mentioning their children. They were getting into the motor the day I first called. Frowsy-haired, fresh-skinned boys, they tumbled in like puppies, helter-skelter. The motor drove away chock-full of young faces and laughter.

Besides the official dinners, which are a matter of routine, current society entertains each newcomer with utter lack of prejudice. Added to the established hostesses are the floating climbers who seize upon any official they know as a magnet to gather a party.

The intimation, "Would you like to give a dinner on such and such a date?" comes through Mr. Cooke.

Eight o'clock is the dinner hour, and one has to be there on time.

Dressed in one's best, one walks over red velvet into a hall sure to have armor, tapestries, mirror, a palm tree or two, upstairs—to hear one's name, that will never be spoken softly again, one feels sure. One takes the plunge into a sea of glittering evanescence out of which emerges a hostess in velvet and diamonds. Behind her are the stately ambassadors and a dash of royalty if one is lucky.

A flunky announces dinner, and in a precedence as regular as the Hindu law of caste the company moves into a dining-room to sit at a table set with fruit, with flowers, with silver, with crystal, where succulence in the form of soup, of birds, of desserts, of wines of all sorts, is passed.

Many pictures come back to memory:

Mr. Oliver Wendell Holmes sitting next to a lady from Oshkosh. The Justice, who had the whole world to range in, adapted himself courteously to the back-yard area of her experience, so she never dreamed he had wandered outside the places they talked of. . . .

M. Jusserand talking all evening to a lady, to whom English was unknown, about the movies. . . .

Princess Bibesco looking and talking very much like one of her stories, with staccato sophistication.

Boris Bakhmeteff, last Russian ambassador, who knew more about music and pictures than anyone at the table, who was a scientist too, and brilliant in English, but such a discreet politician that he kept an impassive front at a first introduction.

"Washington is cold. Do you like the cold? I like the cold."

Mr. John Hays Hammond and his charming wife, who saved his life, which was very uncertain in England after the Johannesburg raid, and who lives with her husband now in luxury and security in a beautiful house. Like a fairy story: happy ever after. . . .

General Pershing too, and Mrs. Harriman, dancing together at a ball, and their laughter, rich and sonorous, that floated by. Two veterans of life.

All these people come and go in one's mind.

Giving is more blessed than receiving, one is told, but when it comes to dinners the maxim doesn't hold.

Dinners, in Washington, presuppose linen and glass and silver, a butler to serve it, a chef to cook it—and vast decorations.

I sent for the florist.

Mr. Cooke had made a diagram of the function. It looked like stage directions. All the names were printed with finality. Japan was on my left, Spain on my right, and there was a great deal of South America about. It quite went to my head.

But one lives and learns. I nearly wept at that dinner. It was like a puzzle, selected with great care, where nothing fitted. The red candle shades didn't match the floral decorations, which were mauve sweet peas in a centerpiece that was a mound like a grave.

Across the mound I saw that the people were charming, and I noticed how buoyant a Washington party can be, the guests all responsively social, making it their business to be charming and leave the hostess herself unencumbered.

But that mound spoiled everything. All night afterward I dreamed that I was at a baby's funeral. Even after a cherub had taken its place, blowing kisses over old lace and Venetian glass, that mound was there, washed over the table like the ghost of my first failure.

The house was charming for a reception. There was the small pink room in front, where a fire always burned, and the reception-room opposite, hung with tapestries. At the end of the hall the dining-room, with its Adam sideboard and its table set for tea.

On reception days we stood in a large room, and a line that formed in the street moved slowly past us. A colored man from the State Department, mellowed as only a darky who has been seasoned by distinguished masters can be, called out the names.

Down the line one would spy the red hat of the lovely wife of the senator from Rhode Island. Or a friend's face further on.

But mostly the visitors were people from out of town who wanted to take back impressions: How the wife of a Secretary of State did her hair—never imagining that except for her trappings, the hostess was far simpler than they.

Sometimes they wanted to take away tangible things. One woman wanted to know if I could give her a sample of my dress, and I had the feeling that if I turned my back I was gone—so avid she looked. And there have been tales of furniture broken off for mementos. But only pink cakes and sandwiches ever left my house, and it was amusing to stand there, shaking hands, watching humanity reel by.

I always felt like explaining that, except for "official position," I wasn't worth the trouble of looking at, that most of my life had been different, and that my specialty had been the nursing and feeding of children. But I remembered, "It's the position that counts."

Which is all that society and sandwich men have to teach us.

And so we come to the White House, which has always meant Mr. Wilson to me, before, then and since, because it meant in his time a vision which made it the spiritual center of the world.

We were summoned to lunch. Once before I had been to the White House at a political dinner where I sat next to Mr. Wilson. He made me think of Emerson and other high Puritans, for there was a light behind his face, and no expediency there. "How he likes me!" I thought, for he was very agreeable, and I felt that he liked me especially, until I heard him talking to the lady on the other side just as kindly and with an air of careful listening. And so I saw he had what was better than liking—an impartial courtesy, deeply human.

The day we were summoned to luncheon Mr. John Davis and his wife were summoned too. Mr. Wilson was ill then, but the essentials of the man I had seen four years back were there—his kindness, his spirit, his humor. It's so far away now, it's not easy to remember a thing that was said. Only the happiness of being there remains, and Mr. Wilson's weakness, that brought out his dependence on Mrs. Wilson.

Like a Dream

MRS. WILSON was very beautiful: everyone noted this with pleasure. "She is so tactful!" everyone said also, and she was, not from a sense of behavior so much as from pure naturalness. She couldn't have been otherwise, one felt, and one felt grateful that there was no pride of position in her.

I remember her at a reception in a dress of spangled blue, looking very charming, and I told her so. She said she felt like a Christmas tree, which made the party successful for me.

Right behind me that day came Mrs. Sinclair Lewis, who said to the usher, "Call me Mrs. Main Street: it's so much better known."

The first time we saw Mrs. Wilson alone we were summoned to tea in a small reception-room. Multitudes had seen it and the pictures of Mr. and Mrs. Washington on the wall, but perhaps not as we did, with the windows and tables banked with flowers, and Mrs. Wilson in white—for it was a very hot day—behind a table covered with cakes, sandwiches and iced tea.

I don't remember a word that was said or anything except the charming simplicity of it and the kindness, for I was quite nervous then and not quite sure I could please the South Americans, whom, for some reason, it was important to please.

After tea we went out on the piazza. The lawn was very green. There were sheep grazing on it. There were flowers growing. The hustle of life was a droning in the distance. It was like a dream, and I remember thinking, "I am here who was there," just as I am thinking now, "I was there who am here," and one is as strange as the other.

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At the Road House

Continued from page 12

Napoleon Bonaparte. For a moment this impression prevailed, then came complete darkness, until a point of red light suddenly broke it.

"H. Q.," said a singsong voice.

The man in the darkened room replied:

"Report of Zone Officer 2A."

"No report to hand."

"Report of H. Q. Patrol covering."

"To hand," replied the singsong voice. "Patrol reports that Zone Officer 2A escaped from the custody of Ned W. Regan at 3:48 A. M. It is believed that her escape was effected by Dr. Stopford, who left the Page Sutton home at the same time. H. Q. Patrol detailed three Firing Groups. Timed 4 A. M. Report ends."

"Report of Group Masters detailed," came the musical tones.

"Only one report to hand," was the answer. "Group Master 3 Sector 3A 3 reports Zone Officer 2A located at road house fifteen miles from home of Page Sutton, accompanied by Dr. Stopford. Group Master standing by. Awaits instructions. This by X Radio. Timed 4:21. Report ends."

Five minutes passed in complete silence, then out of the darkness came crisp orders:

"Instruct Divisional Chief A to dispatch three more Firing Groups to hold all approaches to the road house. Zone Officer 3A to be put in charge. He is to endeavor at once to get in touch with Zone Officer 2A. File quarter-hourly reports. Move. Stand by for another order."

A moment of silence—then:

"Report of Zone Officer 1A covering the Page Sutton home," the musical voice resumed.

"Report to hand. Ned W. Regan left in his car headed for the city at 4:05 A. M. Group Master covering. Commander Drake Roscoe has not left. Operations unsuccessful. Zone Officer awaits instructions. Report ends."

"Report of Divisional Chief B."

Immediately came the reply:

"Report to hand. All A units have been successfully withdrawn, although every road is heavily patrolled by police. Report ends."

"Instruct Divisional Chief B," came the order, "to assemble all A units in Sector 3B 2 and to take personal charge. At the earliest moment he will hand over to Divisional Chief A. He will then stand by for instructions to intercept Commander Drake Roscoe in the event of his leaving the Page Sutton home. Directly contact is established with Zone Officer 2A, put her in touch with me. If Dr. Stopford endeavors to leave, he is to be intercepted."

The red light went out.

"THE reason I am so hopelessly in the power of Head Center," said Madame Czerna, "is that my husband, who died, was sentenced for a crime which he never committed. Three months after our marriage he was sent to Devil's Island.

"I succeeded, after two years of trying, in getting the French to consent to allow me to go out to Cayenne. This, of course, by their law, made me a convict too, and after the death of my husband I was forbidden to return. I was expected to remain in French Guiana. I should perhaps have remained in that awful place all my life had it not been for the help of the man we know as Head Center.

"His agents were engaged in a plot to get away two men who at some time had belonged to the Zone organization. One of them realized I might be of use, I suppose, and when the plans for escape were complete I was included.

"By means of this wonderful organization," Madame continued, "we all got away from Devil's Island—in my case, from Cayenne. I was given a passport bearing the name of 'Fée Czerna,' which is not my own—at least, the first name is but not the second—and what looked like my own photograph. Head Center's methods are unique—perfect.

"But he held me in his power. He knew my true record and could at any moment hand me over to France. I was finally brought to New York, and although I knew I was employed by a group enemy to the United States Government, I thought, until recently, it was political.

"I have no reason to love governments, and I did not scruple to work for Head Center. Only lately I have found out that the Zone Group is criminal—a murder gang! I have struggled like a rat in a trap to escape."

"Tell me," said Stopford eagerly, "do you know any point in New York from which it would be possible to locate the headquarters of these sportsmen?"

"I can tell you this," Madame Czerna replied. "It was a restaurant, bearing the extraordinary name of the Blue Barber. I was taken there one night after the restaurant was closed. I was led into a sort of office at the far end of the dining-room. I was blindfolded and led on upstairs and downstairs, along passages, and into elevators for what seemed an endless time. At last I found myself alone with Head Center in an indescribable black and gold room."

She shuddered and abruptly ceased speaking. Stopford was silent.

"He is terrible," she whispered. "His force of character is so great that one can feel it physically. I have never since been to the Blue Barber!

"Twice again, once very recently, I have been called to Headquarters. But I have been taken a different way each time.

"I am glad I have had time to tell you so much."

IN a house fifteen miles distant Commander Drake Roscoe sat at a telephone. He was speaking to Ned W. Regan, America's most famous private detective, and the conversation doubtless would have interested Head Center.

"Yes," said Roscoe, every line of his tanned, square-cut features exhibiting eagerness, "you're in touch with the deputy commissioner in charge of the cordon, and you've doubled back. Where are you speaking from?"

"Police post," came the growling voice of Regan, "two miles south of you. There hasn't been a single arrest. All the gang concentrated on the Sutton home have slipped through the lines."

"Then we're all clear here?"

"I guess so," said Regan. "The police boys are pretty well in touch with you. Any minute they'll be there."

"Any news of Madame Czerna?"

"Sure thing. She passed a patrolman, headed south, with your English boy friend Stopford. They got by all right, but the cop took the number of the car, and it's out of the Page Sutton garage. That sailor doctor is a wise guy."

Roscoe laughed boyishly.

"I'm glad," he declared. "She's safe enough while she's with him. A very charming woman, Regan. I hated the thought of her in the Tombs."

"I hate the thought of her outside of it!" Regan growled. "She's the key to the mystery. There's bad trouble ahead of Mr. Stopford. They're hot on his tracks, and when they get him—he's for it!"

"You're shortsighted, Regan," Roscoe declared. "He'll have her turn state's evidence. His clever trick of getting her out of the house will bring us more of the information we want than any routine police methods could do."

"Glad you're happy," Regan returned. "You've a right to be—you escaped with your life. But the net's empty, Commander. We are no further into the puzzle of the Zones than we ever were."

"Oh, yes, we are," said Roscoe. "We're getting there slowly, but all the same we're getting. When we round up Stopford and Madame Czerna we shall be miles in front of where we are now. Keep in touch, because I'm afraid of one thing: If the Zone gang gets in first, Stopford will have a mighty thin time."

"They ought to be glad," said Ned Regan. "He got one of their mob away."

"True," Roscoe admitted, "but he knows too much now. It's urgent, Regan. They must be traced up quickly."

"Listen," Regan commanded—"I've just seen something. I've been eating my face since that duo got away—thinking you had 'em covered. It's just come to me that you could have stopped that elopement! Gee! It's clear as ice! . . . You let 'em go!"

"You're right," said Roscoe grimly. "My way isn't always your way, Regan. This was my way . . . and I'm responsible. But I want a report on them inside twenty minutes."

Ned W. Regan might quite plainly be heard breathing heavily; then:

"They'll be reported in quarter of an hour," said he, "because they were headed for nowhere, and the wires are humming all along their route. Inside of fifteen miles they must take cover, cut inland or drive into the sea. It's just routine. Good-by."

Roscoe replaced the receiver and turned as there came a rap at the door.

"Come in," said he.

A police captain entered.

"Anything to report?"

"Nothing. There hasn't been a single arrest."

"Clever staff work," said Roscoe bitterly. "Only one hope now. Stand by with every car you can muster."

IN a darkened room—a room which might be approached circuitously from the Blue Barber—a speck of red light glowed.

"H. Q.," said a monotonous voice. "Report of Sector Captain 1A 1 in charge of party covering road house. Zone Officer 2A is still there, with Dr. Stopford. Zone Officer 3A is expected to take over immediately. Timed 5:05. Report ends."

"Report of Divisional Chief A."

"No report to hand."

"Report of H. Q. Patrol covering Sector Captain 1A 1."

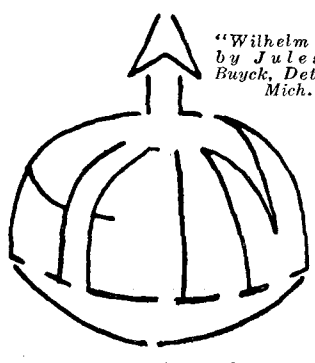
"To hand. Patrol reports two Firing Groups with Group Masters stationed north and south of road house, with cars. Four more Groups standing by. Sector Captain has taken charge and made usual dispositions. Timed 5. Report ends."

"Instruct Sector Captain in charge," came a crisp order, "to report instantly the arrival of Zone Officer 3A and put him through to me on X Radio. Get in touch with Divisional Chief A. This is vitally urgent. Reassemble dispersed units in their own Zones. All units will stand by. Move."

The red light went out.

From the darkness of a wall an illuminated map sprang suddenly into view. It was a map of New York City and its environs. It was covered with an intricate network of concentric circles,

(*Continued on page 48*)



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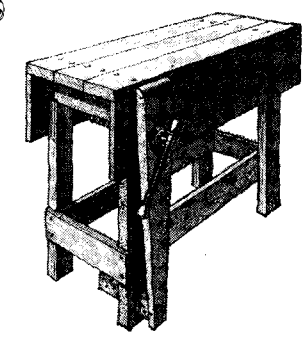

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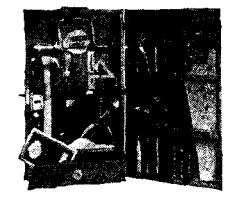

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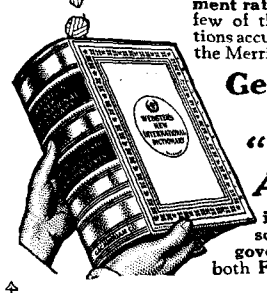

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At the Road House

Continued from page 47

each split up into divisions and subdivisions. It was the much-sought Zone Map—the map for which more than one wealthy man would have sacrificed a big slice of his fortune. It showed, variously colored, the notorious Zones of the giant criminal group which enveloped New York . . . and it revealed what so many were seeking, the location of Head Center.

Presumably the formidable genius who had created and who controlled this dreadful and secret weapon against society was studying it from where he sat.

But there was no sound to indicate his presence. And suddenly the map disappeared as mysteriously as it had appeared.

"I AM sure there is someone moving about this house," said Madame Czerna.

Dawn was eerily creeping over the countryside. A wan, gray light began to be visible through the chinks of the shades. Stopford was at one of the windows, peering cautiously along the road, right and left.

"There is a car parked north just by the bend," he reported in a low voice—"and another south."

The woman laughed drearily.

"We are surrounded," she replied. "I know it. And some of them are inside! *I* am safe. I am one of them. But they will never let *you* go free, for they will not know what you may have learned. Listen! Don't you hear it?"

Out of an electric silence:

"Yes," Stopford admitted. "There is some bloke prowlin'! But it may be the house servants. Mornin' will soon be here. Don't panic."

"There is just one hope," Madame Czerna went on monotonously. "One of the men who got away with me from the penal settlement is now my superior officer in the Zones. Please do not misunderstand. But he is fond of me. I have never rewarded him. Yet I think *he might help me.*"

"I'm not keen on his help," drawled Stopford.

"You are mad! Surely you have seen enough to know that your life would mean no more than"—she snapped her fingers—"if you stood in their way."

"Quite enough," Stopford admitted. "But what's to do?"

"I must try to rouse someone. There is no all-night telephone service here. I can call the Divisional Chief. . . ."

"What! You know his number?"

"Yes."

"What about Head Center?"

"No one knows *his* number. Unless the Divisional Chiefs do. This I cannot say."

A dim, slenderly ghostly figure in the grayness, she crossed the room and took up the telephone. Sounds of furtive movements in the corridor became unmistakable.

"Quick," she said—"lock the door!"

Urgently she was banging the lever up and down.

Stopford locked the door.

Monotonously the lever banged up and down.

Someone turned the door handle, as:

"Yes! Yes!" Madame Czerna whispered—"please connect me with the exchange! Thank you. . . ."

Faint footsteps receded in the corridor outside. It was growing rapidly lighter. Stopford could see Madame's slender fingers twitching nervously. He crossed to the window, then pulled up as:

"Exchange?" said the woman.

She asked for a Park number, of which Stopford made a careful mental note. Someone passed in the road, just below the window, walking slowly, then:

"Zone 2A," said Madame Czerna in a low, tense voice. "Please connect me with Divisional Chief. . . . What is that? . . . He is on service? . . . Get him by X at once and tell him to call—wait a moment—"

She put her hand over the mouthpiece and turned to Stopford:

"Your torch, quick!" she whispered. "What is this number?"

A ray of light shone out. It showed the beautiful, pale face of a woman holding the instrument as she stooped to read the number. She nodded, and Stopford switched the light off.

Madame Czerna removed her hand from the mouthpiece and repeated the number twice.

"Yes," she said. "Is it clear? Get him at once and give him my message. Good-by."

She replaced the receiver.

"Did you understand?"

In the half light Stopford nodded.

"What's this bloke's job of work in the world—I mean, ostensibly?"

"Will you promise to keep my confidence if I tell you?" she asked.

"Yes. I suppose I must."

"My Divisional Chief in private life is a well-known member of the New York Stock Exchange."

"Good God!" Stopford murmured. "No wonder poor old Roscoe has been so hard up against it! What a gang! And did I gather that the gentleman was out on business?"

"He is away on Zone work—yes."

"You mentioned 'X.' What, exactly, is 'X'?"

She hesitated, then:

"All the Officers above the rank of Group Master," she explained, dully, "are provided with a portable radio apparatus—a secret invention of Head Center. Mine was left behind when I ran away. It is in my manicure case."

"Then this midnight sportsman will be called up right away from his Divisional Headquarters?"

"Yes. He may communicate at any moment. . . ."

There came a loud bang on the door. Madame Czerna found herself in Stopford's arms. He stooped and kissed her.

"Open this door!" commanded a harsh voice—"or we'll break it in!"

But still Stopford held her fast. There ensued a crash on the woodwork. Madame Czerna thrust him from her.

"Open the door," she whispered brokenly. "It's hopeless to resist."

She switched up the light, turning swiftly away, conscious that she was disheveled and haggard after the long night of anxiety.

Stopford threw the door open.

Four men entered. All wore black half masks and carried repeaters. A fifth man came in behind the quartette. He looked toward Madame Czerna and drew aside the lapel of his topcoat. There was a glitter of diamonds. He dropped the lapel.

"There is a car waiting for you," he said tersely. "Head Center's orders."

Madame Czerna glanced despairingly at Stopford. There came a sudden outcry from below: it was suddenly and significantly silenced.

"Poor bloke!" Stopford murmured. "That would be the night porter. Efficient but unpleasant."

The leader of the party crossed to the telephone.

IN THAT room which harbored the only existing copy of the Zone Map a spot of red light glowed.

"H. Q.," a voice announced. "Report of Zone Officer 3A in charge of party covering road house. He has obtained access in the usual manner, with a Firing Group. Group Master is covering night porter. Road held by Groups 3 and 4, Sector 3 A1. All in order. Dr. Stopford detained. Timed 5:20. Report ends."

"Report of Divisional Chief A."

"Report to hand. Chief A is proceeding to road house in accordance with instructions. This report by X radio. No time. Report ends."

"Report of H. Q. Patrol covering."

"To hand. Patrol reports that two Groups hold all approaches and that Zone Officer 3A with third Group has entered the road house. Divisional Chief has just arrived. Timed 5:28. Report ends."

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Silence ensued for the space of a minute or more; then:

"Advise Divisional Chief," an order was rapped out clearly, "to bring Dr. Stopford direct to H. Q., entrance Seven. Zone Officer 2A will report to me here immediately. Instruct Zone Officer 3A to withdraw acting units to their Zones. All units standing by to be dismissed. Move."

The red light went out.

"VERY interestin'," said Stopford, as the masked man replaced the receiver. He glanced at Madame Czerna, and then addressed the leader of the group: "You have certainly 'obtained access,' although I don't know what 'the usual manner' may be."

He stared through his monocle at the armed quartette silently standing by, and:

"I take it you're a 'Firin' Group'," he said, "and while I can't agree that 'all's in order,' it's painfully obvious that I'm detained'!"

From some place below came a soft whistle. The man whom Stopford had addressed glanced toward the open door. Madame Czerna started.

A sixth masked man entered the room!

He wore evening kit under his topcoat. At his entrance four pistols covered him. He drew back a lapel of his coat. There was a rapid flash of diamonds.

"Get out!" he said tersely. "Stand by below."

"Divisional Chief!" exclaimed the man in charge.

A moment later the room was occupied only by the last arrival, Stopford and Madame Czerna. The latter closed the door behind the departing gunmen.

"Thank you!" she said fervently. "I counted on you—and you came just in time!"

"Don't count on me too much," was the reply. "I'm tied hand and foot, and I still don't see what I can do. . . ."

He ceased speaking.

From the roadway came a roaring of powerful engines . . . several shots . . . an outcry. . . .

The masked man ran to the window. It was now daylight. Even as he drew the shade aside there was a scurrying of feet on the stair. A muffled shot from somewhere in the house! He turned as the door was thrown open.

Drake Roscoe burst in—half a dozen police at his heels!

"Roscoe!"

Stopford sprang forward.

"A haul at last!" cried Roscoe. His eyes were bright with triumph. "Three Group Masters, twelve gunmen, two Zone Officers, and"—he stared at the man in dress clothes—"if I'm not misinformed, a Divisional Chief."

Dr. Stopford turned to Madame Czerna. She avoided his glance, but silently his lips framed the words:

"Thank God."

Another story in The Emperor of America series by Sax Rohmer will appear in an early issue

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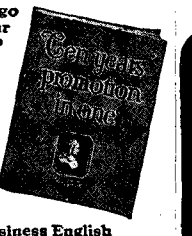

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Their perfection makes them *economical;* can be used to the last inch.

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Enjoy Powerful 6, 7 or 8 tube Radio: 30 Days FREE

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BIG NEW Ultra Selective
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Only 49.75 RETAIL for 7 Tube Model COMPLETELY ASSEMBLED (8 Tube $69.75)

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Free! BEAUTIFULLY ILLUSTRATED CATALOG and AMAZING SPECIAL OFFER

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Miraco comes completely assembled, rigidly tested and fully guaranteed. 3 yr. guarantee. Operate your Miraco with batteries or FROM ELECTRIC HOUSE CURRENT—as you prefer. Choice of beautiful consoles (with built in orthophonic type speakers) or table cabinets. Insure complete satisfaction and save or make much money on sets, speakers, tubes, batteries or A. Band C light socket power units—deal direct with one of America's oldest reliable makers of fine radios (8th successful year).

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Collier's
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY
Thomas H. Beck, *Editorial Director*
William L. Chenery, *Editor*
Charles Colebaugh, *Managing Editor*

The Solid South

IF YOU live in the rural South or West and think of New York, you are apt to picture a city run by the Tammany of "Boss" Tweed. You forget that Tweed died nearly a half century ago and that the Tammany and the city he ruled over are utterly changed.

If you live anywhere outside of Herrin, Illinois, you think of that pleasant city of homes, if you think of it at all, as the constant battle ground of murderous feudists. You probably never knew that a larger proportion of children play the violin in Herrin than in any other American community and that by many other tests the "capital of Egypt" is a desirable home. Murder is news but violin playing, except in the hands of genius, is too common to be remarked or remembered.

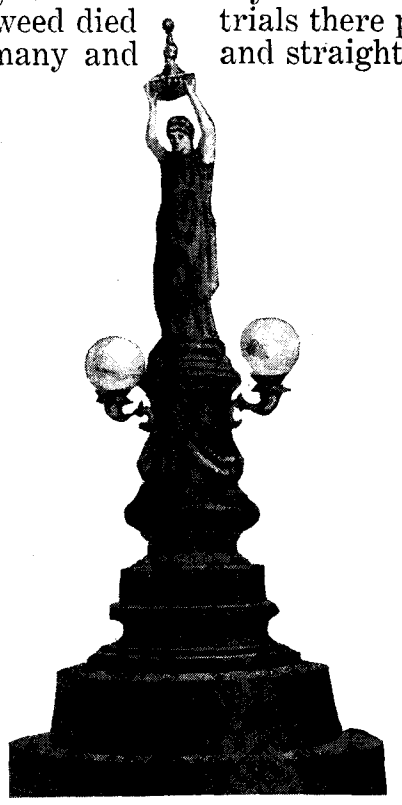
If you live North or West you think of the floggers of Georgia and Alabama or the anti-evolutionists of Tennessee and build your picture accordingly.

We cannot and we should not shut our eyes to the corruption of a Tweed or a Secretary Fall. We cannot ignore the cruelties of cowardly bands of floggers, and we ought not to, but we can be fairer and more understanding if we remember that crimes anywhere are abnormal and that if they were not we would seldom hear of them.

Picture, therefore, another and a more significant South than that brought into the headlines by Ku-Klux Klan violence. You hear talk of the Solid South, meaning a section dominantly Democratic as much of New England is solidly Republican.

The South is solid in other ways. It is solid in energy and enterprise and in achievement of the most valuable sort.

Throughout the South education and industry are advancing at prodigious rates. Factories are being built and enlarged. Motor roads are being built. Enormous sums are being spent for schools and for higher education.



The devastating boll weevil forced the farmers into diversified farming. This monument to the boll weevil, "herald of prosperity," was erected by the citizens of Enterprise, Coffee County, Alabama

Reporters who traveled the fifty miles from Montgomery to Luverne a month ago to attend the Klan flogging trials there passed over a roadway that was being widened and straightened and cut through giant hills, at a cost approaching three quarters of a million. In that very state of Alabama, where flogging has flourished, all convicts were taken out of the state's mines seven days ago so that 1928 might open without that blemish. They are to be set to road labor for which they will be paid.

Every town in North Carolina is connected with adjoining towns by cement roads costing a quarter of a billion dollars, to be paid off, by a gas tax, within thirty years. Children are carried along these roads in huge public busses ten or fifteen miles to and from union primary schools. The Greensboro state college for women has an attendance of not less than 2,000 Southern girls.

"Manufacturers' Avenue" is the name given the big road which stretches from Virginia through the Piedmont sections of North and South Carolina and Georgia to Atlanta. In North Carolina alone Ashmun Brown, a newspaper correspondent, counted 128 cotton mills on this great highway.

The standard of living for Negroes as well as whites is being lifted and a veritable revolution is being effected in the lives of people previously kept poor by unprofitable forms of agriculture. New mines are being developed, water power is being put to work.

Horace Greeley sensed the opportunity in the West of gun fighters, Indian massacres, gold rushes and Vigilantes and he penned his famous line, "Go West, Young Man!"

The enterprising youth of today can find opportunities not less inviting to his best energies in that South which, oldest in time of actual settlement, is now once more young and virile in its challenge to ambition.

War Power Draft

FIRST on the American Legion's national legislative program is a demand that the Administration pass a war power draft bill that will equalize wages in and out of the armed forces during a war, and empower the government to seize money and other property as well as men.

There is an old saying that war impoverishes the poor and enriches the rich.

Exempting labor in essential war industries from military service and then paying exorbitant wages as if normal economic forces were at work is the height of injustice.

To take a fighting man's arm and only borrow a fireside man's money is less than just.

The Legion has challenged the nation to make sure now that if war is declared again, one man's money will go with another man's life on equal terms and that a rivet gunner in a shipyard shall work as long and as hard and for exactly the same money as a machine gunner at the front.

Referring to the Legion's bill as "the greatest peace measure of the men who fought in the last war," Hanford McNider, Assistant Secretary of War, declared that "it makes war so inclusive that no jingo will ever be able to make it popular." It will do more—it will take the guiding motive away from profiteers who would promote an unwise war, and it will make sure that this country can, in case war is forced upon it, strike the greatest blow in the quickest time of any nation on earth.

The New Co-ed

THE new-idea prize of the school year will probably go to an institution of higher and lower learning in a Chicago suburb. It is a kindergarten with a special department for the mothers who are turned over to child specialists. While Johnny is separating the red sticks from the green, his mother is in the next room dissecting the impulse that urged him, only the day before, to outrage his family by luring a stray, ill-smelling dog into the living-room. Toward spring Mother may even understand the workings of Johnny's mind so well that one balmy morning when the ground is being warmed for its summer work she and Johnny will act on a common impulse and chuck school.

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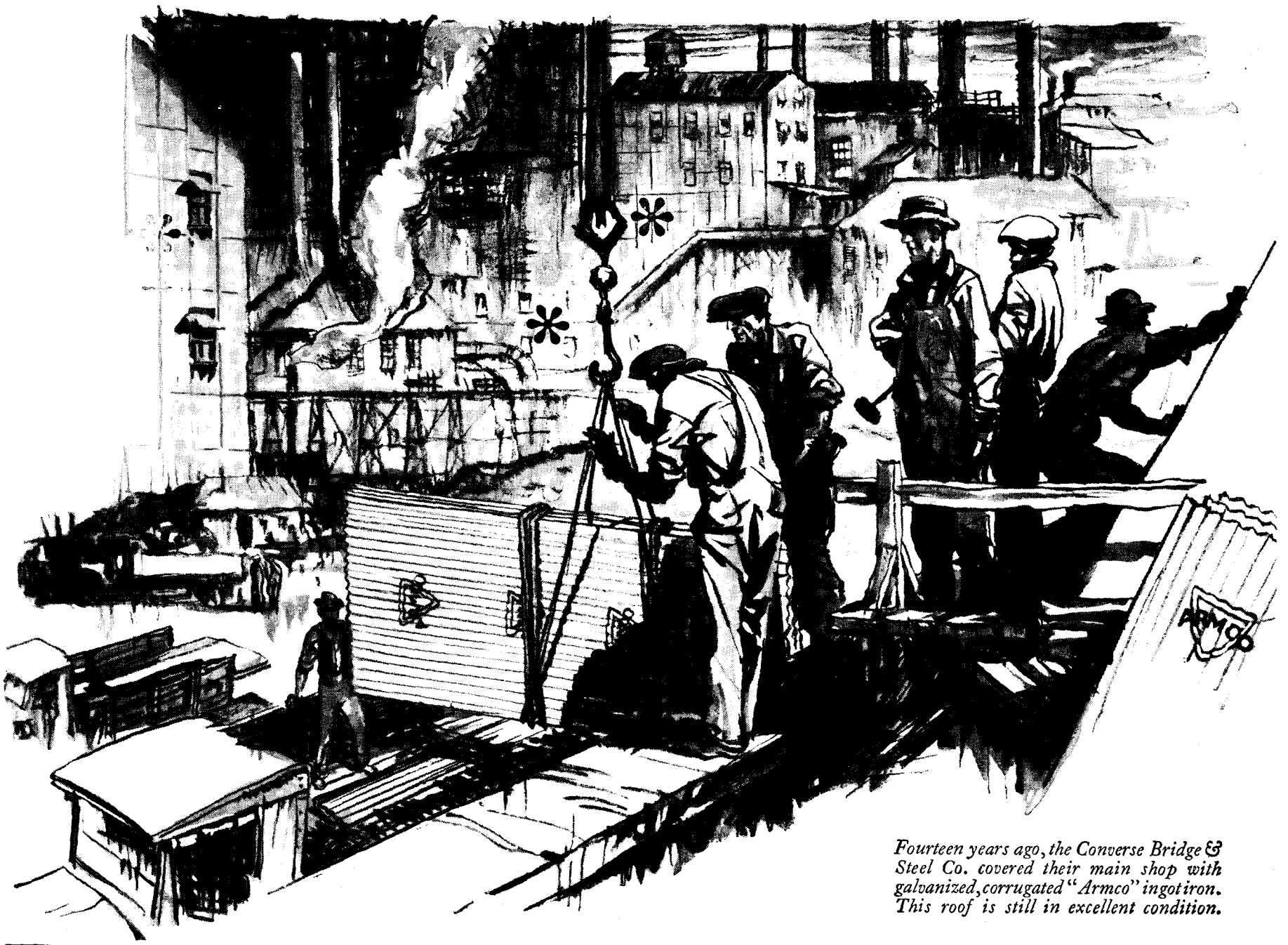

Fourteen years ago, the Converse Bridge & Steel Co. covered their main shop with galvanized, corrugated "Armco" ingot iron. This roof is still in excellent condition.

Protecting American Industry From *Rust-Fire*

WHEREVER metal is exposed to weather, moisture or corrosive fumes and gasses, rust-fire is at work. And although this fire burns slower than flames, the damage it can do the busy tools of industry is tremendous.

Big business men know this. That is why in many of America's largest industrial plants "Armco" ingot iron is specified for every sheet metal use.

"Armco" ingot iron is unequalled in resisting the attack of rust. It is practically free from the impurities that hasten rust in steels. And no other iron is so pure.

Years of service under the most severe conditions have proved its sturdy endurance. On the roofs and sides of factory buildings and warehouses, in mines, railroad equipment, tanks, stacks and heating systems . . . "Armco" ingot iron is protecting equipment worth millions.

It is cutting overhead and depreciation figures on business ledgers . . . reducing costly plant tie-ups . . . and saving time and labor costs in building and repair work. For jobs not only last longer but are done faster when "Armco" ingot iron is used, because it is so ductile and easy to work.

You will save money and annoyance on maintenance if you insist on "Armco" ingot iron for all sheet metal work. Look for the Armco Triangle on every sheet. It is your guarantee of a long-time, low-cost job.

ARMCO
INGOT IRON
RESISTS RUST

***And in the* HOME...** Home owners and builders, too, are saving the cost and annoyance of frequent repairs. They are insisting on galvanized "Armco" ingot iron for gutters, downspouts, flashings, metal lath . . . and other metal parts about a house. Here, "Armco" ingot iron offers a double protection against rust. For it takes and holds a coat of zinc much purer than the galvanizing on steel. Look for the sheet metal shop in your neighborhood that displays the Ingot Iron Sign.

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RUST-FIRE! *The only difference between rusting and burning is time—both are oxidation. You can feel and see the fire produced by rapid burning. But when metal rusts, the process is too slow to see. Rust is the "ash" of this fire.*

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Most Skids are caused by The Devil Indifference . . .

You would pay any price to avoid the awful situation pictured here. It's not unusual or infrequent. It happens often—very often. Out of every 100 motor car accidents, 13 are blamed to skidding. And skidding can be so easily avoided by use of WEED Chains.

Indifference—The Devil Indifference—that's the chief cause of skidding accidents that send thousands each year to hospitals and funeral homes.

Indifference seduces the driver, then betrays him. Indifference says: "You can get by all right. You're a good driver. You've got four-wheel brakes and balloon tires. Just be a little extra careful and you'll get by without chains". . . But when rubber slips, and the car goes into a skid, The Devil Indifference does not put WEED gripping *steel* chains on the wheels. He gives no aid or comfort whatever.

be Safe . . . be Wise . . . Use

WEED CHAINS

ACCO

A PRODUCT OF THE AMERICAN CHAIN COMPANY Inc.
in business for Your Safety

Use genuine WEED Chains, standard for 25 years. You can identify them by their red connecting hooks, gray galvanized side chains and brass-plated cross chains with the name WEED stamped on every hook

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